Consummation
By C. Jade Wyton

Daimon and Olivia settle down after their wedding, making themselves comfortable in their inn room.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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Daimon was still elated from the day.
He was married.
Married!
Somehow he had gotten himself married to the most wonderful and important woman in the entirety of Pal'thar.
Olivia.
She had wanted a traditional wedding. It was a surprise to their friends, but not to Daimon. He knew she was a sentimental woman; despite all of her attempts at seeming otherwise. And now, as she removed her complicated white dress, Daimon licked his lips to wet them as he saw Olivia's bare form for the first time.
She was so incredibly beautiful. So perfect.
She made his entire body course with warmth as he watched her attempt to remove one of the garters from around her thighs.… And he held back his chuckle as she failed; catching it on her foot and accidentally snapping the elastic into her own nose.
'Do you need some help, *Mrs Stoneclaw?*' he asked with emphasis, stepping behind his wife (*wife!*) and wrapping his arms around her.
Olivia giggled, covering her face to hide her blush as Daimon bent down and nuzzled into her neck. 'I can undress *myself,*' she managed.
'I *want* to help,' Daimon purred into her ear.
'I can undress myself,' she repeated, a little more seriously, and Daimon let her go.
She removed the last of her clothes and then, ears twitching, cast a glance at the wall.
They had their own room, tonight. The rest of the Dawn Runners had hired a different one and unfortunately it seemed (as they heard the muffled-but-familiar voices through the wall) they had just been given the room next to the couple.
Daimon hoped it wouldn't deter Olivia.… It was the one thing she had always been modest about.
Sex.
If it had been up to Daimon he would have made love to Olivia the day they met.… But Olivia was shyer than he was, despite pretending not to be, and she had wanted to wait until they were married.
And, well.… They were married, now.
Daimon stepped up to Olivia as she listened to the room next door and ran his

fingers through the bare fur on her hips, breaking her focus and making her jump in surprise.

'*Daimon!*' she exclaimed, her cheek-fur standing on end as her blush grew.

The talking in the room beside them went quiet, and it was clear they had heard Olivia's cry.

A long and silent pause echoed throughout the inn....

And then the sounds of several people hurriedly exiting the other room met their ears, and Daimon had to bite back a laugh as he heard the party all make their way down the hall to the stairs.

Olivia's ears flicked back and she looked embarrassed. Though, it was quick-lived embarrassment as Daimon held her close and kissed her.

She pulled away and tried to put on a pout, but her purrs broke through her already-terrible poker face and she ended up in a fit of giggles.

Daimon was still purring louder, though.

He scooped his wife up, eliciting a joyful squeal, and gently placed her on the bed.

The one, single bed in the room.

Daimon's heart was pounding. And from the way Olivia's breaths escaped her as she pressed her legs together and looked up at him with that sheepish smile, he was sure hers was doing the same.

He tugged off his own clothes, barely even aware of his relief at the removal of the uncomfortable fabric as he sat down beside Olivia (who bit her lip as she looked him over) and gently ran a finger from her ankle to her thigh. 'Do you want to...?'

'Well... it's tradition, isn't it?' she said, attempting (and failing) to sound plain and dull as she shifted in place. But she couldn't hide her enthusiasm as she stretched and curled her toes, extending her claws as if trying to knead at the air. And then her tail swished behind her as she edged closer and lowered her voice. '*I'm so excited! And nervous. And excited!*'

Daimon grinned as she took his arm and nuzzled it. Her coarse fur prickled at his skin through his own soft pelt, and he felt a heat rising through him.

He nuzzled into Olivia, softly laying her down in the bed as he did, and then he kissed his way down from her chest to her navel to her groin.

She was already soaking wet.

Daimon gave her a sniff. Then a tentative lick, and then she squealed and tugged at his mane and he shifted back up so he could press his snout into her cheek.

He was too nervous, now, to keep purring.

Through all he had been through since joining the Dawn Runners, he had never felt such an intense kind of fear before.

Through all the monsters, and bandits, and shoot-outs— He had never once felt *this* scared.

It was his job to be strong. To break things. To shatter bones and tear skin. It was what he was *good* at.

And now, in this moment, he wished he could chase every ounce of strength from his body. He wished he were weak and soft and harmless. Because the idea of being anything else while he was alone with Olivia tonight made him tremble

from head to toe.

Olivia's feet wrapped around him and he felt her trying to urge him closer. So he swallowed his nerves and complied, pressing into her slowly.

He was the most careful he had ever been in his entire life.

She was soft and warm, though it was the moan escaping her that sent the shiver thrilling through Daimon's body.

He rested down against her, keeping his weight on his elbows as he settled into place and began to gently thrust.

Olivia moaned again, her hands grasping at Daimon's mane and her knees pressing into his sides.

It felt like it could last for an eternity. Like they were in another universe that had been created just for them. Like they could somehow become one person.

And then it was over.

Olivia's hand pressed into Daimon's chest and he paused as she panted and swallowed and unwrapped her legs from his waist, and he understood that she'd had enough.

He rolled off her to lay by her side; letting her nuzzle into his chest and press tight against him as they both caught their breath.

She giggled, then, and he chuckled in response and kissed the top of her head.

'*You are the most important person in the entire world, Liv,*' he whispered.

'*I don't know any old "Liv,"*' Olivia responded impishly. '*I'm Mrs Stoneclaw.*'

'*Mrs Stoneclaw,*' Daimon purred back, the name as sweet as sugar on his tongue. '*You are the most perfect woman in the entire world,* Mrs *Stoneclaw.*'

—END—

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