

# The Strap

By C. Jade Wyton

*Jerome has gone upstairs to have a break from socialising at his sister's party. His girlfriend Theodosia soon joins him to keep him company, and curiously pokes around his room. In doing so, she accidentally discovers that he is transgender, and Jerome is nervous about the effect it may have on their relationship. However, when she responds with understanding, curiosity, and affection, things quickly warm up and they find themselves playing around in ways they never have before.*

***Contains explicit sexual content, accidental outing, and a mention of implied queerphobia.***

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Jerome lay in his bed, trying to keep his breathing steady as his heart-rate slowed and evened out to its normal rhythm.

He'd never been good at parties. And even though his sister had kept this one small —thirty-six people, including them and their older brother— he'd still found it overstimulating and quietly removed himself to retreat upstairs and catch his breath.

A knock sounded at the door, and he swallowed the last of his anxieties to call out; 'Yes? Who is it?'

'It's me,' the beautiful, rich voice of his girlfriend, Theodosia, spoke softly through the door. 'Can I come in?'

'Oh— Theo!' Jerome sat up, hurriedly, and cleared his throat. 'Yes! Come in!'

The door opened with a quiet *click*, and Theodosia slowly crept inside.

'Heeeey,' her voice was soft with concern as she stepped over to where Jerome sat on the edge of his bed. 'I was looking for you downstairs.... Hazel said you'd come up here? Are you alright?'

'Yeah, just uh...' Jerome blushed, feeling a little bit silly that he'd needed to leave such a casual gathering. 'I don't do too good at, uh, get-togethers like this.'

'No?' Theodosia's voice was high and sweet, as she sat beside Jerome and put a hand on his shoulder. 'Oh, Jerome! Your hands are trembling....'

'So they are,' he gave a nervous chuckle, before swallowing down the lump in his throat. 'I just.... Had a bad experience at a party, once. And now they make me nervous.'

He didn't elaborate; he wasn't sure how to even start explaining the *incident*, back when he was still a youth in school, where he had been publicly outed and humiliated.

So he didn't explain it, instead just taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, and hoped that Theodosia wouldn't press for details.

Luckily she seemed to understand. And instead of asking further questions, she simply wrapped her arms around Jerome in a tight, loving embrace that helped him figure out how to breathe again.

'I love you, Theo,' he mumbled into her shoulder. 'Thanks for coming up to check on me....'

'Of course!' she exclaimed, pulling away to take Jerome's cheeks in her hands. 'Why *wouldn't* I want to keep you company? I came here to spend time with *you*, after all! Not your *sister*!'

Jerome couldn't help but smile, as Theodosia playfully squished his cheeks. And he found himself giving a chuckle, as the tip of his snout was lovingly kissed.

Then she let him go and glanced around the room, her own smile growing. 'So *this* is your room?' she asked, rising to her feet to wander. 'Wow.'

'Heh, yeah, it's a bit different to yours, huh?'

'It's so small!' she agreed. 'But you've used the space so well! You'll have to help me organise my things. Oh, *if* you don't mind?'

'Any excuse to spend time with you,' he answered with a grin. 'I'd watch paint dry, if you'd watch it with me.'

'Aw,' Theodosia gave a coo, bouncing on her feet in a way that made her dress spin and twirl around her. She blushed, giving him one of her coy looks, before her eyes flicked around the room again. 'May I look around?' she asked.

'Sure,' Jerome gave a nod. 'What's that saying? My home is your home?'

'Mi casa es su casa,' Theodosia answered, poking around on his shelves. She picked up an old figurine, turning it over in her hands before giving a little giggle. 'I didn't know you liked this show.'

'Oh, yeah, me and my sister used to watch it all the time as kids,' Jerome told her. 'I should watch it again, sometime.'

'I'd love to join you. If you'd have me?'

'More interesting than paint,' Jerome joked; grinning happily as Theodosia laughed. Then, a spike of panic hit him as her fingers brushed the handle of one of his drawers. 'Oh, don't open that—'

It was too late; by the time Theodosia had heard what he was saying, the drawer was already open, and she had glanced inside. Now her ears pressed back, and her brow furrowed, and she turned to look at him with a confused cock of her head.

Jerome swallowed, feeling his heart sinking to his stomach as Theodosia hurriedly looked back into the drawer; then back and forth between it and him.

Then, to his horror, she reached into the drawer and pulled out its contents; a silicone strap-on, natural pinkish-blue in colour.

She examined it in her hands for a moment before she looked back to Jerome and said, the edges of her voice confused in an almost hurt way, 'I thought you said I was your first partner? Why... do you have this? Jerome?'

'You *are* my first partner, I...' Jerome felt himself blush as he cut off, wringing his hands anxiously as he searched his mind for the courage to explain.

He knew Theodosia wasn't transphobic —she'd always been so supportive of Pearl's brother, after all— but the fear was still there. Would it change anything? What if she wasn't attracted to him, anymore? What if it made things awkward? What if she felt like he'd been *lying* to her?

Though, by the way she was looking at him, it seemed like she was already worried that last one was the case. And he couldn't blame her; he knew that he looked as guilty as someone caught having an affair.

‘Jerome?’ she asked, softly; nothing else following but another confused look.

Jerome hesitated a moment. Then, when he realised Theodosia wasn’t going to speak further, he cleared his throat and met her eye. Then he found her eyes were too intimidating to look at, with their sad teary shine, and glanced to the floor instead. ‘I’m... transgender,’ he admitted, swallowing when Theodosia’s ears flicked forward.

‘What?’

‘I’m... transgender,’ he repeated. ‘That’s uh.... I have that because I.... Um.... Sometimes I wear that, just to feel like I have a....’

‘Oh,’ Theodosia breathed, as her confusion was replaced with a curious-but-guilty look. ‘I didn’t realise. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to....’

‘It’s...’ Jerome let out a long breath, feeling his shoulders slack. ‘I mean... I would have had to tell you, eventually. Right?’

‘Not before you were ready, though,’ ears pressing back, Theodosia looked ashamed of herself. ‘I’m so sorry.’

‘It’s... it’s alright,’ Jerome felt himself relaxing at Theodosia’s apology.... Not that she had done anything *wrong*, of course; not at all! But that she understood it was a sensitive topic helped calm him, and he pet the bed beside him to invite her to sit down.

She forgot to put the toy down, seemingly still a little stunned, and only realised it was still in her hands after she’d joined him.

‘Oh, I shouldn’t have picked this up—’

‘It’s fine,’ Jerome felt himself give a chuckle. ‘I, um... I understand your surprise.’

She bit her lip, nodding, and began to curiously fiddle with the strap. ‘So this is kind of like your... uh....’

Jerome nodded, shyly.

‘*And here Daddy was, lecturing me about birth control...*’ Theodosia mumbled to herself. Then her ear twitched, as she cast a glance to Jerome’s crotch, and her confused look returned. ‘Wait...’ she looked from the toy to Jerome again. ‘If you don’t have a...’ she motioned to the toy. ‘Then what is... *that?*’

Jerome blushed as she motioned at his crotch.

‘Aw, this? This is just a packer,’ he reached into his pants and pulled out the silicone prosthetic.

‘Oh?’ Theodosia’s eyes went wide as she stared at it. ‘I’ve never heard of those before. That’s so interesting!’

Jerome just shrugged, blushing a little as he discarded the packer onto his bedside table with his phone. ‘It just helps me feel better about things.’

A sympathetic sound, halfway between a hum and a coo, escaped Theodosia as she lay her head against Jerome’s shoulder.

‘It’s fine, though,’ he told her, wrapping a wing over her. ‘I’m happy.’

‘Well, that’s good,’ she replied; her fingers absent-mindedly running over the toy in her hands as her gaze slowly fell back to it and she became distracted.

They sat together for a long moment, Theodosia examining Jerome’s strap-on and Jerome watching her with a tired grin, before Theodosia made a popping sound with her lips and kicked out her legs.

‘Sooooo...’ she began.

‘So?’ Jerome echoed, attentively.

‘So if this is like your... *you know*,’ Theodosia thumbed at the strap, giving Jerome a coy flick of her ears. ‘Would you mind if I... did... this?’

Jerome’s eyes widened as Theodosia lifted the toy to her mouth and gave it a light lick along the tip; her feathers lifting in a blush as she met Jerome’s gaze and grinned.

‘I-I... don’t mind...’ he managed.

‘No?’ she asked, her voice high and sweet as she licked at it again, her smile growing wider as she watched his reaction.

‘No,’ he breathed.

Theodosia giggled, then, and began to suck on the strap’s tip. Perhaps a little awkwardly in her lack of experience— But Jerome was just as inexperienced, and so Theodosia’s actions were none-the-less arousing, as she got her message across to him.

He gave a nervous-but-receptive chuckle, and Theodosia’s ears perked up and she held the toy out to him.

‘Put it on for me?’ she asked.

He swallowed, nerves prickling his scales, before he took a deep breath and reached to undo his belt with trembling hands.

Theodosia bit her lip as Jerome stood up to removed his pants and took the strap from her... and as he tightened the toy into place, she stepped around him to his back to unbutton his shirt from above his wings.

He didn’t complain as his clothes were slipped off— And he *definitely* didn’t complain as Theodosia removed her dress and lay on his bed in nothing but her undergarments.

She stretched out, deliberately enticing him to join her, and he sat down gently at her side.

As he did her ears perked up and she examined the scars along his chest, her clawed fingers trailing their shape, and he cleared his throat awkwardly.

‘Sorry,’ she apologised, pulling her hand away and sitting up. ‘They’re just interesting! I haven’t seen anything like them, before. And... you’re so *muscular*...’

Jerome just smiled; his nerves melting away as Theodosia looked over his naked form with an approving glint in her eye.

He had been nervous about coming out for such a long time; but the way that she was looking at him... it was that same way she would look at her food when they’d go out to the cafe. That barely-controlled excitement, as if she wanted to pounce on him and drink him up like she would a milkshake.

Theodosia blushed, biting her lip, and leant forward; only pausing halfway down to glance up at Jerome and ask, ‘May I?’

‘Oh? Oh!’ Jerome felt his own cheeks burning as he realised what, exactly, Theodosia was wanting to do. So he adjusted himself on the bed, getting into a more comfortable position, and then gave her a nervous smile. ‘Go ahead.’

Awkwardly, Theodosia lay herself down and licked at Jerome’s strap; her the forks of her tongue curling around the shaft as she shifted forward on her elbows to suckle at it.

She pulled away to giggle for a moment, her feathers rising in a blush as her wide grin creased the corners of her eyes and she struggled to compose herself.

Then she tried again; taking the toy into her mouth and clumsily attempting to suck on it.

It was almost humorous; though Jerome was too aroused to laugh.

The sight of Theodosia between his legs, her head slowly bobbing up and down as she played with him, made him shiver from head-fin to tail-tip.

He reached out a hand, running it through her feathered crest as he gently eased her down lower, until he could feel her nose touch his groin. He felt a tingling arousal tickle him at the feeling of Theodosia's warm breath on his scales; and even more so at the feeling of the spit that dribbled down onto his leg as she opened her mouth and pulled back up to breathe.

Jerome's hand moved from the back of her head to her cheek as she shifted, and he gently caressed her as she gave a breathless giggle.

Then she continued; leaning back down, all the way until her nose was pressed into him again.

She tried to swallow back the spit that dripped from her mouth, but only managed to make a loud, wet slurping sound as it dripped onto Jerome's crotch and ran down his scaly leg to fall to the bedsheet.

She looked embarrassed by the mess she was making; but Jerome found it so endearing he couldn't help but give a moan-like sigh as his hand found its way back to her crest again to encourage her lower.

She allowed it; giving a quiet moan around the toy as it slid into her throat—Then she heaved a gag and pulled back again, and Jerome brushed her feathers from her eyes as she caught her breath.

'You alright?'

'Yeah,' she nodded, reaching up to place a hand on her lips. 'Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm making *such* a mess!'

'No, I *like* the mess,' he reassured. Though, he could tell she still felt embarrassed, as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and blushed. 'We can stop if you want—'

'Oh, no!' she exclaimed, perhaps a little too quickly. 'I don't want to stop! I-I'm having a lot of fun.... Even *if* I feel a little silly.... Is this... fun for you, too?'

'Very,' he confirmed, flopping back against the bedhead and smiling wide. 'You're doing *amazing*!'

Theodosia sheepishly placed a hand over her snout as she grinned at the praise, and Jerome ran an affectionate finger over her cheek; his hand trailing back to the back of her head to guide her down again.

She giggled, settling down to continue suckling on Jerome's strap, and went back to that alluring head-bobbing motion that made Jerome want to buck his hips in pleasure.

More spit slid down the toy to his leg and he moaned at the warm-and-wet sensation. He had to resist the urge to wrap his legs around Theodosia's shoulders to hold her closer; instead he settled for gripping the bedsheets by his side in a tight fistful of fabric.

He felt her hand shift where it sat on his thigh, and he realised with a chuckle she'd just become aware of it and suddenly wasn't sure what to do with it as she

awkwardly moved it from spot to spot.

She faltered as he laughed, and he quickly took her roaming hand to reassure her, 'It's alright, sorry. You're amazing. This is amazing.'

Theodosia sat up, her ears pressed back in embarrassment as she giggled and covered her mouth.

'You're amazing,' Jerome repeated, sitting up to peck a kiss on her cheek. 'Sorry.'

She shook her head, her grin growing wider as she turned her snout to steal his kiss to her lips.

He let the kiss last, his hands rising to rest on her cheeks as he tasted her tongue and felt the warm exhale from her nostrils brush his face.

Then she moved forward; eagerly climbing over him and pressing him back against the bedhead as she kissed him so vigorously he struggled to keep up.

Her breath was heavy on his face, between her gasps for air and her energetic kissing, and Jerome found his hands running over her soft body.

They made their way over her back and, as they brushed the lace of her bra, he couldn't help but unclasp it and pull it from her body.

The movement was awkward and clumsy, as the inexperienced couple tried to coordinate their movements. Theodosia was just as desperate to not remove her tongue from his throat, as Jerome was to remove the last of her clothes from her body, and they almost toppled over in their attempts to do both at once.

Luckily they didn't, though, and the bra was discarded to the floor and Jerome's hands were on Theodosia's breasts; cupping them in a soft-but-desperate way as she pressed her lips against his in a much-less-soft but *just* as desperate way.

Then, something wet and warm dripped onto Jerome's stomach and he pulled away from the kiss to see that Theodosia was, in her arousal, dripping through her silken underwear.

He couldn't help but chuckle, breathless and affectionate, as another few droplets of her excitement fell to his scales.

Jerome was quick to reach for her underwear and tug them down. And she lifted each leg in turn so he could discard them with her bra.

She lowered herself, then, sitting on his stomach, and began to thrust and grind against him in a desperate movement that smeared her lubricant over him.

'*Oh, gods, yes,*' he found himself moaning without meaning to. She was that wet for *him*, and knowing it made him hot with lust from head to toe. '*Make a mess.... Get it everywhere.... Gods, that's hot!*'

Theodosia was panting too hard to respond, as she continued to rub against him.

The feeling of her on top of him was so arousing, he could only imagine that he was as wet as she was.

Then, Theodosia's thrusts slowed, and her hand clumsily fumbled for the strap.

Jerome understood, and quickly straightened the toy so she could press herself against it.

She paused, then, and blushed. 'I'm... a little nervous,' she admitted.

'Me too,' Jerome confided.

‘I’ve heard it can hurt the first time,’ she cleared her throat. ‘But I want you so *badly*.... I think if I have to wait even just *one* more day, I might die!’

‘Go slowly,’ Jerome suggested, brushing a finger through her cheek feathers. ‘Take your time.... We have the whole night.’

‘I don’t want to wait the whole night,’ Theodosia giggled. Then, she took a deep breath, and carefully pushed back.

The toy pressed against her for a moment, bending slightly under her weight, before slipping easily inside of her. She gasped, her wings stiffening, before she let out a shuddering breath and lowered herself down, slow and easy, all the way to the hilt of the toy.

The sensation of pressure as the strap pressed firmly down against his groin was more stimulating than Jerome thought it would be, and he gave a half-moan as Theodosia began to thrust.

She was gentle but clumsy... not bouncing so the toy slipped in and out of her; but instead pressing down firm and deep, and moving back and forth so the strap would grind against her insides.

Her heavy pants made Jerome want to grab her tight and thrust the strap up hard, just so he could hear her moan again; but as she closed her eyes and whimpered he instead took her hands in his and squeezed them.

‘Are you alright?’ he asked. ‘It doesn’t hurt? Do you need to stop?’

‘Yes. No. I mean... I’m fine,’ Theodosia barely managed to mumble out her words as she began to thrust harder, pushing down more of her weight against Jerome. ‘It doesn’t hurt. Not even a little! It feels... so good! *Sooooo goooooood!*’

Every feather on her body stood on end as she moaned in pleasure; and every scale of Jerome’s felt warm and tingly as she leant forward and whimpered in his ear for more.

Jerome lifted his tail; using the tip to flick up along the crease in her buttocks, from her vagina to her tail-base, and she gave a happy exclamation of surprise and giggled again.

And then Jerome bucked his hips for her, pressing so deep into her she was lifted up with the motion.

She gasped as she dropped back down heavily, throwing her hands onto his chest as she collapsed forward and shuddered.

Jerome paused, worried he’d hurt her, and reached a hand for her cheek. ‘Sorry! Are you alri—’

‘Don’t stop!’ she cried, her voice so desperate it made Jerome jolt in surprise. ‘Jerome! Please don’t stop! Keep doing that!’

Jerome didn’t hesitate to comply; thrusting back up into Theodosia with a hard buck that made her squeal in joy.

‘Oh! More!’ she begged as Jerome thrust again. ‘More!’

Jerome’s thrusts became rhythmic, though they were still perhaps a little clumsy. The sound of Theodosia’s wet sex slapping against his hips with each movement was loud enough to bounce off the walls— But it was still barely audible over her moans and cries of joy.

‘Oh, gods!’ she all but screamed. ‘Oh, gods, Jerome! More! Please, more!’

He heard his phone buzz, but ignored it; instead focusing his energy on thrusting hard and fast into Theodosia with clumsy movements that made her

shout in joy.

‘Jerome! Oh, Jerome! Harder! Please! *Harder!*’

He couldn’t thrust any harder; he was already slamming into her as hard as he could. At least, as hard as he could from *this angle*—

Without thinking, Jerome threw his arms around Theodosia and flipped her onto her back, rolling on top of her and pressing her down into the bed with force that made her squeal in delight.

Her heard the sound of the music being turned up downstairs, but didn’t let it distract him from Theodosia’s pleased cries as he buried his strap deep into her and kissed her neck.

He panted into her, moving his kisses from her neck to her chest and back, and her legs wrapped around him as she begged for him to thrust deeper.

*Deeper!*

‘Oh gods, please Jerome, DEEPER!’

Then she gave a jolt and a cry, and Jerome paused in worry that he’d hurt her as she shook underneath him, her entire body trembling as she clawed at his shoulders and arms as if desperately trying to pull him closer than he already was. She buried her snout in his shoulder and let out a sound so loud and high-pitch Jerome thought she might shatter the glass in his windows.

Then, her entire body relaxed and she went limp; her legs and arms sliding from Jerome’s back and falling to the bedsheets as she panted heavily; her chest heaving with each breath.

‘Ooh...’ she breathed, so quietly Jerome almost didn’t hear her. ‘*Oh, gods. That was wonderful.*’

Jerome didn’t know what else to do but grin down at her as she twitched and shuddered.

She whimpered, gently bucking her hips into Jerome’s and begging, ‘*I need.... Gently.... Down....*’

Jerome gave a slow, careful thrust; trying his best to grind softly into Theodosia to bring her down from her orgasm as she caught her breath.

She let out a long sigh, then raised a hand to Jerome’s chest and wordlessly nodded. The only sound she made besides her panting was a small squeak as Jerome pulled out of her.

Jerome looked down at his partner with a proud look. Then, he carefully lowered himself down next to her, wrapping his arms and wings around her to pull her close as she took a deep breath and gave another sigh.

‘You alright?’ he asked.

She nodded, a happy moan escaping her as she rolled to bury her face into Jerome’s chest.

‘That was *wonderful*,’ she told him. ‘Wow. *Wow!*’

Jerome beamed as Theodosia giggled, and pecked a kiss on her cheek. He rubbed her arm in a gentle, loving way as they lay together and breathed.

Then, his phone buzzed again, repeating the notification for the message he’d ignored earlier, and he rolled over to fumble it off his bedside table.

It was from his sister, downstairs, and he found himself blushing as he read it:  
*bruh wtf calm down*



—END—

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