

Soft Fur

By C. Jade Wyton

Maggie returns from her work escorting a caravan, and spends a passionate night with Edmund She's having fun, even if she's feeling self-conscious when compared to her more experienced partner.... But then they try to go further than they've gone before and it's clear that there is something unusual going on.

Contains explicit sexual content, self-conscious thoughts, and issues with sex (implied medical problem).

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It was a cold Winter's night. The chill in the air was crisp and tasted strongly of salt and brine.

It was the kind of night that would leave morning frost on the windows of rooms without fireplaces. The kind of chill that would leave frostbite on what little was left of people's gardens and layer clear, slippery ice on doorways.

But Maggie wasn't cold.

Her entire body was hot. Hot from her ears all the way to her toes.

And it wasn't from the heater that vented air up from the boiler and through the floor just several feet away from her abandoned clothes.

No.

She'd just gotten back from work escorting a caravan two towns over, and the enthusiastic welcome home she was receiving was warming her cold-and-tired bones from the inside out.

Edmund's hand ran through her fur; gently trailing up the edge of her white belly marking to her chest and back down to her thigh.

Maggie's hips instinctively lifted as Edmund's fingers brushed over them, and he used both his hands to pull her back down against him.

His own hips pressed up as she was pulled down and she felt that hard, unfamiliar piece of him push against all the right places through his pants.

It was still such a new sensation for her.

Since their first time together, that late night months ago, she'd only had the confidence to pursue Edmund a few times.

He was so much better practised than she was; he'd told her about his old partners and the things they'd taught him. It intimidated her— Which was another sensation she wasn't familiar with. Usually she was brave and fearless. But then, when it came to Edmund....

She'd been wanting to do more with him, of course, but found that each time she tried to tell him so her throat would feel dry. And her fur would bristle. And her voice would catch in her throat as her cheeks grew hot and her tail would tuck timidly around her leg. And then she would suddenly remember all the strange things about her body that had never really bothered her before. Not until that moment. Not until the thought that she might bare herself so vulnerably in front of someone so important.

It hadn't been so scary the first time. Not when she hadn't known just *how* close it would bring them. She'd been confident. And it had been fun. And it had still been fun every time they'd done it after.

But after that first time —that first, wonderful time— she'd known just how it felt. How wonderful and magical and soul-baring it was. Like she was opening her chest and showing him all that was inside her— Like she was laying her deepest self vulnerable for him in hopes he would care for it gently.

And he had. Every time. But the thought of that closeness still made her nervous. Nervous that he would judge her. Nervous that she would say something wrong.... Nervous that.... That....

Just... *nervous*.

She'd thought about how his body felt on hers almost every day since that night. And she longed for him to touch her like that again and again and again. To brush his hands deeper through her fur to run along her skin. But she was scared that if he did, he would feel the strange itches she felt. And he would touch the bumps and textures running over her that she had never seen on others.

Those things had never bothered her before. But the thought of Edmund seeing them made her scared.

She appreciated that he let her set the pace.

Edmund's fingers brushed down again, running through the fur of her inner-thigh, and Maggie let out a long, deep breath as she lay her back against him.

It had taken all her courage to let him disrobe her. Her heart still beat hard from the anxiety of it.

He had seen her naked at least hundred times —bathing, and changing, and even when she was treated for a burn by their town's doctor as a youth and she had needed him there to ease her fears— but now. Now, to have such *intention* behind her undress....

He'd removed his own shirt, and that was all Maggie was brave enough to see of him.

And even though she'd seen his body bare of clothes before, just like he'd seen hers, their intentions made it feel so different and she had felt her fur fluff out with such nerves that she'd had to cover her face. She'd felt so deeply self-conscious about their actions in the moment that she was almost half-convinced Cirrus would feel the waves of energy flowing from her all the way across the city and call Eulogy to check on her.

Seeing her nerves, Edmund had lay quietly with her on the couch; his arm gently draped around her until she'd plucked up the courage to slip onto his lap.

Now he kissed her neck, his hands brushing through her fur as he held her hips down tight. And she shivered and moaned, feeling every part of her body tingle with pleasure.

But especially tingly was between her legs; where the friction of Edmund's thrusts was working her up and up and up. Just like each time they'd done this before.

Though, this time, there was less cloth between them.

She wondered how it might have felt if she hadn't been so shy and let Edmund remove the last of his clothes.

*She wanted to know the feeling of his skin.*

Slowly, she lowered her hands to Edmund's; loosening his grip so she could slide off him again.

'Are you alright?' he asked as Maggie settled at his side.

'Yes,' Maggie answered, feeling her cheeks fluff up in a blush. 'I, um...'

Edmund waited for her to continue. When she didn't, he gently ran his finger to trace her own. 'Maggie?'

Maggie bit her lip, her eyes flicking from Edmund's own to his belt and back.

Edmund understood. He undid the buckle and tugged the leather strap from its loops; discarding it to the floor.

Maggie felt her entire body puff up in anticipation as he did. And her wings stiffened firm and fluffed out as she watched him lift his hips and slip his pants down and off; uncovering the last of his body for her.

Maggie's ears twitched and she felt herself grinning as she laid eyes on Edmund's erection.

It was a state Maggie had never seen it in before, and it made her tingle all over just to look at it.

A chuckle escaped Edmund as he followed Maggie's gaze and took her hand; guiding her to brush her fingers along his shaft.

She flinched when it twitched, which caused Edmund to laugh and pull her close.

'Don't worry, it doesn't bite,' he joked, pecking a kiss against her cheek.

Maggie gave a sheepish chuckle and tried to smooth down her fur. It didn't help much; she'd barely pet down her cheeks when Edmund gave her another kiss, this one on the nose, that caused her entire body to fluff up twice as much as it had before.

He clearly found it amusing as he kissed her again and, when she giggled and made to back away, wrapped his arms around her to pull her back and barrage her with pecks all over her face.

Her tail lashed back and forth as wildly as her legs as Edmund held her in place and kissed her.

She couldn't stop laughing; her chest heaved with the effort of breathing as she playfully wiggled in Edmund's grip.

She could have easily broken free if she'd wanted—he wasn't holding her tight, and she'd fought off creatures much bigger than him before—but the game was fun, and it eased the last of her nerves until she couldn't even remember that she'd ever felt shy around him.

Then, just as her lungs were beginning to ache, Edmund buried his face into her chest.

*'You're so beautiful...'* he whispered into her fur. *'I love you so much.'*

Suddenly she was blushing again, and that feeling of being bare and vulnerable had returned.

Instinctively she pulled her wings in tight, covering her body as she curled and pushed Edmund off her with an embarrassed hum.

He pecked one last kiss on her before sitting back; his hand laying over Maggie's wing as he politely averted his gaze.

Maggie gave a sheepish laugh; thinking about how silly it was that he was

looking away when he had already seen her naked so many times before.

Then she thought about how *stupid* it was that she was acting so shy, when he had already seen her naked so many times before, and folded down her ears with a sigh.

Edmund's hand found hers. 'Maggie?'

'Sometimes it feels like I'm walking backwards.'

'Hm...?'

'My memory. And being ready for things,' she clarified. 'It's hard to take steps forward when I keep losing track of my footprints.'

'Hm... I thought that might be it,' Edmund's concerned look softened, and he lay a finger under Maggie's chin to lift her gaze. 'That's part of why I always let you take the lead with this. I'm never quite sure where you are.'

'Hah...' it was half a chuckle, half a sigh. 'It... it shouldn't be so hard to step forward. You've seen me naked before. I know that. But it... it still feels like a whole new thing, now. Even though it's not.'

'It is new, though,' Edmund comforted; gently leaning in to lay his face into Maggie. 'It's about the intent. I've never seen you naked like *this* before. Only for other reasons, which makes it different.'

Maggie felt another half-laugh escape her, this one feeling a lot lighter than the last. *He understood.*

He *really* understood....

She was glad he did.

She slipped back onto his lap, letting Edmund's hips press against her as she embraced him tight.

He embraced her back; a hand rubbing comfortingly up and down her back as he let her bury her face in his neck.

'What do you want to do?' he asked.

Maggie gave a gentle purr. 'This is good. Can we keep doing this?'

'Of course we can,' Edmund chuckled.

Maggie's purr grew into a happy rumble as Edmund's hand continued to run along her back, and she closed her eyes so she could nuzzle into him.

'*Oop!*' Edmund gave a grunt as Maggie's forehead found its way under his chin and pressed up lovingly— Causing him to lose his balance and slip sideways to lay along the length of the couch.

Maggie didn't let up, though, and continued nuzzling into him affectionately as he laughed and shifted underneath her.

His attempts to "escape" her were much the same as her own playful struggles when he had been kissing her face; part of an unspoken game where they *wanted* to be overpowered by the other's show of affection.

She tightened her grip around his hips, straddling him as a way to keep her balance.... And then she felt something poke into her and finally pulled back from her nuzzling; biting her lip as her fur stood on end in a blush.

'In my defence,' Edmund gave her a playful grin. 'It's a *lot* harder to hide that without any pants on.'

Maggie returned his grin with a cheeky look. 'I don't want you to hide it,' she said, letting out a low purr.

'No?' Edmund asked, giving a gentle thrust that rubbed along all of Maggie's

most stimulating crevices. 'What do you want me to do with it, then?'

Maggie pushed down against him and shivered. 'That,' she answered.

'This?' he echoed playfully, thrusting again and earning a moan. 'You like *this?*'

'It feels *really* good!' Maggie purred, her hands finding their way to Edmund's chest so she could stop herself falling forward. 'Oh, I like that a *lot!* It feels so different without clothes.'

'It does,' Edmund agreed, his hands running through the fur on her hips. 'Gods, you're so soft....'

'You're not,' Maggie joked with a cheeky grin. 'Ooh.... Right there. That feels really good....'

She knew her thrusts were clumsy. She could feel *just* how unpracticed her movements were as she tried to mimic Edmund's rhythm....

But she didn't care. And it was clear Edmund didn't either as he lay his head back and gave a long, loud moan before letting her take the lead.

'*That's good,*' he mumbled, gently straightening the angle of her hips with his hands. '*You're doing good....*'

Maggie giggled as Edmund's touch slipped up her body, running through the fur along her sides.

'You're so soft,' he commented.

'You're not,' Maggie joked, breathlessly. Then, she pushed back the long strands of fur from her eyes, and slowed her thrusts to a stop. 'Edmund, I want to do more. What's.... What's further than this?'

'You don't... know?' Edmund asked, and Maggie felt him tense. 'I thought you said that Doll told you.'

'They did,' Maggie confirmed, feeling her brow furrow in frustration at her poor memory. 'But I can't remember anymore....'

'*Well...*' Edmund leant forward to whisper in her ear, and Maggie felt herself tingle as he began to explain all the different things they could try together.

'There's so many options!' Maggie giggled as Edmund lay back down. 'What do *you* want to try?'

'Let's start simple,' Edmund chuckled, moving his hands back down Maggie's body to her hips again and gripping them gently. 'May I?'

Maggie nodded, and Edmund lifted her up so he could adjust himself. She felt the tip of his erection press against her vagina, and gasped excitedly in anticipation.

'Now, lower yourself down,' Edmund instructed. 'Slowly; you don't want to go too fast with your first time....'

Maggie nodded and did as she was told; her breath laboured as Edmund guided her with one hand and held his shaft in place with the other.

She was penetrated with a strange, sharp feeling that spiked through her body, and she instinctively pulled away with a squeak.

'You alright?' Edmund asked.

Maggie nodded, her eyes sparkling curiously as she looked down at her partner. 'That's not what I thought it would feel like!'

Edmund gave a nervous chuckle and reached a hand up to smooth down her fur. 'I haven't seen you spike up like *that* since the time you stubbed your toe....'

‘It *felt* like I stubbed a toe,’ Maggie returned his sheepish look. ‘Only, it wasn’t my toe.’

‘Heh...’ Edmund’s grin pressed up the corners of his eyes as his hand moved to pet down Maggie’s cheeks. ‘You okay?’

‘I’m fine,’ Maggie told him as she shifted back over him. ‘Can we try again?’

‘Of course we can,’ Edmund answered, pecking a kiss on her nose and getting himself back in position. ‘Alright.... Go slow. That’s it.... Gently....’

Maggie felt that sharp feeling spiking through her again and knew she must have looked ridiculous as all of her fur—from the tip of her tail to the end of her snout—stood on end.

‘Relax,’ Edmund told her, his hand finding her cheek again. ‘You’re tensing up. It’s alright. We can stop if you need.’

Maggie shook her head and adjusted her legs so she could lower herself further.

The sharp feeling where Edmund had penetrated her faded as she pushed down and then there was....

A strange *pressure* in her stomach that she couldn’t explain.

Like she was feeling what was happening in the wrong spot.

‘*Huh...*’ Edmund gave a quiet, confused hum as he placed a hand under Maggie to stop her pushing down.

‘*Huh?*’ Maggie echoed his hum, turning it into a question, and tried to ignore the strange, queasy feeling that was creeping up towards her chest.

‘That’s, uh... I think that’s as far down as you’re going to get,’ he mumbled.

‘But I’m barely...’ Maggie felt her ears pressing back in confusion. ‘That’s all?’

‘Seems like it,’ Edmund said, shifting underneath her.

‘Is that *normal?*’ she asked.

‘It’s...’ he trailed off, clearly not wanting to answer that question, before carefully adjusting his positioning. ‘You’re really tense. I’m not hurting you, am I?’

Maggie shook her head.

It didn’t *hurt*.

But it wasn’t completely *comfortable*, either.

She thought it was like trying to wear a poorly-fitted shirt that tugged tight on the arms and made it hard to move.

Not *painful*. But not *right*....

‘You’re sure?’ he asked, looking doubtful. ‘You’re *very* tight— If it hurts you can tell me.’

‘It doesn’t hurt,’ Maggie confirmed. ‘It just feels... strange.’

‘Do you want to stop?’

Maggie shook her head before gingerly moving her hips.

It was almost like... that fuzzy numb feeling she would get when she slept on her wings wrong. Like she couldn’t feel what was happening *where* it was happening; but could feel the way it was pushing on the rest of her insides.

It....

It was giving her a stomach ache.

And it was clear Edmund saw that she suddenly felt ill, as he scooped both hands under her and lifted her up.

‘I think that’s enough for now,’ he decided out loud, gently lowering Maggie onto his stomach and guiding her to lay down with her head in the curve of his neck. ‘Maggie? Are you alright?’

‘I’m alright,’ she confirmed, feeling her stomach already settling. ‘But it didn’t feel right.’

‘Mm,’ Edmund hummed in agreement. ‘It didn’t look like it felt right.’

‘I don’t think I liked it,’ she admitted. ‘I’m sorry.’

‘That’s okay, you don’t have to like it,’ Edmund reassured with a kiss to the top of her head. ‘It’s just one way of doing it, right? We can try a different way next time.’

Maggie giggled, then, and lifted her head so she could kiss Edmund back. ‘You’re a good friend.’

‘I’m not sure *friend* is the right word for it,’ chuckled Edmund.

‘What other word would I use?’

‘Boyfriend?’

‘*Boyfriend*,’ Maggie emphasised playfully, sitting back up and grinning down at Edmund. ‘You’re my *boyfriend*.’

Edmund just snickered instead of arguing, as Maggie shifted around on top of him.

She settled her hips against him and gave a tentative thrust, grinding their hips together. ‘I think I like this way best,’ she decided aloud.

Edmund chuckled, sitting himself up so he could press their foreheads together. ‘Then that’s the way we’ll do it.’

—END—

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