

Beauty and Her Armor

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Aberstine dragged his thoughts up from the nightmares that haunted his nights. In the shadows of his heavy helm, a pulsating red flared to life as he focused on the world around him. His gaze focused on the broken arch of an abandoned temple, then down to the sprawled forms of the warriors sleeping on the benches and stairs. He shook his head, a faint squeak rising up from the joints in his neck. He raised one shoulder and felt necromantic energies rising up to ignite the arcane runes that animated his body.

His thoughts darkened with the memory of his armor. Movement on his lap interrupted him and he looked down sharply. The runes flickered as he focused on the sleeping form of his wife, Midera. Dark thoughts passed quickly as he tried to smile but his face wouldn't move properly. Instead, he lifted his armored gauntlet and caressed the side of her cheek. She felt so soft and warm against his senses and he felt the same warmth in his heart as when he first woke up in a temple, so many months ago.

Midera moaned softly, her eyes fluttering as she leaned against his hand. Her long auburn caught on his gauntlet and he lifted one huge finger to watch it slip off. His hand dwarfed her head, with each finger of the gauntlet bending like skin, without a single joint. It was armor that could never be removed. Armor that hid his terrible secret.

"Oh, Aber," she sighed and held up her hand. He watched as she pressed her hand against his gauntlet. She froze, but for the first time she didn't snatch her hand away. He sighed and inhaled, his armored chest rising with the movement. He sat along one edge of the abandoned temple, cross-legged with Midera nestled between

his legs. Her few threadbare blankets draped over his legs and he admired the trim legs that crossed over his left knee. The runes of his armor flickered with his thoughts and he curled his fingers to stroke her cheek again.

Midera whispered to him, "Aber, what are we going to do?"

He shook his head, "I don't know, love. For the last nine months, all I could think about was finding you. I never thought about figuring out what happened after that."

Aberstine lifted his other gauntlet, turning it over as the runes wavered with his thoughts. "I never expected to become," he clenched his hand into a fist, "this. An empty shell of armor held together by some joke of a god."

"At least we stopped shooting at you."

He chuckled, "Arrows didn't hurt as much as the crossbow bolts. Whoever shot those should be promoted."

"I already was," he chuckled at her tired, wry response, "which is why I'm in charge."

He stroked her cheek and rumbled, "That's my love."

She leaned against his gauntlet, rubbing her cheek as she shifted into a sitting position, her back pressed against the warm metal of his chest. She curled her legs into her own cross-legged position herself as she sighed.

"Actually, I was talking about us. You and me. We promised to be together until death parted us."

Aberstine sighed and wrapped his arms around her. His immense frame creaked softly as he shifted.

"Death has done this already, my love."

He stopped looking around him, knowing how the ruddy light of his helm would fade. He listened to the temple, coughs and burps from the other sleeping warriors. For a moment, he wondered if she would speak, then she whispered softly.

"I never stopped loving you, Aber, even after I heard you died."

He lifted a thumb to stroke the side of her arm. She sighed softly before speaking.

"But, knowing that you trekked across an entire country to find me. Through a war and through barbarians. You walked across all of Luxember to find me."

Her voice broke as she whispered and he felt tears splashing down on his armor. He stroked her shoulder with his thumb and listened to dripping tears off his metal form. He wanted to cry himself, but no tears would come. Sniffing, Midera sat up straighter.

“Hearing all that,” he tensed waiting for the bad news, but she surprised him as she whispered, “I love you, Aber. I loved you before you died and I love you even more that you are back.”

She looked up, tears in her dark eyes.

“I love you so much, Aberstine. Even if we can never love each other as we did, I still want to spent the rest of my life with you.”

He felt his heart swell with her words. Necromantic energies flared up along his armor, the red runes glowing brightly for a moment as he felt a strange tingling along his chest. Looking down, the ruddy glare seemed to waver for a moment but his attention drew back to her face looking up at him.

“I love you.”

His voice rumbled in his chest, “I love you so much, Midera.”

They held each other for a long time, saying nothing. Around them, the sounds of sleepers. Aberstine let his thoughts drift for a moment, then he brought his attention back up to whisper to her.

“What do you mean, if we can’t love as before?”

She moaned for a moment, stretching as she looked up.

She paused and he watched her blush, “We can’t make love anymore, like we used to.”

Dramatically sighing, he spoke to hide his amusement, “No more cuddling in bed? Spooning up against you?”

She giggled softly, “Sticking your cock into my bum even when I’m not in the mood?”

He chuckled, “I will miss that, but I suspect I could figure out something.”

She peered up, “What?”

He dropped one hand down to her legs. She said nothing, but she stretched out one leg across his knee. He flexed his finger, thicker than his cock ever was and wormed it up between her legs, stroking the soft strip of fabric between her legs.

She moaned, “Oh, you bast-”

“Shush, don’t want to wake up anyone.”

She glared at him, but clamped a hand over her mouth. He could see the anticipation in her eyes, a playful smile he always sought. His own vision locked on hers, he slid his fingers up and down, feeling the heat that rolled off her body. Moving with the familiar teasing, but with a body he still hadn't adjusted too, he worked his finger under the edge of her clothes and stroked his fingertip along her moist slit. He felt the same beautiful sex he had enjoyed and already knew how to bring her pleasure. The delicate sensations of her labia sliding around his mirror-smooth metal sent a delicious sense of pleasure through his body. Her deep breathing gave him all the answer he needed as he found her clitoris, straining to be as gentle as possible as he began to draw letters on it with her juices. She gasped, her mouth opening silently as she hooked her other leg on his knee, spreading herself widely for him.

Enjoying the invitation, he slipped his finger further down, finding the moist tunnel of her being and working his finger into it. For the first time, he thanked the gods for whatever created his armor without joints to hurt her. Her insides felt tight around his finger as he found his finger easily pumping in and out of her, moving hesitantly at first but stronger with every passing stroke.

Midera's muffled moans filled him with joy as he pressed his other hand against her chest, his fingers reaching across her and catching her breasts between two fingers. As his lower hand stroked her, feeling her body adjusting to his supernatural digit, he stroked her nipples with his fingers. She gasped, her knuckles white to keep herself silent.

He slowly pushed his finger in as far as it could, feeling her body clenching around it. With a grin, he felt it stuffing her to her fullest and she let out the tiny whimpers of her growing pleasure. He felt her body trembling passionately and watched her face turn red from a shallow orgasm. It was a start, but he had all the time in the world to bring her more.

He enjoyed his own pleasure from the way her hips jerked to meeting with his dripping finger, riding him as much as he pumped until the last of her orgasm faded into whimpers. He leaned down to whisper to her playfully.

“Now, what did you say about your bum?”

Panting, she dropped the hand over her mouth. She whispered sharply, "You wouldn't dare."

He chuckled, "Every day I wake up next to you, I'll try the same thing I did ever day before I died."

"And I you, Aber."

She amended herself quickly, "And keep those fingers out of my ass."

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.