

Friction

By C. Jade Wyton

Edmund has some time alone with Maggie, and he's enjoying her quiet company.... However, it doesn't take long for their talking to turn into something else. Something very personal, and very stimulating.

Contains explicit sexual content.

~~~~~

Eulogy was out late working on a case, and Edmund and Maggie were taking the opportunity to sit together and talk.

Edmund had spent the last hour trying to convince Maggie to move in with him. He thought his point was valid; instead of continuing to live out of her backpack and sleeping on a couch, she could have her own bed and room! He had told her that his work paid a lot —smithing's in high demand, where boats are built— and he had enough money afford a nice place for them both to share.

But Maggie wasn't sure.

Eulogy was good to her. He knew how her brain worked and was able to help her do things. And when she had questions, he always seemed to have answers....

It hurt Edmund's heart. But he understood.

A lot had changed since Maggie had left. Their dreams of travelling together and seeing the world felt a lot more like a teenage fantasy now, than anything actually achievable. Even if Maggie still dreamt of being a hero (though from what Edmund had heard she had already become one, even if she couldn't believe she had done enough to earn the title), it seemed like something Edmund wasn't going to be there for.

No, instead it seemed she was going to reach that dream with her other friends; Eulogy and Cirrus. Two very strange men who she had travelled across Maztika with.

Edmund was only a *little* jealous of her bond with the pair.

Only a little bit—

Edmund jolted as Maggie was suddenly on top of him, straddling his hips with her own as she beamed at him.

'Yoooooou're distracted!' she teased, taking him by the cheeks and playfully giving his head a shake from side-to-side. 'What are you thinking of, Edmund? Tell me!'

'I, uh...' Edmund felt himself blushing as Maggie's weight shifted. 'We should go on an adventure together?'

Maggie gasped, bouncing in place in a way that Edmund both wished she wouldn't do, but also wished she'd never stop. 'Yes! Oh, gods, yes! We should! There's a town just to the south of here, and I heard they're going to be shipping crops out to a neighbouring town! They're looking for an escort— We could do that! It'll only take a week!'

'A week?' Edmund gave a chuckle.

He could... take a week off work if it meant spending time with Maggie.

He could take a *month* off work, if it meant spending time with her....

Maggie's rocking on his lap continued, and Edmund winced as he tried not to let the wonderful warm feeling of her body against his get to him.

Then, he saw her whiskers twitch, and a preoccupied look appeared on her face as she slowed down, tentatively putting down more pressure.

*Oh.*

Edmund saw her ears twitch and realised that she'd started feeling the stimulation of the friction, too.

'Does that feel good?' he asked with an anxious chuckle. *He hoped it felt as good for her as it was feeling for him.*

Maggie nodded, slowing to a stop and looking down at where their hips pressed together with what Edmund could only describe as a *perplexed* look in her eyes.

'You can keep going,' he told her. 'But, uh.... Before you do.... You should know; this is something... *private*. And very personal, and emotional, and—'

'I know what sex is, Edmund,' Maggie interrupted with a humoured purr.

'You... do?' Edmund felt his cheeks burning. *Why would he even assume she didn't? They were in their thirties, for gods' sakes.... It be weird if she didn't know!*

Maggie nodded. 'Doll told me about it.'

'Oh— So you... haven't... *had* sex before?' Edmund asked cautiously.

Maggie shook her head. 'Nope! Have you?'

Slowly, Edmund nodded.

'Then you can teach me,' Maggie said, leaning forward to rub her face against Edmund's cheek.

'T.... Teach you?' Edmund managed, feeling a shiver course through his body. *This was all he had ever dreamt about!* 'You mean, like....'

'A practical lesson,' Maggie confirmed, pulling back to give him a cheeky look. 'Because you know I learn better by doing.'

'*Maggie,*' Edmund breathed.

Was this a dream?

This *had* to be a dream.

Edmund had to resist the urge to pinch himself to check as Maggie looked down at him with a wide, happy smile.

'You like me,' Maggie said, simply. 'Eulogy said so. When I told him about all the things you'd done for me, he said that you must have liked me— Well. He said that you must have been "*after what all boys are after,*" but Gayle said that means the same thing.'

Edmund's cheeks blushed deep and hot as Maggie began to grind against his hips.

'Is this okay?' she asked, her grin growing even wider as Edmund nodded. 'Good! Because it feels *really* good!'

A chuckle escaped Edmund as Maggie leant forward and pressed her cheek against his again. He could feel the rumbles of her purring; her entire body vibrating with joy as she pushed closer into him.

Her thrusts were slow and clumsy but Edmund said nothing to stop her. And

though the way she pressed down on him was awkward and missed all the right places for his own pleasure, he could feel how much she was enjoying herself. So instead of shifting her hips forward he simply wrapped his arms around her and kissed her cheek.

Her breathless panting in his ear was enchanting. And her fur against his neck made his skin tingle. And... and as she continued, he felt a warm wetness tickle his leg.

*She was really enjoying herself*, he realised with a chuckle. *Enough to soak through the thick fabric of his pants.*

And the more she thrust, the tenser Edmund felt her body grow; her wings and talons curling tight as the speed (and clumsiness) of her thrusts increased.

She was close. Edmund could feel it.

In the way her thighs tightened, and the way she grit her teeth, and let out short sharp breaths through her nose—

She was right on the very edge.

So he took her hips in his hands, pulling her forward as he thrust up against her.

The unexpected friction seemed to do it.

Maggie gave a shudder, letting out a strained breath before all of the tension left her body and she flopped against Edmund limply.

She buried her face into his neck as he wrapped his arms around her to hold her close.

She was trembling from the tops of her ears to the tip of her tail. Edmund could feel it through her purrs.

So, gently, he shifted on the couch until they were both laying down, and Maggie curled into his chest as she closed her eyes and caught her breath.

‘How was that?’ Edmund asked her.

‘Fun,’ Maggie answered quietly. She shifted tighter against Edmund and let out a long, slow breath. *‘Fun....’*

Edmund let her fall asleep; keeping quiet as her purrs turned to snores and her wings gave a twitch.

She was dreaming.

Edmund grinned, resting his chin on the top of her head as he too closed his eyes.

It was late.

Very late.

And he had work in the morning....

*Click.*

*Creeeeeaaaaaak....*

Ah.

Eulogy was finally home.

But Edmund didn't have the energy to lift his head and greet the man; instead he just let out a deep breath and hugged Maggie tighter as Eulogy's footsteps grew closer and closer to the lounge.

The gnomblin paused at the door, audibly tapping a foot as if in frustration.

Edmund was too tired to open his eyes as Eulogy heaved a sigh and approached the couch.

'I'm late home *one* night,' he mumbled, and Edmund felt a blanket being thrown over Maggie.

Then Eulogy gave a loud *tsk* and made for his room, mumbling under his breath the whole way.

*'Bloody.... Edmund.... Should just shoot him....'*

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)