

A Patient Touch

By C. Jade Wyton

Poor touch-starved Franch, after trying to comfort a friend, somehow finds himself as a client in a local brothel. He's not sure what to do— He'd been going along with his friend to try and cheer her up, but now he finds himself sitting next to a beautiful woman, the night pre-paid, and he has no idea what to do or what to say.

Contains explicit sexual content (consensual) and some mentions of sex trafficking.

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Franch swallowed the dry feeling in his throat. Every hair on his body felt like it was standing on end.

She was *beautiful*....

So beautiful it made him anxious enough he thought he might throw up.

He couldn't believe Plume had left him here alone; *abandoned* him in a goddamn brothel, of all places! She'd excused herself and stepped away for what she promised would just be *one* second, and the next thing Franch knew, he was being lead down a hall and told his friend had "paid a full night in advance" for him.

*He didn't even know what that meant!* He barely understood what *paying* for something was, let alone what it meant to pay for "a night in advance."

As far as he had always known, the night was something that happened every day, for free. And he wasn't sure why Plume would have to buy one for him.

Gods, how had this happened?! He'd just sat down in the garden to comfort the woman, and now somehow he'd ended up....

A shiver rolled up Franch's spine as the owlfolk closed the room's door and came to sit beside him on the soft, velvet chair. He didn't mean to, but as she sat down he retreated backwards; practically standing on the chair's arm as he pushed himself onto all fours.

She paused, the edges of her beak growing tense as she watched him. Clearly, she didn't know what to think of the man's wild eyes and terrified expression.

'Uh....'

'Plume said she was bringing me here to talk to someone!' Franch managed. 'I— I'm not good with girls, I don't know enough of them to know how to talk to them. Plume said it was exposure therapy, but— But I don't know what that *is*! I thought she'd be here *with* me! Wh— Do you know where she went?'

The owlfolk looked the hadozee over a moment, before she let out a chirpy, genuine laugh. 'Oh, you poor thing! What a thing for a friend to do to you without explaining, hm?' she pet the chair beside her, beckoning Franch back. 'Sit down, it's alright. I won't bite.'

Slowly, hesitantly, Franch lowered himself back down onto the chair; though he kept himself pressed as far away from the woman as he could. 'D... do you

know where Plume went?’ he asked again.

‘I believe she’s rented a room for herself,’ the woman was clearly trying to bite back a giggle. ‘Did she really not explain what she was bringing you here for?’

‘Uh... maybe, I don’t know,’ feeling himself blush, Franch tried to make himself very small. ‘She explained a lot of things. I didn’t understand most of it. I was just going along with it, she’s having a hard time and I wanted to cheer her up so I... I kind of just said yes to things.’

‘Even things you didn’t understand?’ the woman gave him a humoured quirk of her brow, as he curled his tail around his legs and rubbed at the back of his neck. After a moment of quiet, she placed her hands gently in her lap and offered him a warmer look. ‘Well. I can’t say this hasn’t happened before; but it is *my* first time with a client who wasn’t aware they were a client.... What would you like to do, Franch?’

‘Oh, you know my *name*?’ Franch’s voice broke.

‘Of course I do,’ she giggled. ‘Plume gave it to us when she paid for your stay.... Which, you don’t *have* to stay. You’re free to leave.’

‘I... I am?’

The woman’s feathers puffed up, just the tiniest bit, and it was clear she was trying not to laugh. ‘Yes, Franch. Your stay is paid for until morning, but you’re welcome to leave at *any* time.’

He relaxed, a little, hearing that. And seeing the woman’s humour; he hadn’t offended her. That was... good. *That was good.* ‘Uh... what... did you say your name was, again?’ he asked.

‘You can call me Connie,’ she answered. ‘Now. Do you want to leave?’

For a long moment, Franch wasn’t sure how to answer, and just stared at his feet. Though, Connie didn’t seem in a rush for his answer, she simply waited patiently for him as he let out a long breath and mumbled:

‘N.... I.... Plume said you would... talk to me?’

‘Yes,’ Connie said, simply. ‘That’s something I can do. Do you want that?’

Wordlessly, Franch nodded.

‘Alright, what would you like to talk about?’

‘Um...’ Franch shrugged. ‘I... I don’t know. I don’t know many topics. All I know about is....’

‘Is...?’

‘Cooking and... marbles.’

Connie visibly bit her lower beak, and it was obvious she was humoured. ‘I’m afraid I don’t know much about either of those topics. Would you like to tell me about them?’

‘Uh... not really,’ Franch admitted, curling up tighter.

‘Ah. Then, what?’

‘I... don’t know.’

‘Would you like me to choose a topic?’

‘*Yes please,*’ it was a hushed-but-desperate whisper. ‘*I.... I need to learn to talk to girls. I don’t know what girls like to talk about.*’

‘Well, it depends on the girl,’ Connie pointed out. ‘We tend to like all different things.’

‘I... *yeah,*’ Franch blushed; it was obvious, and he *knew* that. And it was

embarrassing that he still struggled to apply it to the women outside his home. 'Yeah. I uh.... I should know that.'

'You're nervous,' she reassured. 'That's alright. I'm not going to do anything you're uncomfortable with, I promise.'

'It's... it's more I don't want to make *you* uncomfortable,' Franch admitted, words starting to pour out of him as Connie raised a brow. 'Everyone keeps saying that this is a nice place, but I.... Egg used to do sex work, to help pay for her sister's medical treatments. She he told me about it. She hated it. *All* of the women who did it before they joined the family hated it.... I don't want to hurt anyone, I.... I don't.'

For a second, Connie watched Franch, looking a little confused. But then she let out a little sigh, and offered him a smile. 'Oh, I see. I understand.... I promise you, I really love my work. I do this by choice,' she shifted a little closer to him, so that she could properly meet his eye. 'And don't you worry; if I was unhappy with anything you did to me, I would have you kicked out. You saw the bouncer on your way in?'

Surprisingly, unlike most people, hearing that there was a large orcish man ready to fight him at a moment's notice actually *reassured* Franch, and he relaxed a little.

'Right.... I.... Plume said you have freedom and control, it's just... hard to believe, after all the stories I've heard. But I... I also don't mean to... make it seem like I don't think you can take care of yourselves.'

Connie gave an understanding nod, and offered Franch her hand. 'I think it's sweet you're making sure.'

Slowly, Franch moved to take her hand, though he paused. 'I, uh...' he swallowed. Then, lowered his hand to take her own.

He didn't mean to shiver; but he was so *incredibly* starved for a touch that wasn't Strilleburg's, and her hand was so soft against his own calloused skin, and he couldn't help it.

Embarrassment flooded him when he realised Connie had seen him shiver. And his cheeks went bright red when she gave him a look that said she *understood* it, and he quickly withdrew his hand and curled up again.

'It's alright,' she reassured, softly. 'There's a reason my job exists, Franch. It's so people can get the attention they need.'

Franch wrung his hands... and then his feet, his finger-like digits entwining nervously. 'I do... miss that kind of attention,' he admitted. 'My last girlfriend was... we were thirteen. We stayed friends afterwards but I, uh... sometimes I still think about it. About her and... how it felt.'

Gentle hands found their way to Franch's arm, and before he'd even realised what was happening, he'd been guided against Connie's side, so she could wrap her wing over him in a kind embrace.

It was so comfortable he thought he might fall asleep then and there, as he closed his eyes and let out a deep breath.

Oh, he really needed more physical contact. From *anyone* but Strilleburg.

Her hand took his again, giving it a comforting squeeze, and in response he carefully held one of her talons in his own foot.

'Not so scary?' she asked, a humoured note in her tone.

‘Still a little scary,’ Franch admitted. Though, despite his nerves, he found himself pressing that littlest bit tighter against her. ‘So I can... touch you? A-And that’s okay?’

‘Yes, you can touch me,’ she reassured. She gave his hand another squeeze, then, before moving it to her thigh.

Franch stiffened, his breath catching in his throat as his hand lay against the fabric of Connie’s dress. Even when she released his hand, it remained in place on her leg. And as her arm found its way around him, his fingers found themselves gently fondling the hem of her clothes.

‘Would you like me to take it off?’ she offered, earning a small gasp from the man as he withdrew himself and sat straight. ‘They say skin-to-skin contact helps reduce anxiety.’

‘I could... use a little less anxiety,’ was all Franch found himself able to answer.

And so, slowly, Connie removed her clothes; watching carefully for any protest from Franch. Though she found none as Franch licked his lips and let his eyes follow her hands.

Then, when she was fully nude, she moved to undress Franch; who clumsily attempted to pull his shirt over his head and almost tangled himself in his flustered state.

He dropped it to the floor before just as awkwardly slipping off his pants, and the pair sat together a moment; Connie waiting patiently as Franch gathered his nerve and looked her over.

‘I can, uh...?’ Franch lifted a hand, nervously asking for permission to move closer and touch her.

And she nodded, so Franch leant forward to press his face into her neck; her soft feathers tickling him as he embraced her.

*She smelt good.*

He wasn’t sure if it was appropriate to say aloud. So he kept the thought to himself; though he thought it might have been clear that he enjoyed her scent, as when he took a long, deep breath in, she giggled at him and shifted so he could get a better angle.

He wasn’t sure how long they hugged. A few minutes, at least. Perhaps ten. Maybe even a half-hour. It could have been the entire night, for all he knew.

But just sitting there, Connie in his arms, and him in her own, was a wonderful feeling.

He dared a kiss where his lips buried in her feathers, and she responded by shifting again; until she was lying down on the chair with Franch resting half on top of her.

He lay with her a moment, before his hands began to move; running over her body to explore her. ‘Is this...?’

‘That’s fine,’ she reassured.

He breathed her scent in again, taking a deep whiff of her perfume. And then her legs lifted; wrapping around him and guiding him until he was properly on top of her.

Her hands ran over him in a mirror of his own exploration; letting him feel her touch over every part of him, and he shivered again, whimpering into her

neck.

Her legs tightened around him, holding him closer, and the tickle of her feathers as his erection rubbed against her proved to be too much for the man. Hid whimper turned into a moan, and then, with a sudden desperate gasp escaping him, he felt every bit of tension leave his body all at once in a hot, sticky bliss that shot out over Connie's belly and halfway across her face.

She gave a surprised squeak and a giggle as Franch shuddered in pleasure. And, then, his eyes went wide and he felt her give a small, near-silent snort as she suppressed a laugh at his expression.

'I'm... I'm so sorry,' he managed through his breathless pants.

'Don't be sorry,' Connie reassured as he moved back and helped her sit up. 'It happens more often than you'd think.... Oh, that is an *impressive* amount!'

'Uh...' Franch felt his cheeks burn even hotter than before. 'It's been... five... years. Do you— Do you need a bath, or...'

'I have some wet-wipes in my top draw, if you don't mind me cleaning myself up.'

The playful twinkle in her eye told Franch it was, ultimately, *his* choice if she remained in this state or not. And he opted to stumble to his feet to retrieve the box of wipes for her.

He watched her clean herself off, too awkward to offer his help, though his gaze moved to the floor when she looked to him.

'Do you feel better?' she asked.

Franch gave a sheepish chuckle. 'Y-Yeah.'

Her hands found him again, and he found himself pulled back into her embrace as she settled comfortably down. He let his eyes close, as she ran her fingers through his hair, and he heaved a sigh so deep it made him feel like he might just melt into the comfortable seat.

It was nice.

Even if it was just for the one night; it was nice.

—END—

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