

Such a sweet girl, thought the Queen Mother.

Always courteous, gentle as a spring breeze, and demure as a lamb. Pretty as well, with clear skin, dark hair, and wide hips. She was a perfect match for Amulius. Lavinia was sure that her son would love his betrothed, and she was already wondering what their children would look like.

She tutted inwardly, already getting ahead of herself. Her son wasn't even home from the wars in the east yet, and she was already thinking of his children.

They had spent most of the day talking and practicing their embroidery in the royal chambers, and now they were moving out onto the balcony to watch the sun go down and take supper.

Resting on one of the cushioned seats by a table, they picked at the food the servants had laid out and chatted idly.

It had taken all day for Lavinia to pry Sabine out of her shell enough that the girl would so much as talk back to her rather than just nodding, and even now the girl wasn't talking much. Still, her demureness was charming in itself.

Such a sweet girl...

Gods, devils, anyone, spare me from this.

"My lady?"

"Another pot of tea would be good, mother."

Sabine felt a muscle in the corner of her eye start to twitch from how tight her smile was, and let it slacken the second the queen mother had turned away to summon one of the servants.

Orders given, the old woman turned back to her future daughter-in-law and resumed her flow of mindless babble. Sabine's fingers tightened imperceptibly on the handle of the fine cup she was holding.

Every fibre of her being wanted to ram the priceless piece of china into the toothless mouth before her, or jump off the balcony and be smashed to pieces on the courtyard below, *anything* but sit here and be deluged by nonsense from this shriveled old prune for a second longer.

But, such feelings were second nature to the young woman, and though inwardly she was screaming, she just smiled, and nodded, and sipped her tea.

I am what you will be, the old woman seemed to be saying, though not with words or even intentions. *Old. Alone. Ugly. There will come a time when no one will remember your beauty. Not even you.*

In a desperate attempt to keep herself sane, Sabine allowed her mind to wander. As always, the first thing to come to mind was Gaiseric.

He was handsome, he was clever, he was exotic- and most importantly he was infinitely less dull than the other snotty nobles she had spent her whole life putting up with. And that didn't even include what he could do with magic. She had always thought it was about turning straw into gold and pulling rabbits out of old hats, but the warlock had shown her that it was capable of so much more than those cantrips.

It was hard to believe she had only known him for half a year. The other courtiers simply assumed that he was just a companion of hers and that her interest in him was merely due to an interest in his arcane ability. She snickered under her breath, they were closer to the truth than they thought.

"Is something the matter, dear?"

Fuck, should've been quieter. "Nothing, just a cough," Sabine quickly replied. Such slips had happened on her part at times, but they were nothing she couldn't quickly disguise. The saps ate it all up, every single time.

"I was saying," continued the old woman, "I've told the master of the house that the servants are to follow your word to the letter whilst I'm away. I hope that won't be too much trouble for you?"

"Oh no, my lady." Sabine replied in her sickly-sweet butter-wouldn't-melt princess voice. "That won't be any trouble whatsoever." This time she didn't have to fake a smile.

As would be expected of royalty, the castle belonging to Lavinia's family was as much of a work of art as it was a place to live in. The foyer was decorated with the busts of some famous members of the royal family Sabine didn't feel overly inclined to ask about, and practically every wall was adorned with fancy portraits or tapestries. As she found out when she went to powder her nose, even the bathrooms had golden-plated bathtubs.

But Sabine couldn't possibly care less about such nonsense. The most important part of her stay was that she could meet Gaiseric with no fear of discovery. The servants had all been with the Queen mother for all their lives, and wouldn't even think of disobeying her instructions. Besides, they all loved her as much as the old crone did, and even if one of them saw something they shouldn't, it would still be their word against hers. And a few honeyed words on her part would ensure the senile old bat would believe her, as opposed to some nosy butler.

Given their orders, none of the servants questioned their mistress when she requested the presence of the Warlock Gaiseric. Although their instructions were to treat him as an honoured guest, they couldn't completely hide their disdain for the foreigner. He paid it no heed, of course. She doubted that even if they spat at his feet he would much care. All the more reason why he intrigued her so.

Almost as if he'd heard her thinking of him, the broad-shouldered warlock appeared from behind a tapestry. His long black hair was tied back in a neat ponytail, which she glimpsed as he inclined his head to her.

"Lady Sabine," he rumbled.

Casting a brief glance around to make sure that none of the servants were around, Sabine closed in.

Up close, he smelled of the oil he used on his skin, and strange exotic spices that tickled her nose. One of her soft, dainty hands slipped into the folds of his robes, seeking the warmth of his skin.

Sabine had once seen a knight bare-chested during a sparring session in the summer, and for a long time she had wondered how it would feel to trace the lines of his muscles with her fingers.

The Warlock had muscles that rippled like the waves crashing on the shore, and they looked as if they were carved from stone. Just feeling the shapes of them, and the contrast with her soft hands that had never felt hard work with his sun-hardened frame, sent shivers down her spine and lit a fire between her thighs.

He didn't react to her eagerly groping as much of him as she could reach, except for the slight raising of an eyebrow.

"The lady grows bold," he said softly, as though he were commenting on the weather.

Sabine felt the volcanic rumble of his voice under her hands, and quivered with excitement. Standing on her tip-toes, she whispered into his ear.

"I have everything ready. Tomorrow, we'll be undisturbed for as long as we like. We can do *anything*."

The warlock nodded placidly, looking past her. "A man has a question."

"What?" Sabine trembled with suppressed need, slowly grinding against his thigh as she drank in the scent of him, the *feel* of him.

"Is *the lady* ready?"

In response, she nipped at his ear, capturing the lobe between her front teeth and tugging on it for a second before responding proper. "I have wanted this since before I first met you. If I am forbidden any longer, I will *die*."

Finally, the faintest hint of a smile touched the corners of Gaiseric's mouth.
"Good."

Though Sabine had thought she would cry with frustration when the Warlock had extricated himself from her and vanished back into the depths of the manor, she had managed to return to her room without her mask cracking.
Once she was there, she wasted no time in barring the door and closing the window. The last thing she needed was for a gardener to hear her.

Sabine stood in front of the mirror as she undressed, casting the reams of fabric aside until she could see herself bare.

Her chest was somewhat on the small side compared to some of the ladies of the court, with her nipples a light shade of pink and the aureoles around them barely distinguishable from the surrounding skin.

The beginnings of a triangle of hair were forming around her crotch, ever so slightly above her lower lips. But her finest feature (or at least, as far as she saw it) was her behind.

Sizeable and plump, yet still firm to the touch, her backside was a smooth heart-shape that she had caught many of the male courtiers (and a few of the women) gazing at beneath her skirts.

She couldn't blame them, herself. Before she met Gaiseric, she had fantasized more than once about one of the courtiers creeping up behind her and giving her a good, hard squeeze.

Now she gave herself a squeeze, digging her fingers into the plump mounds of flesh and hauling them apart. Turning so that the light from the lamp fell across her better, she could just see the puckered hole nestled between her cheeks.

The thoughts of tomorrow's debaucheries flashing through the young woman's head had set her loins on fire, and without taking her eyes away from the minute aperture, began inching a finger towards it. It was unfortunate that he couldn't take her virginity as well, but Sabine knew better than to risk his life and her own for a moment of pleasure. If they wanted her to be a virgin for her wedding night, then a virgin she would be. In name alone, that is.

Though her lower lips were glistening with moisture, her back passage was bone dry as she began pushing the tip of her finger against the tiny hole. Although the feeling of her fingertip pushing just the slight distance past its entrance made her loins throb with

desire, the feeling of her arousal was overcome by a teeth-gritting pain and a queer feeling in her belly. So bad was her discomfort that Sabine soon extracted her finger, grimacing at the filth under the nail.

Once she had washed her hand in the dish of rosewater on her bureau, Sabine returned to her conundrum. Obviously she needed some way of smoothing her own entry. But her own wetness would not suffice to overcome her body's natural urge to resist. Luckily, she knew just the thing that would help her.

She had in her possession a small bottle of lotion. In theory, it was meant to keep her skin in good condition but Sabine had figured out how to repurpose it for other, less sanitary purposes. A dab of the wet, slippery stuff on her finger and between her cheeks proved to be sufficient, and her digit slipped into her back passage with no further difficulty.

It still hurt slightly, but nowhere near as badly as it had just a few minutes ago. Sabine closed her eyes, trying to feel past the discomfort, to where she could feel her loins throbbing with delight.

As her finger sunk in up to the first knuckle, a tingle raced the length of her spine, the pain accentuating the excitement crackling in her belly rather than diminishing it. Moisture trickled down her thighs as she carefully probed herself, feeling the ring of muscle reflexively contract around her finger as if it was trying to pull the intruding appendage in further.

Eyes still screwed shut, Sabine pushed her finger in deeper, feeling her back passage contracting around it as she tried to imagine the warlock behind her. That he was the one penetrating her, instead of her own finger. She began pumping her finger, in and out, trying to mimic the thrusting of her imaginary lover as he took her from behind.

It was enjoyable enough, but all the while she had a nagging feeling that there was something missing from the act which she alone couldn't provide. Her fingers just weren't thick enough (or long enough) to emulate the act she was so eagerly anticipating. Regardless, she kept plunging her fingers in and out of her back passage until she could no longer restrain herself. Sabine just barely managed to stifle a cry as her back passage quivered around her finger, and every muscle in her body seemed to tense up at once. All the while, the tingle in her spine felt like it permeated her whole core.

And yet even as her vision went white from the pleasure of it all, she still couldn't shake that sense of being unfulfilled in the back of her head. Surely Gaiseric could make her feel better still- he could reach the spots she couldn't get to, stimulate her far more than her attempts of masturbating ever could. And of course, there was the perverse pleasure in deliberately flaunting the traditions that had been dictating every other part of her life thus far. That was by far the best part of it, as far as she was concerned.

Exhausted, she pulled her finger out of herself and washed it in the rosewater again before letting her fatigue overcome her.

All through the following day, Sabine felt as if she could go mad from anticipation. When, whilst breaking her fast, she caught herself staring at one of the porters' backside as he bent down to retrieve some cutlery, Sabine reflected that it was going to be a *long* day until she could meet the warlock.

More than once she found her delicate hands slipping under her dress and imagined that they were someone else's. The rough hands of a savage from the north, perhaps, raiding the castle and taking her as a prisoner. Or a bandit who sought to sell her off as a slave.

At least that way, Sabine thought muzzily, she wouldn't need to pretend any longer. But as long as she had to pretend, she would be all too happy to exploit every opportunity she could get to put away her sickly-sweet persona.

By the time the warlock finally showed up at her boudoir that evening, Sabine was all but prepared to rip her clothes off for him. And Gaiseric certainly seemed quite pleased with what the two of them had been planning himself, in his own way. While most people wouldn't have noticed it, Sabine spied the slightest hint of a grin forming on the foreigner's otherwise impassive face. She could only wonder if he too had been eagerly awaiting this.

"Has the lady prepared herself?" Gaiseric asked with a note of anticipation in his voice.

The answer was already apparent to both of them, of course. It would have been difficult miss the girl's flushed cheeks, and the slightly frenzied look in her eye. She had made sure everything they might need would be there for them, the bottle of the lotion

that she had used the night before ready on the side-table. After all, she couldn't let this moment be ruined through her own carelessness.

Sabine's answer was not with words, but by all but flinging herself at him, draping her limbs around as much of him as she could reach as she attempted to pull off his robes. The garments had no obvious fastening for her to remove, however, and all her effort earned her was a chortle from Gaiseric as stepped back and began to strip himself for her.

More than once she'd brought herself to climax imagining what might lie under his robes, and now that she could actually see, it was almost too much for her to take. She sat back on her bed, not even trying to keep from rubbing herself as he undressed. The warlock's frame was stocky and broad- a pleasant contrast compared to the pictures of the foppish princeling who she would one day have to marry. His dark skin was covered in exotic tattoos of peculiar symbols and writing in a language she had never seen before; his native language, she surmised. Perhaps she would ask what they meant another day. Right now, there was only room for one thing in her mind.

A wicked-looking grin appeared on the noble girl's face as he cast aside his robes and she finally got a clear look at her warlock's member. Even though it had yet to even touch her she could feel the stickiness between her legs, the way her underthings were clinging to her mound. He was as big as she could expect from his build, and for a split second she wondered if it could even fit inside of her. *Only one way to find out*, she concluded and reached for the bottle.

Although her own disrobing had been devoid of the lazy grace that the warlock had displayed, Sabine's thighs had quaked at the way his eyes glittered when she had made a show of opening her legs and slathering her back passage in the slick lotion. He had laughed as she had pushed a finger inside to make sure that it was lubricated in there as well, and had exclaimed that "the lady" had been practicing without him.

Sabine considered just letting him take her then and there, but forced herself to hold back, reminding herself that she hadn't waited this long to ruin everything in one moment.

Trying to ignore the way she was trembling, Sabine stalked over where the warlock stood, arms crossed over his huge chest and smirking at her.

Something in the way he smirked infuriated Sabine, and before she could stop herself she stood up on her tiptoes and mashed her lips against his.

Calling it a kiss would suggest something gentle, and loving.

This was nothing of the sort, this was oral combat as she bit at his lips and penetrated his mouth with her tongue as if trying to claim ground. When Sabine pulled back, tasting copper on her tongue and breathing hard, the warlock wasn't smiling anymore. Or at least, not in a way she found so irritating.

Still not satisfied, Sabine leaned in, nipping and biting at his smooth black skin as she travelled down his body. When she couldn't reach him with her mouth, she dug her nails in, smearing his shoulders with the lotion still on her hands and clawing at him with her nails.

She pressed angry kisses along his abdomen, furious at the thought that other women would be able to enjoy Gaiseric when she was bound to that idiotic princeling. He would probably struggle to satisfy a common whore, let alone his wife.

By the time she reached his member, Sabine's nipples had hardened into points that could've cut glass, and she could practically hear herself dripping onto the floor below where she was crouched. The warlock's arousal was likewise obvious, his phallus standing out like a spear.

Not taking her eyes off it, Sabine reached over and grabbed the bottle of lotion from where she had left it on the bed. Unscrewing the top, she poured a generous measure into her hand and then grasped Gaiseric's manhood with it.

For a split second, she faltered at the feel of the warm flesh throbbing between her fingers, at the way only the tip of her finger was touching her thumb because of the girth of the thing between them. Then she found her other hand moving down to rub across the warm slick between her thighs, and she came unstuck.

After a moment shifting her grip, Sabine began pumping her fist up and down the length of the warlock's shaft, her hand making lewd sounds as she smeared the lotion along every inch of it.

By the time she was done, Sabine's arm ached and she was about ready to explode.

Coming back to her feet (imperceptibly cringing at the feeling of the cramp in her legs), Sabine collapsed back on her bed. Her long hair pooled around her head as she spread her legs wide, breath coming in short puffs as she watched the warlock move into position between her thighs.

As he began pushing his way through the ring of muscle between her cheeks, Sabine just barely managed to stifle a cry. Even with the lotion, it felt as if her rear passage

could barely handle his width. Parts of her body she never knew existed were burning with pleasure, and she could feel herself stretching and involuntarily clenching around his phallus as he made his way deeper into her depths. Never in her life did she imagine that something like this could feel so heavenly, even in her wildest fantasies.

Sabine closed her eyes- all the better to focus on the feeling of his member inside of her. She didn't need to see the phallus thrusting in and out of her to know how it was stretching her out, making her expand around its girth to accommodate its size and sending shivers down her spine. If she had to describe it somehow, it was as if her body was shaping itself to become a perfect fit for Gaiseric. On occasion, she reached down between her legs and rubbed that special spot that never failed to arouse her, pushing her pleasure to heights she never imagined before.

Sabine climaxed first, an incoherent squeal bursting through the tight seal of her lips as she felt the muscles in her belly clench, thumping her head back against the bed as her entire body began to spasm.

She must have bitten her lip at some point, as she tasted the iron tang of blood in her mouth through the orgasmic haze that the warlock's thrusts produced in her.

For his part, Gaiseric's jaw clenched as the young woman's back passage contracted around his member tight enough that he thought he was going to lose it, barely allowing him to hold his pace.

Even if Sabine had the willpower to wrench her attention away from the overwhelming sensation of fullness, she probably wouldn't have cared anyway.

She came. And came. And came, writhing and bucking on the sweat-soaked sheets enough that she nearly twisted out of the warlock's grip.

Just as she thought she couldn't take anymore, that her heart would explode from the pleasure, Gaiseric reached his own orgasm.

She felt him swell within her, then a sensation of warmth flooding her bowels that made her stiffen, unable to even think of anything other than the man hilted inside her.

After a moment, the warlock relaxed, slouching forwards as he tried to get his breath back. Sabine woozily stared up at the ceiling, eyes following the cracks in the plaster as she waited for her head to clear enough that she could remember her own name. She didn't notice the feeling of Gaiseric's manhood softening until it slipped out of her, and she yelped as it rubbed against the hypersensitive nerves.

A deep chuckle emerged from the warlock as he moved around and sat down on the bed next to her. Sabine rolled her eyes, trying to keep them focused on Gaiseric.

"I-is," she mumbled, feeling like her tongue was too big for her mouth, "it always that..."

“Much?” The warlock offered. When she nodded, he smirked. “It can be. It just depends on how...” his eyes glittered, “*far* the lady is willing to go.”

“Very far indeed. I want more now. So much more.” As the afterglow wore off and the empty feeling between her cheeks became more noticeable, Sabine felt her mind focusing and her speech returning to normal. And with it came the realization that just one time with Gaiseric wasn’t nearly enough for her. “When will you be hard enough to do it again?” she asked.

The warlock simply chuckled, and muttered some kind of incantation under his breath. As the chant ended, his member sprang back up to its former hardness, ready for another go. “The lady is impatient, but perhaps this will answer her question.”

The grin returned to Sabine’s face as she knelt down on the bed with her rear up in the air. “It does indeed. Now hurry up with the lotion, I can’t wait much longer.”

Sabine wasn’t sure exactly how long the ensuing bout of debauchery lasted. All she knew was when it had ended for the time being, the first light of dawn was making its way through her window and that she could just barely walk on her own. Gaiseric had already gotten himself back into his robes and was waiting expectantly for her. A tray of pastries and fruit had been set out on her night-table.

“A man was wondering when the lady would awaken,” he remarked. “The lady’s breakfast is here.”

Sabine wasted no time in eating her fill, though her imagination was fixated on being filled up by something else entirely. The mage had apparently already eaten earlier, if his lack of interest in the food was any indication.

“So, shall we pick off where we left off last night then? There’s still so much more that I was looking forward to.” To be fair, Sabine wasn’t entirely sure how much they *had* done that last night, but she figured that it wouldn’t make much of a difference to her either way.

“No. A man has other business to attend to.”

The normally stoic warlock had difficulty concealing his bemusement when he saw how his remark had made the girl blush with a mix of thwarted lust and indignation. “The lady must remember that a man is needed beyond the lady’s bedchamber.” His reminder that

he actually had the freedom to come and go as he wished while she was going to be cooped up in the manner for who knew how long only added to Sabine's irritation.

"And what am I supposed to do until you get back?" She asked with the pout she used whenever she needed to get her way. "I can't just use my fingers as I used to now. Not after how you showed me that there was so much more I could be doing instead." She was only slightly exaggerating when she grumbled so; she was sure masturbating like she used to just wouldn't cut it any longer.

"The lady's complaint does not change a man's obligations." Gaiseric replied with his characteristic bluntness..

"Do you realize how simple it would be for me to inform a servant that you tried to ravish me? That you had attempted to ruin my innocence in a manner that I would no longer be able to be a bride?" *All while leaving my part in the matter out, of course.* Sabine hoped that Gaiseric would be unable or at least unwilling to call her bluff.

This hope was proven wrong quite quickly. "The lady is not a skilled liar. But if the lady is to be so insistent, perhaps a man will be able to provide the lady with something to make the wait easier." In his hand, he held what looked to be like a set of five smoothed stones.

"And what am I supposed to do with a handful of rocks? I can hardly imagine they would be suitable for me under any circumstances." They didn't even seem to be all that different from ordinary pebbles she could find outdoors, at that matter.

"The lady underestimates what a man is capable of. Observe." Gaiseric mumbled something under his breath, and before her eyes Sabine could see the stones glow ever so slightly- and then he placed them on the table.

Sabine stared at them for a moment, wondering if he was making fun of her, then nearly leapt into the air as the rocks started *squirring* across the table.

"The lady should have an idea of what to do with these. Do not worry about removing them, they will be able to leave by themselves."

She had already begun thinking about what to do with them before he had taken a few steps out into the hallway. First she had begun with simpler attempts at exploring what

they could do- rubbing them outside her lower lips, letting them vibrate and quiver along her hood and sending tingles of pleasure up her spine.

Then, she became more daring and tried to insert one of them between her cheeks. It went in with surprisingly little resistance, as if it had been greased beforehand. Once it was fully inside of her, the stone began to quiver and shake even faster than it had when it was in her hand. It was as if it was reacting to the warmth of her body and using it as a cue to increase its activity.

It wasn't quite as good as Gaiseric's member had been. Nothing could match that. But it proved to be a closer second than she expected it to be. The little stone moved endlessly within her rear passage, stimulating one patch of nerves after the next as it went along. Emboldened by the effects that a single stone could have on her, Sabine tried inserting the others as well, one after the other.

The resulting stimulation was so intense that she felt like her legs were turning into jelly. Only after a few minutes to habituate herself to the presence of the stones jittering through her insides did she manage to muster the strength to get up and walk normally. Relatively speaking, at least. Every step she took seemed to make the stones change their direction in such a way that they rarely hit the same spot twice in a row.

The noble lady grinned wickedly as the possibilities of what she could do now passed through her mind.

It was a wonder that nobody suspected that Sabine had anything wrong with her to speak of. True, there were moments where the stones would all clump into one area and the combined sensations made her feel like she was about to topple over, but if anyone noticed her eyelids fluttering and the breathiness of her voice, they said nothing. One of them did ask if she was unwell when he saw her trying to get her footing back, but the half-truth that she had trouble sleeping the last night was enough to put him at ease.

All the while, she couldn't help but feel a warped sense of pride at her ability to keep fooling the lot of them like this.

Even that fossil of a lady wouldn't have the slightest idea of what I'm feeling right now. Assuming she even had the ability to feel it, that is.

The old act of pretending to be this untouchably pure maiden had been second nature to Sabine for years now, but never in her memory had it ever been quite this satisfying.

Though from a rational viewpoint she knew that the servants would go into conniptions if they knew the truth of what she was doing, the possibility of being discovered proved to be an arousing one nevertheless.

Sabine found it growing harder and harder to focus as the day wore on and the multitude of pebbles shoved up her backside refused to cease their constant buzzing and squirming.

Once, during a conversation with one of the lords and his retinue, she came a heartbeat away from dragging one particularly handsome-looking squire into an alcove and telling him just what he could do with that big mouth of his. At the last moment, however, she wrested control back of herself, and her blissful torment continued.

It was only at the evening meal, when she noticed the people sitting around her complaining of a strange smell, that she realized the extent of her arousal. As soon as was prudent, Sabine scurried away from the great hall and awkwardly reached down to feel her underclothes.

It was just as she'd feared; the silk garments were soaked through from the wetness that had been leaking from her womanhood all day. It was a miracle that nobody had noticed earlier, Sabine thought, musing that the last thing she needed was a reputation for not being able to hold her water.

Her hand rested against the soggy cloth for a second, then she leaned out of the narrow corridor she had taken refuge in and checked to make sure that no-one else was around.

Once she was satisfied that she was alone, Sabine pushed her hand down the front of her undergarments, feeling the sticky, warm flesh beneath.

Though she was alone for the time being, she knew that this brief solitude wouldn't last long. Fortunately, neither did she.

Sabine clapped her free hand over her mouth to smother her gasps, and thumped her head back against the wall as she rode out the climax, feeling where her inner walls were contracting around the stones and making them squirm and vibrate even more inside of her.

Once it was done, and she felt her heartbeat returning to normal, Sabine carefully extracted her hand and wiped it on her gown. She needed to get back to her room. The warlock wouldn't be able to come to her for some time yet, but the longer she roamed around the castle smelling like a fish market, the more likely that someone would

actually realize her condition. For the time being, she would have to slip back to her room and change in the hopes that her absence wouldn't seem overly suspicious.

Fortunately for her, the rest of the evening was uneventful enough and the others had assumed she simply needed to powder her nose or something equally twee. While it didn't stop every second Gaiseric was away from feeling like an eternity, her earlier release did prevent her new set of underclothes from being soiled as badly as the old ones had been. The closest that she had come to discovery at that point was occasionally being asked if she was listening to whatever insufferable blather was occurring at the dinner table. Not like that made much of a difference, since most of that talk bored her anyway.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the warlock re-entered the castle. Again, he ignored the servants' attempts to stay as far away from him as they could manage as he made his way towards Sabine's bedchamber. He made sure to knock as he pushed the door open, then closed and locked it behind him.

"Has the lady been pleased with her new plaything?" he asked, keeping his head inclined in a respectful manner. When there was no reply, he glanced up. The room was gloomy, candles burning low, and he could only just barely see the form of the young princess striding towards him.

The warlock raised an eyebrow as she approached, allowing him to glimpse the almost translucent gown she wore, covering her yet concealing nothing from him.

"The lady is wearing a rain-cloud," he said, smirking. Sabine's face twisted in annoyance at having her attempt at being seductive spoiled, but then smoothed as she regained control over herself.

She stood before him, her head tilted back so she could look him in the eye. The princess didn't flinch as he reached out and pushed a hand inside the front of the gown.

"Now," the warlock's voice was a low growl, "is the lady prepared?"

Sabine didn't say anything, just shrugged her shoulders so that the gown slid off her body and cascaded to the floor.

The room echoed with Gaiseric's hearty laughter. "As the lady insists."

Sabine wasted no time in slathering both herself and the warlock in lotion, barely even noticing as he disrobed and then sat down on the end of the bed. Her arousal had long

since reached the point where there was no need to bother with foreplay- even now she could feel the stones buzzing inside of her.

As she turned to place the nearly-empty bottle of lotion back on the table, she suddenly felt herself be lifted onto the warlock's lap. The noble girl needed no further prompting to reach back and spread her cheeks, leaving him to guide his member to her opening and push through it.

It hurt less than the last time, she noticed. This was not much of a surprise to her; between the stones and the activities of last night, she was sure she had to have been stretched out at least a little bit. Fortunately for her, he still fit as snugly inside her as he had before, and in no time she found her rhythm and began bouncing up and down in his lap, the bed squeaking faintly with each bounce.

Having the stones inside of her with Gaiseric's member proved to be an even better idea than she expected it to be. With each thrust, the stones were pushed back further and further, stimulating new nerve clusters as they migrated deeper inside of Sabine. The way this made her passage pulse and tense up was no less desirable for the warlock. He could have sworn that she actually felt tighter now than she had been before, as a matter of fact. All the while, the girl had been rubbing herself like a woman possessed, pausing only to demand that he move even faster.

If any of the servants still awake at that hour could hear the noise of her flesh slapping against his or the bed creaking in protest, they wisely chose to ignore it. In spite of their increasingly half-hearted attempts to make the moment last, the endurance of the warlock and his lover were quickly pushed over their limits. He came first, grunting as he painted her insides with his seed. Even after pulling out of her ass, a few stray spurts of his semen covered her backside as she slumped off of him.

Sabine could still feel the stones moving within her, coated in the warlock's issue, driving her mad like an itch she couldn't scratch. She rolled onto her belly, hoping that'd alleviate the sensation, to no avail. Then she felt something poking at the sore opening again. *From the inside.*

The warlock watched with detached interest as the young woman squirmed and wriggled, then jerked as one of the pale white stones emerged from her reddened sphincter with a plop.

Sabine groaned with relief at the sound, but the other stones were already moving the same way, and she writhed and trembled as they, one by one, squeezed their way out of her.

Fatigued by a combination of release and the frenzied pace of her earlier activity, Sabine found it increasingly difficult to keep her eyes open. "Does the lady wish to rest?" Gaiseric asked.

Sabine weakly nodded in reply. "You are free to leave for now, Gaiseric. I will send word to you when I am ready to...meet with you once more."

Upon her reply, Gaiseric gathered his robes together and prepared to leave. But before he exited the room, he turned back for just one moment.

"The lady may keep her trinket. It will keep the lady pleased for some time, I am sure."

"Mhmm." As the footsteps of the warlock grew fainter and fainter, Sabine drifted off to sleep, already dreaming of how she would put the stones to good use.