

From Anor Londo to Your Arms

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Submitted: August 6, 2018

Updated: August 10, 2018

A young, newly engaged couple goes on vacation and stays at a beautiful island resort. Up in their room, they share a night of passion and tenderness, making love to each other for the first time.

Only somewhat loosely based on a true story and anonymously commissioned by the real-life couple it's based on.

Contains loving, intimate vanilla sex, kitsune (fox ears/tail), deepthroating and face-sitting/mild femdom.

Provided by Hentai Foundry.

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/Lemonator/30682/From-Anor-Londo-to-Your-Arms>

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1 - (Part 1)-"I think tonight I'm finally ready."

Author's Note: The 'loosely' in the "loosely based on" part of my statement is mainly referring to Sabrina's ears and tail, which, as far as I know, don't exist in reality. Everything else though actually happened. Also, the story is done, but I'm going to upload it in 3 parts just so people don't immediately see a massive word-count and get scared away. But no, what you can read right now is not the end.

This is the first time I've ever written anything based on a true story, and I'm really grateful to have been able to work on something like this. I don't always get to work on stuff that's as sweet or as innocent, and the fact that it really happened makes it even better. I just hope this story lives up to the the real love and tenderness of the people that inspired it.

Waves crashed against the beach and were swept back into the sea, the interior of the shoreline restaurant quiet enough to hear the rushing of the tide. Two young adults sat across from each other at the elegantly dressed table that they had reserved for themselves hours earlier. The calm island breeze filtered in through delicate looking, wooden, slatted walls that were likely installed for just such a purpose, rather than keeping anything or anyone out. It was warm and moderate, unobtrusive enough not to bother them in their casual attire. Brightly glowing chandeliers hung down from the labyrinthine network of support beams holding up the ceiling and smaller single lamps with a similarly ornate design lined the establishment's few actual walls. They could see the shaggy, hanging fronds of palm trees shifting gently back and forth beyond the see-through walls. The island of Lucadia was beautiful at night.

This was the first time Harold and his fiancé Sabrina had a chance to just sit and look at each other all day. It had been a pleasant enough, yet hectic and busy day, full of planning and spending time with his parents, seeing the various sights that the island had to offer. They were on vacation with Harold's parents to celebrate his and Sabrina's recent engagement, and though they had both enjoyed themselves, they had not had a lot of time to themselves. Eventually though his parents had decided to remain at their own suite, understanding that their son might like to spend some time alone with his fiancé. And here they were, alone. Their hands bridged the divide that the table made between them and rested atop one another.

Harold didn't think he would ever get tired of looking at her—he hadn't in the four years they'd known each other—and she felt the same way. He was a young, lean—but not especially muscular— man in his twenties with shaggy brown neck-length hair and matching brown eyes who was working his way through college. Harold had found love in an unusual place. *Dark Souls* invasions.

After trading kills back and forth in the virtual land of Lordran, Sabrina looked up his profile and messaged him, and then they started talking. Sabrina had recently graduated college with very solid grades, having grown up as the daughter of a military man, ensuring not only that she had plenty of discipline, but that she could properly take care of herself and anyone else that needed protecting. She looked a little like Harold in some sense, being about even in height if you were going by the top of her

longer autumn red hair. Unlike Harold however, she sported a pair of natural, tall wispy fox's ears—which pushed the height discrepancy significantly in her favor—and a long bushy tail, both of which were the same bright auburn hue.

An older, bald-headed man with a clean, formal blue shirt—with the name of the resort they were staying at printed in small white text above his breast pocket—approached them. His face was lined with wrinkles that framed a serene smile.

"Are you done with your plates?" He asked. He had a thick, distinctive accent when he spoke that suggested that English wasn't his first language—though he was proficient in it.

"Yes, thank you," Sabrina replied. "The food was very good."

The man started to collect their plates and silverware. "Can I get you anything else tonight?"

"No thanks," She said.

"And you, sir?"

"No, thank you very much," Harold smiled at the man broadly, making extra sure he showed his appreciation, and hoping it didn't come off as insincere. It definitely wasn't. "She's right about the food, too. Excellent."

The man smiled and placed their plates on a medium sized tray.

"I'll be right back with your bill," He said, and left them alone once more.

Sabrina sighed. "I'm glad I stopped eating when I did. It was very good, but these places do give you a lot. I don't want to be sick on our first night together." She picked up her empty glass and stared at it. "I wouldn't mind having some more of that wine though, I suppose." Her long tail swished back and forth above the floor, poking through the gap in the back of her chair.

Harold nodded. "Yeah, I'm not usually a wine guy, but it was really good. I would ask for seconds, but I'd really rather not be drunk tonight. I want to be lucid." She smiled and rubbed his fingers softly, her hand once again lying on top of his.

"Do you want to go back to the suite after we pay?" She asked.

"Sure," He nodded.

The walk back to their suite was a long one, and going outside was a part of that trip, but neither of them minded. The air was warm, the breeze was cool, and the way back took them down a path framed by a canopy of trees, with a long, winding cobblestone wall on one side to guide their way. At night the resort

was lit up brilliantly, illuminating every dark corner and alleyway, the steady chirping of crickets and the warblings of cicadas their only company—apart from other distant wandering couples and families going about their business.

When they were back inside and fast approaching their room, they walked very close, their shoulders, arms, and hips pressed up against each other. Sabrina was kissing his neck, feeling just a little less inhibited by the small amount of alcohol she had consumed.

"I think tonight I'm finally ready," Harold said, running his hand over her hair.

When they got to the room, Sabrina opened the door quietly and closed it just as noiselessly behind them. She went over to the room's centerpiece, a large, recently made queen sized bed with a canopy, the curtains tied up to the four posts at each corner. She sat down on the sheets and patted the space next to her. Harold took a deep breath and followed her. Sitting, they looked into each other's eyes, and their hands met in the dark room they had never bothered to illuminate. The moon and the rest of the resort outside were bright enough so they could still see each other clearly.

"So...what do you want to do?" She asked him.

"Sabrina," He said, staring longingly at her. "I think I want to go all the way."

"Are you sure?" She asked, her fingers tenderly caressing his hand.

"Well no, not a hundred percent," He clarified. "But I can't even decide on what I want to eat in the morning sometimes. I'd at least like to try."

She smiled encouragingly. "Well you know we can always stop at any time, right? Even if I'm just about to come. Just pull out and we'll watch a movie or something."

Harold laughed. "I wouldn't do something like that to you. I'd at least let you finish first."

"No really, I mean it," She grinned. "I'd live."

"What about you?" He asked, his thumb rubbing her hand in return, his eyes showing concern and caring. "I didn't ask you what you wanted."

"I've wanted to sleep with you for a while now," Sabrina said. "So if you want to do this tonight I'm all for it. But I can wait. Don't do this for me. Do it if *you* want to."

He smiled broadly. "I want to. Maybe we should close the bed curtains first though? I think I'd feel a bit more comfortable."

"Just let me handle that," She said, kissing him on the cheek. "You just lie down. But take your shoes and socks off first. We don't wanna make more work for these people."

Harold nodded and did so, before stretching out on the comfortable mattress. "This is a lot better than my bed at home," He marveled.

"I have entertained the thought of living in a hotel before," Sabrina agreed, removing her own offending footwear and standing up on the bed. She walked around and undid every knot, letting the curtains hang freely.

"Sounds good to me," He grinned.

"Maybe in another life, when we're born with more money," She said, pulling the curtains together. When she was done she knelt down on the bed and lay on top of him.

Slowly, she leaned in towards him. Their eyes drifted shut and their lips touched, pressing closer together and interlocking gently. Sabrina wrapped her arms around his shoulders and sunk her hands into his hair. She was so incredibly happy. Her ears twitched and shivered, and her tail rested against his side. Harold curled one arm around her back while his other hand rested on her thigh. Their tongues radiated heat and completed the bond of closeness that their clutching arms were initiating. The sizable swells of her breasts pressed hotly up against his chest and Harold felt his penis begin to push his jeans upward, stretching the fabric to an uncomfortable degree. She shifted her hips to give it room to grow. Then she broke the kiss, leaning over him, both of them staring into each other's eyes. Sabrina silently admired his beautiful face and tangled brown curls of hair in the moonlight.

"So, how should we start?" Harold asked. He thought he should defer to her experience.

"Well, we should probably start with something you're already used to," She replied. "It's been a while since I've gone down on you." She grinned impishly.

He gulped. "S-sure, if you want." Sabrina's blowjobs were like a work of art. Giving head was as much about performance as it was about technique, and she had plenty of both. The sounds she made, the times she chose to look at him and the times she chose not to, the expression on her face—all of these things dramatically changed the experience. And when she pulled back, would she give him a cute laugh? A flip of her hair? Something else? All of these were tools for an artist. And Sabrina was a master of her craft. Even though she'd done this for him many times over the years they'd known each other, it got Harold nervous and antsy every time. And she was aware of this.

"I want to," She said with a breathy whisper, and slunk quietly down the bed.

Harold looked down to follow her movement, Sabrina already down by his feet by the time he had reacted.

Moving quickly, she unzipped his jeans and started pulling them down, Harold helping by lifting and kicking with his legs. She wanted to make him as comfortable as possible for this. Once his pants were completely removed she carefully removed his underwear as well, placing it in the pile with his jeans. She stared affectionately at his freed erection for a moment, watching it wobble and nod to one side after unveiling it. Then she put her focus back on her work, pulling his shirt up his chest and over his head, and tossing it in the same pile. If she wanted free and unrestricted access to his lower half, she couldn't have his shirt constantly falling over her face. Sometimes clothes only got in the way.

Harold sat up and moved to the edge of the bed. Sabrina stood and walked around it, raising her

eyebrow questioningly.

"So...you prefer me on my knees, do you?" She asked, her lips curling wickedly.

"Y-Yeah, I guess..." Harold admitted, shrugging self-consciously. But he had also grabbed one of the extra pillows from the bed—formerly propping up the ones they'd be sleeping on—and now placed it on the floor in front of him.

"Why thank you, that's very thoughtful," Sabrina said, kneeling down on top of it. In this position the curtains didn't really cover Harold, but they were close enough to allow him a hasty retreat if necessary and give him some piece of mind.

She took him in her hand and her expression changed, growing serious. "I want to help you relax tonight as much as possible, okay? Whatever happens, try not to stress over it too much. Just remember, I love you."

"Okay," He replied, breathing slowly. "You too."

Sabrina smiled and took him into her mouth. Harold shuddered and moaned, placing his hand gently on the back of her head and stroking her hair. The brilliant glow of the moon outlined her soft features with a shimmering, silver aura. Her head bobbed up and down, her ears twitching periodically. Her tail was similarly restless, darting and flitting about sporadically, curling in on itself and unfurling. He gently rubbed her ears, gripping them loosely and stroking upwards. The soft blush on her face and the slight upturn of her lip let him know she enjoyed it.

"If you want you can lie back," She said, pausing to confer with him. "If it's more relaxing that way."

"And miss out on the sight of your beautiful face?" Harold replied. "Not a chance."

"You know how to make me feel appreciated," Sabrina said, resting her hand on his knee.

"Just saying how I feel," He said honestly.

"I know," Sabrina said, taking him back between her lips. She appreciated just how well the night sky lit their activities, allowing her to see the subtle details of her fiancé while she made him feel good. The orientation of his balls shifted somewhat in her hand as she cupped them, not bound by the skin that housed them, skin silky to the touch and slightly wrinkled. She ran her fingers slowly up and down the stretched sides of his scrotum, hearing the low rumblings of affection rising from his throat. She ran her other hand over and back across the soft smoothness of the top of his leg, feeling the slight tickle of the short, feathery hair that lay there. She liked the way it stood on end as she passed him in and out of her mouth. As she moved further between his thin legs, she grew closer to the lean musculature of his torso; Harold was not a bodybuilder, but his chest and abdomen were solid enough to feel firm and strong to her touch—but also soft enough to be squeezed if she was so inclined—and she often was.

Looking up, she was graced with the adorably anxious, pained expressions his cute face was making. She gave him her best seductress's face, haughty and domineering, with an air of ingratiating. Sabrina took him from her mouth and breathed hot, moist air over his cockhead, making him squirm. She ran her

tongue excruciatingly slow up the slope of that swollen redness, looking up at his wincing face, this time with a much coyer, innocent expression. She relished in the soft, short sounds escaping his lips that were not quite moans.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself," She said.

"Well of course," Harold said, smiling nervously. "You give wonderful blowjobs."

"I do, don't I," She smiled. "Well, I would brace myself if I were you, because you might not be able to handle what I have in store."

He answered by brushing his fingers along the outside of her ear, running up the rim of it. "I can't wait."

Well, she had warned him. She kept her eyes open and trained them on him the entire time as she took him deeper. He let out an ethereal sigh and ran his fingers down through her bangs and traced the side of her face. She quietly slipped her tail around his leg and kept her head moving steadily forward with a calm, poised disposition.

This is easy, Sabrina thought. When you practiced enough and went with the flow, and when you had a loving boyfriend who didn't pressure you to do it—or while you were doing it for that matter. The first thing to indicate that she had progressed far enough was her gag reflex activating. The second was her ears spasming, reacting to the instinctual panic that was trying to set in. And the third was a long, low, shuddering moan from her fiancé.

She made herself stay calm though, and didn't fight the thick organ, and within moments it was slipping quickly and painlessly down the back of her throat, her ears relaxing soon after. She didn't stop until her lips touched his crotch, which prompted another soft moan. She knew every inch of Harold's penis well, having spent plenty of time studying it, touching it, kissing it— sometimes just looking at it because it was pleasant to do so—and now all of those inches lived within her like a new part of her that felt right, the last few fitting the mold of her throat congruently, leaving little room for air to flow in-between. She fixed him another unassuming look, sliding her tail up and down his leg. She hadn't ever gone so deep for him before, but she figured this was a special occasion.

She could tell he loved this. His head was tilted back his eyes were closed, and his mouth hung open. His whole body shivered uncontrollably. His breathing was labored and heavy, coming out in shuddering rasps when his teeth weren't chattering against each other. Sabrina gazed affectionately into his closed eyes. Seeing him like this, knowing she brought him to this state made her feel incredibly sexy. Not that the shaking, tortured Harold wasn't. Put that image up in one of those sexy, workman's calendars—it deserved to fill every month.

The combination of moist tightness and Sabrina's tormenting face was driving Harold wild, and it was any wonder he had held on as long as he had. Whether playing the role of a malevolent temptress—not that she was *entirely* playing, he knew how genuinely she liked to tease him, and she was not one to put on elaborate masks—or just being Sabrina, her face was as beautiful as any part of her, with her thick, luxurious hair that framed it like a piece in an art gallery, and the cute, sprightly ears that lay above, trembling along with the rest of her after she had made the plunge. Her face looked sophisticated, dignified, even *classy* down between his legs. And when she was down there, it allowed him to touch,

caress, and admire it.

He shivered, Sabrina not having moved since her lips came to rest against his pelvis. He ran his hand along her hair, sliding it up and over a soft, furry ear before running it down the back of her head. He got the idea in his head to say something dirty; he just hoped he wouldn't fuck it up.

"When...when I come, I'm gonna come so hard that you're gonna have a hard time getting it all down," Harold said. "Think you can handle that?" She nodded the best she could in her position, her crimson blush and her winding, swaying tail evidence of her excitement.

Harold was so beautiful, whether it was far away or close up. And right now Sabrina was very close to him. She recognized his words for the bravado they were, knowing he was very much right where she wanted him, but they still sent delighted, electrified tingles running up her spine. It may have been a facade of confidence, but it was an invigorating facade all the same. As much as she liked having him in the palm of her hand, the idea of a dominant Harold was always a welcome one, filling her brain with giddy, naughty fantasies. She knew it was mostly talk at that point, but perhaps later...

She started to move again, slowly dragging herself back over his length, taking her time, knowing full well that her muscles would be pulling and gripping him quite a bit. Sliding her palm along the underside of his balls, she watched the facade crumble and reveal the handsome vulnerability of her perfect man. Well, no, not perfect, but better than she could've ever dreamed.

Her fiancé let out a short, anguished cry, his cute brown hair falling messily over and around his closed eyes with every agitated turn of his head. When he was fully withdrawn, she kissed the tip of his penis with as much caring and tenderness as she often gave his sweet lips. Then she took the most personal, private part of her lover and concealed it back within her depths, limiting her breathing once more. It was an intense, palpable sexual act she was performing, perhaps more viscerally physical and intense than many, but the love and respect of it was implicit in her willing vulnerability and trust, and in his self-restraint. His soft, creamy hands at the ends of milky, smooth arms wrapped firmly around her tall ears and held on tight, but always followed where she lead. They never pushed her farther or faster than she was ready to go, but accompanied her on her journey, tenderly caressing the backs of her vulpine ears all the while.

She kissed the soft, subtly rounded cushion of his crotch several times and stared up at him, this time as the genuine Sabrina. This time she only wanted to see the reactions on his handsome face, probing it for assurance that she was doing the right things and possibly for feedback. Harold could only smile weakly as a deeply satisfied sigh slipped from his lips, his eyes opened halfway. It seemed like she was on the right track.

Harold pushed her bangs back along her hairline, staring into the complex, reflective intricacies of her eyes. Sabrina's hand rose up and rested atop his, curling around his fingers and giving them a gentle squeeze.

"Y-you are an inc-incredible woman, Sabrina," He said, running his hands and fingers through her hair, her mouth and tongue and throat making it difficult to complete the sentiment. "I'm so happy to have met you." She was unable to answer at that exact moment, but it felt very good to hear him say that.

He didn't last much longer after that. She swallowed him down a few more times, from the sloped curve of his glans to the uneven curve of his testicles. His moans came almost constantly, his hands buried in her hair. She gripped and kneaded his balls delicately and gave him the sultriest look that she had in her playbook.

"I-I'm g-gonna..." Harold groaned.

She appreciated the attempted warning and internalized it, but didn't let it stop her. She bobbed up and down swiftly at the very end of his length, exclusively using her throat to get him off. Harold gasped sharply, shivering and tensing up. His ensuing moan started out higher and dropped down low. Sabrina felt the tightness of the muscles in his arms, stroking them as he throbbed in her mouth. Her tail curled around and slipped under his balls, cradling them in warm fur.

Her name was a harsh, chewed up whisper that stuck in his throat. "*Sabrina*—"

She sunk down to his base, knowing the time was right, and just an instant later she felt him come. The first short spurts of his orgasm passed tastelessly down her throat, his heated organ of blood and muscle twitching and throbbing over her tongue. Harold's hands tangled further in her hair as he wheezed out his pleasure, the sounds weakened and infirm. She loved the feeling of his smooth hands against her scalp, and she closed her eyes, getting lost in the experience.

When Sabrina opened them again she saw Harold looking down at her, smiling with a mouth half agape and trembling, stroking the length of her hair repeatedly. His eyes, as well as his repetitive, soft, effusive exhalations told her that she'd made him feel truly wonderful, something she would happily do every night for the rest of her life with no compensation. Which was not to say that she'd refuse it.

She ran her hands over his inner thighs, deeply breathing in the musty smell of his sweat and semen and breathing it back out hotly over his crotch. She placed a hand gently against his smooth stomach and drew back so she could taste his ejaculate. Cum wasn't candy or anything, but it was distinctive and strong and part of the experience, and—recently—it tasted like Harold. It was a taste that was familiar and comforting. That same thick, salty sweetness sprayed over her tongue and incensed her taste buds. More small deposits landed in her mouth and she savored the thick, gooey texture of them while she caressed his belly. She swallowed exaggeratedly for her fiancé's sake and looked back up at him to make sure he was watching. He was. Grinning and laughing weakly, Harold stroked and massaged her ears gratefully.

She sunk back down on him and his eyes rolled upwards, her tail slipping out from under his balls and resting against his leg. She pressed herself firmly against his hot skin and let him drain himself into her stomach, putting aside her desire to taste his cum, settling instead for the equally familiar taste of his skin and flesh. Harold's arms fell limply to his legs, depleted of energy to offer any further affection. Completely understanding, Sabrina rubbed her head against his arm, letting her eyes close peacefully. Mustering up whatever ramshackle smile he could, Harold weakly turned his hand to brush the backs of his fingers against her hair. She enjoyed the simple feeling of the head of his penis sitting warmly in the back of her throat, a part of him almost feeling like it belonged to her for the time being, though she knew it wasn't true.

When she finally drew back and let him slip cleanly from her lips, that part of him now marked with her

saliva, there was a temporary sense of emptiness that bothered her. She was sorry that it was over, but there was plenty left to do that night.

Sabrina was a bit taken aback when Harold pulled her to her feet and kissed her passionately on the lips, holding her face against his. Her eyes, wide with shock, closed when she realized what was happening and gave him back every bit of passion he showed her. He tasted her lipstick and a little bit of himself in the kiss, and remained there as long as he could before pulling away. Her hand lingered on the side of his face.

"That was amazing," He said, kissing her on the cheek, and thinking that her still confused but happy expression was as sexy as any time he'd ever seen her. "I mean that's nothing new of course, your blowjobs are always amazing. But somehow, you always manage to raise the bar."

"You're too sweet," She replied, smiling serenely and stroking his face. "I love to see you happy. And with the pillow I was pretty comfortable on the floor."

"But you enjoy it too, right?" He asked, uncertain.

"Yes," She answered immediately. "I enjoy it because you do, but I also just enjoy doing it." She kissed him this time.

"Speaking of which," She continued. "I got it all down. Pretty easily I might add. What do I win?"

"Hmm," He rubbed his chin, feigning contemplation. "More sex with me, I guess?"

"Sounds like a good prize to me," She said.

To Be Continued in Part 2

2 - (Part 2)-"She shuddered and gripped his hair tighter."

"My question is, what's a good way to pay you back for that...wonderful experience just now," He asked, making it sound more like a statement than a question.

"You could let me sit on your face," Sabrina answered honestly, idly running her fingers through his hair and playing with the ends. "If you want." He could hear the barely restrained lust in her voice.

"Are you kidding me?" Harold asked. "I dream of you asking me that. *Hell* yes, you can sit on my face."

"Perfect," She said.

Almost too eagerly, he collapsed back against the bed. He shimmied up the mattress so he was fully on it, and lay with his head against the pillow. "Whenever you're ready, darling."

Sabrina grinned broadly and flushed red. She had put in the work and effort—not that it had felt like it, not with Harold—and now it was her turn to feel good. Still fully clothed aside from her feet, she stood up straight on the edge of the bed and slowly parted the curtains, before walking through and letting them fall. She walked across the mattress, coming to a stop right over Harold, who had been watching intently the whole time. Down on the bed, he smiled in her shadow, shivering uncontrollably with nervous excitement.

She slid the black lounge pants she had been wearing down her legs and let them fall against his chest. She stepped out of them and Harold generously threw them towards the back of the bed. Sabrina gripped the edges of her blue thong and slowly slid them down over her hips. Harold had the ideal seat to the show, watching her mons pubis come in to view above the veil of her lingerie.

When she stepped out of her underwear and stood above him, bottomless, Harold thought she gained a kind of fearsome, intimidating aura, like some kind of Valkyrie or amazon warrior. Sabrina was compassionate, but strong and fierce, and when she brought that into the bedroom, it made his knees—and the rest of him—weak.

"So are you gonna make me come as hard as I made you?" She asked with a sly grin.

"Absolutely," He replied and beckoned her to him.

"By the way, I'm happy I met you too, Harold," She said, returning his sentiment from earlier. He smiled.

Carefully, Sabrina took a couple of steps forward until she was directly above his face. Harold took her hands and helped her to kneel down. As her knees came down around his head he shook even more violently, his breathing rattled. His eyes widened, seeing her whole vulva suspended just above his mouth, now a dripping reservoir of unattended need. A drop of her fluids landed on his upper lip and he licked it off, staring up at her.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" She asked.

He raised his head to her lips and kissed her, now in a different place. He didn't part from her much more sensitive lips for quite some time, and when he was done, he got to work cleaning up the steadily flowing juices that had been building up over the course of their lovemaking, still shaking.

"*Ahhh*, Harold," Sabrina sighed, and clutched at a tuft of his hair, shivering. "Thank you."

He raised a silent, approving thumb high into the air at his side and she chuckled.

She lifted her shirt up over her head, getting her arms through the sleeves and pulling it over her messy hair and the awkward obstacle her ears presented. Then she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting the protective cotton fall forward. It fell over Harold's face, and while he certainly didn't mind, he was quick to toss it in the pile with their other clothes. Unbound by the material, her full, round breasts hung down freely under their weight and size, ending in stiffened, bright pink nipples. Harold was in awe. He longed to touch them, to feel their weight and their warmth, but he couldn't—at least not in any reliable way, with his arms behind her knees.

Her smooth, graceful form towered over him monolithically, her thighs resting against the side of his face. Sure, Harold had seen his girlfriend naked many times before, but it somehow always felt new and exciting. So much of what he loved about her—the physical parts anyway—was communicated in those features, and all of it was on display before him. They were connected to someone he shared so much with, but they were also something pleasant to watch while he worked: Her gently sloping legs and slightly wider thighs that controlled the motion of her hips and round posterior—which was always a treat if he happened to be walking behind her; her always restless, always playful tail, which could pull his body closer to hers—sometimes even if there were people around—or wrap itself around him if he was already there; her smooth, warm skin that was just as receptive to his lips as it was to his fingers; her soft, ample breasts that pushed into his chest when he kissed her; her hands that held and grabbed and stroked him—that could soothe and tease and *undo* with equal efficacy; ears that reacted accordingly to every touch, lick and suckle—soft and furry and filled with the heat of blood; her sloping shoulders, slender neck and a beautiful, smiling face framed by messy chestnut bangs that was hoping for something wonderful from him. And he wasn't about to disappoint her.

Harold started by running his tongue slowly up one of her dainty outer lips, pulling it with his own lips and sucking it dry before he was done. Then he licked the other one, scooping up her body's natural lubrication as he went. When he was finished, he slipped his tongue between her folds and slowly ran it over the sensitive flesh that lay within. He licked her again, this time a little more insistent. Sabrina's ears shivered and her tail moved back to brush against his flaccid penis appreciatively. He looked up at her, shivering himself at her touch. He lapped steadily and consistently between her lips, each lick running over her vagina and urethra in sequence. She shuddered and gripped his hair tighter, and he took this as a signal to increase the pressure of his licks, the flat of his tongue pressing against her openings as it went.

Sabrina shook, the lips beneath her blushing face quivering. She turned them upwards into an uneasy smile and relaxed her hand, running it through Harold's soft, untangled hair.

"Hahh..." She breathed, the sensation getting to her.

Harold wondered how long she would let him go like this before she pushed herself down on him. There were times when she didn't mind a bit of teasing warm-up from him, but there were also times she just wanted to immediately smother him under her and take her pleasure into her own hands. Not that he minded—there was a reason he was lying beneath her, after all.

"Harold," She said, sternly but not without warmth. "I want you to stick your tongue out and keep it straight, okay?"

"S-sure," He replied, doing so. It seemed he had his answer.

Sabrina smiled. "Good boy."

A jolt of electricity raced through him and the temperature in his face boiled over as the words left her lips. She reached down and spread herself, before moving forward slightly and sitting back slowly over his protruding tongue. With a little effort on both of their parts, his wet muscle slipped inside her. Sabrina sat back against his chin and took his tongue as deeply as she could, her soft butt pushing his head against the pillow.

She looked down at his uncovered eyes and grinned, her body pressing against his cheeks and pinning him to the bed. His nervous shaking, which had only just died down, returned as she held him there.

"I'm going to start now, dear," She said. "Feel free to add your own flourishes if you like, and tap my thigh twice if you want me to stop, or if you need to breathe. Please don't hesitate, okay?"

Once again he raised a thumb to show his willing approval.

"Wonderful," She breathed, and raised her hips up above his mouth. She lowered herself back down, feeling the slimy muscle slip past her resistances a second time. Gripping his hair firmly, Sabrina began to ride his tongue like she might a firmer appendage, keeping one hand on his chest for balance. She was in no rush, setting an even, steady pace.

Harold couldn't help but beam, his eyes doing all the communicative work, staring at his beautiful fiancé in motion. Slowly, he felt his fallen shaft begin to rise. The weight of her body and the heat of her pert bottom roused it further into firmness, pushing and pressing his head into the soft pillow beneath him, the pressure alleviating and returning soon after.

He was giddy with excitement, and if it wasn't obvious by his now fully restored erection, freely dripping ejaculate, it was surely so by the heat rising in his pinned cheeks. He took note of his arousal, but knew that there would be plenty of time for that later. For now he did whatever he could to make his girlfriend's experience more pleasurable, making his tongue as wide as he could to increase his presence within her.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." She moaned delightedly, noticing the difference.

After she had gotten comfortable atop him, Sabrina let go of his hair and held her arms out behind her, offering her hands to him. He gladly accepted them, and held her hands while she rode his face. To be

the source of another's pleasure and immediate happiness made Harold feel very good. Even with his limited control there were things he could do to change his fiancé's experience significantly. It was hard not to feel important when the angle you held your tongue at could affect someone in such an immediate, physical, tangible way.

He added subtlety to her repetitive motions, flattening his tongue against a wall of muscle, then soon after pressing it against its direct opposite. He looked up at her and gave her his own version of *blowjob* eyes, letting his eyelids droop low and his eyes gaze up from beneath their lusty suggestion. Hey, if she could do it, so could he.

"Oh my," Sabrina breathed. "Okay, your tongue now officially belongs to me. Any objections?"

Harold shook his head as much as he could underneath her with his mouth muffled, and continued what he was doing.

Her bottom fell against his face consistently, sometimes flat, and sometimes with a little added grinding against his chin, which was accompanied by a wicked grin the first time she did it. In response, Harold began to undulate his tongue within her, alternating between firmer, pressing flicks and softer, gentler licks. Sabrina took one of her hands from his and lowered it to his head, rubbing his forehead and his hair. Harold could tell his change in technique was having an effect by the way her thighs clutched his face of their own accord every so often. Her heavy, hanging breasts dipped and rose with her body, their weight and momentum causing them to move hypnotically even though she wasn't going especially fast. She rose up on his waveform tongue and lowered herself slower than she had been doing, shaking all the while.

"Ohhh..." She moaned, having trouble focusing on what she was doing.

Sabrina was very excited to have him beneath her. As exciting as it was to be vulnerable herself, it was even better to have someone at her will—at her mercy—to do with as she pleased. It had just been good fortune, she supposed, that she had happened to be more inclined to dominance, and that her fiancé had been less so. These roles were not set in stone to be sure, but they provided a dynamic to their regular sexual tension and release.

Hot, sticky fluids ran slowly down over Harold's tongue and down his gullet as Sabrina pushed him back inside her. Her free hand ran through his unruly hair as he continued to wriggle his tongue inside her. His entire face was uncomfortably warm, her hips bearing down heavily on his mouth, leaving only his nose free to breathe air. He was even starting to get somewhat lightheaded, even if that was more from his excitement than anything else. But he enjoyed the discomfort, a reminder that this was ultimately in service to her, and her delicate fingers against his knuckles made it easier. He gulped down the sweet, tangy nectar produced by his own tongue as her hips pressed and ground warm and heavy against his face. He gladly let himself be the tool of her satisfaction, to be used in the ways she saw fit.

His other fingers wrapped around the curves of her bottom, caressing them and giving them an encouraging squeeze. When she murmured out her approval, his hand alternated from her backside to her back, feeling her warm, goosebumped skin as she humped his chin steadily, leaving it sticky and wet. She stared down at him hungrily, stroking his hair softly and running her fingers through it, shivering at the small jolts of pleasure that ran through her on a near constant basis. Her moans were deep and

sustained, her ears twitching with every collision.

Sabrina came to an abrupt stop and looked down at him, her face a picture of deep gratitude. She let out a profoundly satisfied sigh and let her remaining hand slip from his. Harold thought she looked as hot as hell whenever she had achieved some sort of real satisfaction, and her expression said much more than her words ever could've. Score. He admired her honesty and her bluntness, and how she would show you exactly how much she enjoyed what you did for her, instead of keeping quiet out of a need for modesty.

"Now, I'd like you to lick my clit if you don't mind, my sweet," She said, with an air of haughtiness. "Just a little, but make it good."

He loved it when she ordered him around, and he knew she knew it, giving her a submissive, eager look to reflect his genuine eagerness. Sabrina shivered at what that look did to her, and he felt a rush of emboldening energy. She lifted herself off of him, allowing him space to have some control, even if it would be fleeting. The first thing he did was tilt his head up and breathe hot, humid air over her stiff, sensitive nub. She let out a shaky, uneven breath and Harold felt her hand trembling on his head.

Smiling, he lapped the air in front of her bud, just barely grazing the actual, physical thing with his saliva stained tongue. To him it felt like he'd barely done anything, and he wouldn't know if she'd felt it at all if it weren't for the way her muscles tensed up and the way her whole body seemed to vibrate gently. The next lick was closer and left a speckle of spit on the sensitive nub.

"*Ahhh—!*" Sabrina breathed heavy and quick. Her ears immediately perked up, standing tall and quivering.

He knew to be careful with her here, but also that less would be more. His next lick barely made definitive contact as it slid up and over her tiny bump, but that was more than enough for her. She bit her lip hard and shuddered. He delivered one last long lick, drawing it out and staring her down in the midst of it, drawing a low groan from her lips.

"V-very good," She said, attempting to maintain her authoritative tone. "Now Harold, I'm going to need you to hold your tongue out for me. Keep it flat...like a runway."

He nodded and stuck out his tongue, internally questioning her choice of similes. Keeping both hands nestled in his hair on either side of his head, Sabrina lowered herself back down on him, pressing her slick labia against his tongue. Their eyes met in a moment of mutual understanding. He could see in her eyes how much she needed this, and how grateful she was that he was not only willing, but ecstatic about making it happen for her. And she could see how fulfilling it was to him to give her what she needed. She stared deeply into eyes that were only kind and encouraging.

Sabrina slid herself over Harold's tongue, pressing her pelvis firmly against his nose. She moaned, resting there for a moment. Then she slid back to prepare for another thrust. Harold held his tongue out to receive her, tasting her bittersweet juices as she slid across it, and the fleshier, subdued taste of her plump lips. Her bushy, auburn tail curled around behind his head, and he delicately ran his hands over and through the thick, shaggy base of it, enjoying its feathery fluff brushing against his ears.

As the delay on each thrust lessened, Harold watched her breasts sway forward and back, hopelessly

captivated by their movement even as fingers curled and tangled themselves in his hair. Her arousal continued to run over and drip down the sides of his tongue as she moved faster, making his erection—which had not faltered this whole time—twitch eagerly. If her juices found their way into his mouth, all the better. If they didn't, he would live. He had brought them into being even if they weren't his, and that gave him a sense of pride.

She leaned into her thrusts, sliding across his tongue like on a polished floor; her breath quickened, interjected by sharp gasps and long, moaning sighs. The strong smell of Harold's orgasm still lingered, and the smell of sex hung heavily over his face. Sabrina shifted the position of her hips slightly, and exposed her clit to the uneven grooves of his tongue.

"Aaaah!" She cried, removing any filters from her experience. Harold felt the change in her increasingly erratic movements. No longer sliding smoothly, Sabrina would occasionally slip off his tongue or come forward too fast, bumping into his nose or chin clumsily without meaning to, and apologizing awkwardly when she did. He didn't mind though. It was wildly exciting to feel her losing control like this.

Sabrina's head tilted back as any part of her body not necessary for driving her hips forward became more or less limp, her hands falling back from his head. She bucked wildly against his face, giving in fully to her carnal urges, unconcerned with consistency or technique. Harold accepted every dull ache he got from one of her unintended collisions happily, accepting her for exactly who she was.

Eventually her thighs closed tightly around his face, leaving him with the marvelous view of his girlfriend wracked with pleasure, her eyes clenched shut in concentration and sweat beginning to form on her brow. As much as he loved to see her composed and in control, he knew full well that everyone had needs, and that despite their respective preferences, in that sense they were the same. Whether she was on top or not, Harold not only wanted to satisfy her hunger but fill her until she was stuffed. As she ground against his face, with such speed and carelessness that her individual movements practically reduced to nothing, he ran his hands up and down her thighs and took in the smell of her sex. His tongue was soaked and felt about ready to fall off, the claustrophobic closeness of her hips like being under an overheating engine. He felt her thighs trembling against his face and watched as her jaw grew more and more slacked.

"*Ahh!*" Sabrina cried out and came against his tongue. Harold shut his eye reactively as cum sprayed over it and rested warmly against his cheek and forehead. It pooled and ran over his exhausted tongue, distinguishing itself from her other fluids by its bitter flavor touched with sweetness. It reminded him a bit of the fantastic wine that they'd had earlier, going down his throat with a buzz that made the hair on his head stand up. He felt his fiancé stiffen up and shiver as she grabbed his head and pushed her hips against it desperately.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh..." She moaned.

When her grip loosened, Harold licked long and slow through her immobile lips, wanting to taste more and to fill her beyond her limits. As he cleaned the cum and arousal from between her legs, her thighs shook against his face and she groaned like she had just risen from the grave.

"Harold..." She whispered shakily and gripped a tuft of his hair tightly. He slipped his tongue back into her vagina one last time, feeling her still sensitive frame spasm against his chin as he clutched her ass

tightly. And when he was done, when her residual shivering finally died down, he looked back up at her and drew his tongue back into his mouth, his eyes lidded heavily, her thighs still warming his ears. He wanted her to remember this moment the next time she was alone and in the mood. He hoped she couldn't get it out of her head, that it distracted her when she was trying to make small talk with acquaintances. Not to the point that it was a problem, of course, but just enough to be...exciting.

By this point she looked exhausted. Her hair was slightly askew, her breathing was staggered, and sweat dripped down her slender body. She looked like a mess, but the *beautiful*, sexy kind of mess, the kind of mess that came from throwing yourself head-long into your primal desires and casting off the formality and politeness of everyday life. And he had done it to her—or, maybe she had done it to herself, borrowing his face to do it—or maybe it was a little bit of both, but either way, he was at least partially responsible for her current state. She was so pretty like that, in fact, that he wanted to take her and hold her and kiss her and just stay like that for hours, though he knew they had other plans.

"Thank you. That was really something else," She said, raising herself up so he could reply. Her hand rested on his hairline, her thumb slowly rubbing his forehead.

"I mean, you did most of the work," He replied. "Thank you for using my mouth like a chair." He flashed her a somewhat uncharacteristic grin.

Sabrina laughed. "Well, I'm glad we have something we can both appreciate equally...though maybe *you* a bit more than me. And yes, perhaps I did, but you certainly added your own...*input*."

"I'm just glad you liked it," Harold said, smiling.

She smiled back and released him from the embrace of her thighs, sliding her hips down his body and using her hands to align their bodies. Their lips met and initiated a kiss that held them together for some time.

"So..." She said softly, after they parted. She let the word sit on the air and get heavy, not wanting to change the mood, but knowing this was something she had to take seriously.

"This is a big night for you," She continued, resting her head against his shoulder. She was hoping to get some sense of his feelings.

"Yes," He agreed, looking into her eyes, not hiding his nervousness. "I guess that's next."

"You can still change your mind, you know," She said. "You're not locked in now, just because you said yes earlier. ...And I really meant what I said about pulling out. At. Any. Time. I can always finish myself off if I have to, and you're free to watch of course." She smiled sweetly.

"I know you meant it," He replied, sliding his hand into hers and holding it gently. "You always do."

The room was quiet, whatever noise there was from outside muffled significantly by thick walls.

"So...what are you thinking?" She asked, looking curiously into his eyes, hers showing no personal investment in his answer.

"I want to do it," Harold said. "I really do. I'm nervous and uncertain, but I don't think that's going to change any time soon, so...I want to do it."

Sabrina nodded. "Okay."

"I've been dreaming of this night forever," He said. "Before I even met you, probably since I was twelve or thirteen."

She placed a hand on the side of his face and rubbed the short hair above his ears, moonlight illuminating his features through the bed curtains.

"Obviously I didn't know who you were back then, but like a lot of guys that age I had a vested interest in losing my virginity. At first I just wanted to know when it would happen and what it would be like, but when I got a little older I started wondering what kind of person I would be with, if she would be nice, or if we would have anything in common. And I'd wonder if she would be someone who would make my first time meaningful, and not just something I'd regret later."

"Well," She asked, and Harold thought he heard a hint of uncertainty in her voice. "Did I live up to all that?"

"Of course," He said. "Partly because you're real, and here, and you love me, and a *dream* girl is just that. Something that can't possibly exist. But also because you are who you are and you really *are* that wonderful, and I never feel like there's something I can't tell you, or that I can't be myself around you."

"Well thank you, Harold, you're great too." She chuckled. "I'm not sure if I could come up with such a nicely worded speech like that on the spot, but I hope you know that I care about you very much."

He kissed her again.

"I hope your first time is everything you wanted it to be, or at least good enough," She said.

"It will be," He said. "Even if it's a disaster—probably because of something I do—it will be because it's with you."

It wasn't as if Sabrina hadn't felt confident about it in the past, but in that moment it felt cemented that she had made the right choice.

"You're sweet," She said. "But I make mistakes too, and I haven't been with any virgins before, so I could definitely screw things up."

"I trust you," Harold replied. "That's why I think you should be the one in control for this. You actually know what you're doing, so it just seems right. Also, I'd never miss an opportunity to have you on top." He grinned dorkily.

"Alright then," She replied. "But please don't spend your first time worrying about doing a good job. Just relax and enjoy it. It's not like I'm gonna disown you for coming early."

Her hand squeezed his and he squeezed it back, looking her in the eyes.

"Well, maybe if it happens next time," She joked. He laughed loudly at that, finding it funnier than she had coming up with it.

"Of course I'm only kidding," Sabrina added, feeling a temporary pang of self-doubt for expressing something so dramatic, even in jest.

"I know," He reassured.

She smiled, relieved. "...So, should I—should we start?"

Harold hesitated, taking a deep breath. "...Just give me a minute, okay?" He said.

"Sure." She smiled at him, rubbing his hands supportively.

They sat there in the relative dark, listening to the sounds of their breathing. With the warmth of her skin against his and her patient smile, he gradually calmed himself down, reducing his shaking to a minimum. And while it didn't totally stop him from being nervous, he knew that he wasn't in any danger here, and that he could trust her. Once he felt comfortable enough, he waited just a bit longer, enjoying the stillness of the moment.

"Okay," He said, eventually. "I'm ready."

To Be Continued in Part 3

3 - (Part 3)-"They both felt the electricity of connection"

"Okay," Sabrina confirmed, kissing him softly. When she pulled back she braced her hands against his chest and rose up until she was sitting on his lap. Looking down she noted the state of affairs.

"Oh, weren't you hard after I came?" She asked. "Sorry that took so long."

"No, it's fine," Harold insisted. "I was the one delaying in the first place. It's nothing that can't be fixed."

"Should be easy enough," She agreed, smiling. She pressed her hips closer to his and began to rub her wet folds against his length. Steadily he rose, breathing out heavily. When he was solid again, she sat up.

"I'll go slow at first, okay?" She asked, waiting for his response.

He nodded, nervous but still wanting to go through with it. "Go for it."

Sabrina took him in her hand and lined him up with her. Then she began to lower her hips slowly.

Harold's heart was pounding in his chest, his skin cool and clammy, beading with sweat. He started to shake again. Everything in the room, including him and his fiancé seemed excessively real, as if he had been handed a pair of microscopic glasses and could see *too* much. He closed his eyes for a second and took a slow, deep breath.

He let it out.

When he opened them, there she was, in front of him: Sabrina, his fiancé. Nothing had changed.

"You okay?" She asked, stopping where she was.

"Yeah," He smiled. "Keep going."

She nodded and continued. Harold knew her better than he knew himself. He felt closer and more comfortable with her than his closest friends. And if he thought about it, she probably *was* his closest friend. His best friend. He knew she would never hurt him. This was going to feel good, and even if it wasn't the best sex in the world, nothing would change between them. There was nothing to worry about. His breath slowed a little, his shaking lessened, and Sabrina lowered herself.

She was a little jealous to be honest. She had already lost her virginity, which had seemed unbelievable and larger than life at the time. Not that tonight wasn't special, but what they were doing right this second was not a life-changing thing, at least not for her. But Harold...he was getting to experience it fresh, for the first time. She wondered what it was like to be him right now, to be conscious in the moment. It was hard for her to remember, now that it was in her past.

They had started to touch, but still just barely.

"Hey Harold," She asked. "What's it like to be you right now? What is *this* like?"

"That's a bit of an odd question," He replied. "Do you want a play-by-play?"

Sabrina laughed. "Sure, why not."

"Well, right now I'm very nervous," Harold started, thinking about it. "Though that's nothing new."

She started to push gently, letting her hips do most of the work.

"Well, I'm going to be inside you in a moment. I guess it's just weird because I've imagined this so many times before, and now it's really happening. Maybe it's silly but it feels like... I'll be different somehow."

She looked at him with sympathy and stopped pushing. She stroked the side of his face. "It isn't too late to tell me to stop."

"I want this," He reached up and touched the bottom of her cheek. "Trust me."

Sabrina smiled, feeling reassured, and pushed. Their bodies came together and Harold felt himself slip inside her. The two of them felt the building tension release, and moaned, sighs of both relief and pleasure simultaneously escaping their lips.

"So...how does it feel?" She asked.

"Ahhh...tight," He grinned. "But not all that different from what we've been doing to be honest." He almost sounded a little disappointed. "But it's good. Intense."

"So I should keep going?"

"Yes, please."

She sunk down slowly on him, letting him adjust to the new feeling. She took more of him inside, filling herself an inch at a time. She'd done this very thing with other people, but with Harold it felt different. Not that those other times hadn't meant anything, it was just that he was special.

And then the two became one, Sabrina coming to a rest against his lap, her ears burning crimson along with the rest of her face. Harold was finally right where he belonged, and she felt a swelling of happiness and pride deep within her that coincided with the physical space that he took up. For her, this was the final puzzle piece falling into place, bringing literal closeness to the closeness they already shared.

"Mmmmm..." She cooed, relishing in the feeling.

As for Harold, while the feeling was more or less the same as things they'd done that very night, the sight of his fiancé sitting high atop his lap, containing all of himself within her, was a captivating one. He groaned, the snug, all-encompassing warmth holding him close.

Sabrina leaned down and kissed him on the lips. When she broke away, they stayed like that for a few immutable moments, staring into each other's eyes. The room was silent, Harold's warm erection lightly throbbing inside her and stretching her around it.

And then, slowly, she sat up and began to move again.

When Sabrina rose up it seemed to Harold as if time had slowed to a crawl. She took seconds to rise to the peak of her motion and seconds to come back down, her hand sliding off his face and into the crook of his neck. Harold started to feel, more and more, that they were connected in every conceivable meaning of the word, in body and mind. Every slight movement made by one of them had an effect on both of them. Her pleasure was his pleasure, and his was also hers.

In the moments that passed it could be easy to forget who was inside whom. Harold wasn't sure if it lived up to his daydreams or not, but unlike his many adolescent fantasies, this was happening, and it was happening now. For Sabrina, it felt better and more urgent than anything that she had done before. Every thrust and every moan, things that had not always meant much, felt incredibly meaningful that night.

Neither of them was in a rush, so the speed of their lovemaking wasn't a concern. Nor was it a problem for Harold's physical integrity. Even motionless, the warmth that cocooned him kept him upright. Sabrina drew him up, up into her core, holding him tightly, and then releasing him. Their breathing was soft but heavy, and interspersed with sighs and moans and sharp cries, all of which was very audible in the quiet room. The moonlight shone brilliantly and potently through the thin curtains of their bed, lighting their actions.

"How does it feel not to be a virgin anymore?" She asked him.

"I feel the same as before," He answered honestly, caressing her wrist as it lay against his chest. "But when do I officially lose it? Is it after penetration, or after I come?"

Sabrina frowned, furrowing her brow. She wasn't sure.

"Don't worry about it," He smiled. "We can figure that out later."

She smirked and shrugged, used to those kinds of questions by now.

Sabrina leaned forward, resting her hands against his smooth shoulders. His arms wrapped around her, his hands flat against her back as his knees drew up below her, pushing himself deeper and finding a new angle to their sex that she quite enjoyed. Her hands slid over his chest, stopping to tease his cute, rounded nipples.

She leaned closer and they kissed again, closing their eyes and moaning into each other's mouths, locking lips and tongues, her soft breasts pressing against him as his firm chest pressed back against her. As close as they were, the place where their skin met was like the surface of a stove, generating a slow, humid friction as they slid against each other, Harold's arms moving up around her shoulders as her hands moved to his hair. They were taking the time to explore every aspect of each other, every

subtle feature. He wanted to know her body, inside and out, and she, his. While they were not presented with unfamiliar geography, this was the first time they had been laid out like this for each other, available to touch, tease and taste.

Sabrina dove her hands deep into Harold's curly hair, tangling her fingers in the thick, brown underbrush, her tongue moving gently but stubbornly against his. His hands rose to her hair as well, stroking and massaging her pointy, fur-covered ears, each firm stroke easing the tension in her muscles and melting her like butter. She ran her tail up and down Harold's thigh to thank him, brushing against him with a teasing airiness and prompting his agitated shivers. She pressed her hot fur closer against his flesh, making good on her teasing promise and warming his leg with her touch. His thumbs ran along the innermost rim of her ears, making them shiver and twitch in response.

And then Harold opened his eyes, finding his fiancé staring right back at him, their lips still pressed firmly together. Up close they could see deep into those reflective pools of color and light, past their own reflections and the reflections mirrored beyond that. Her hands fell into his, and their fingers laced together. Where before Harold felt nervous, he was now beginning to feel calm. The foreign body he occupied was slowly becoming something more like home, something familiar and reassuring.

It hurt to break their kiss, even for a moment, but Sabrina did so and sat up, their interlocking fingers slipping farther from each other but never fully parting. She hastened her stride atop him, moving with ever so slightly more urgency. Her hips worked into a slow, steady rhythm, leaving her feeling full and completed with every downward motion. Harold moaned, the sound slipping slowly from his parted lips. The wet sounds her body made against his lap grew in volume, and the drops of sweat that had already begun forming on his chest grew in numbers. Sabrina murmured softly as the bluntness of his cock spread her again and again, and let her fingers slip from his.

Obscured by the gossamer curtains, up in their room for the night, it was easy to forget that they were in a building filled with people going about their business, despite the low murmurs of conversation and sounds of labor being done that passed dampened through the floor and walls. For a time they could forget about the other people and responsibilities in their lives and just be Harold and Sabrina laid bare. The only thing that mattered at that moment was their intersecting bodies. Sabrina leaned back over his torso and reunited their soft lips, tracing her fingers over his smooth chest. She rocked back against him, vigorous but slow, unconcerned with how loud her resultant groans were, taking him as deep as she possibly could with every thrust.

Harold stared longingly at her beautiful, luminous smile as her hands curled around the sides of his face, her fingertips resting against his hair. Her face moved to his neck and kissed it firmly. Her head turned and kissed his other side before her lips planted squarely on his collarbone. Then she licked up over his neck, running her tongue over the rough bump of his adam's apple. He shivered and let out a heavy, stilted sigh. When her face rose back to meet his, her smile was much more mischievous than it had been. Then he gasped, feeling her hand sliding around his balls. He grinned, noticing her arm slipped back behind her. It was amazing to him how Sabrina could go from looking like a pure maiden to a conniving minx in an instant. Her hand returned to his chest and her face lowered towards his. He admired her greatly for her confidence, for her grace and assuredness in maneuvering the complex interconnected architecture of their bodies. In truth, he was maybe even a little jealous. But it was okay. That was part of what made the two of them work. Sabrina, with all her strength, gave him the confidence to be who he was. And if she could be bold and playful, so could he.

Sabrina was not at all expecting it when Harold took hold of her shoulders and rolled her swiftly onto her back, tumbling with a startled yelp. He pulled out and positioned himself above her, holding her down with surprisingly strong arms. She gasped, looking into his eyes with shock, but also noticeable excitement.

"Surprise," He said quietly, trying to convince both her and himself of his confidence.

"I'll say," She agreed.

"I honestly don't know if I'll be any good at this," He said. "So I'm sorry if I'm not."

"It'll be fine," She replied, placing a hand against his cheek. "Trust me."

"...Okay."

The two of them looked back between Harold's legs for a moment, their chests swelling and decompressing. His cumbersome shaft hung down from beneath his smooth abdomen, his balls hanging down just behind it. His penis hovered just above her engorged lips, dripping wet and coated in her fluids. He lowered his body against hers, flattening her breasts under his broad chest. He took hold of her shoulders and looked into her eyes. His nervousness had returned, but he wasn't about to let it stop him. This was his chance to show her that he could dish out as much as he took, that he could be more than her shy, unconfident boyfriend. For once he was going to take his pleasure into his own hands, and it was going to be good. He took a deep breath and drove himself inside.

Sabrina arched her back as he penetrated her, her tongue-delivered orgasm from earlier leaving her more receptive to the many sensations of sex. They both felt the electricity of connection, and the sound of their low moans mixed together until they were hard to distinguish.

She was thrilled that her usually timid Harold would even *think* to take charge like this. She thought he looked cute—nervous, frazzled and clearly not ready to be dominating, but pressing her into the mattress all the same and having the resolve to go through with it. A tremor of nervous excitement ran through her and she stared lustfully into his eyes.

Harold met her eyes anxiously and offered her a shakily confident grin, resisting his natural instinct to look away in embarrassment, thinking that if he was going to do this, that he might as well do it right. He entered her slowly, not wanting to hurt or injure her, and felt the familiar sensations find his penis once more as her restrictive walls encircled him.

"Ohhhhhhhh..." He groaned.

Another reason for his slow pace was that this was still his first time, and it would only be that way once. So understandably, he didn't feel the need to rush.

Sabrina appreciated his careful approach. Perhaps he was a bit *too* careful, but it was preferable to those who would just thrust themselves in without a second thought for her well-being.

Eventually, Harold felt comfortable enough to get into a normal, steady rhythm—not too fast, but not as slow as she had started with him. Of course, because he was new to this, to controlling the motion of their pleasure with his hips, and because he was nervous, his thrusts were not exactly as graceful as his partner's had been. Slow as they were, Harold's thrusts matched his erratic breaths, starting and stopping awkwardly. A couple of times he slipped out and he had to reposition himself. It didn't feel great for either of them and Sabrina saw how panicked he was getting. She placed a warm hand on his shoulder and he stopped.

"Harold," She said. "It's okay."

He looked somewhat embarrassed, but managed to crack a smile anyway.

"Lean in closer and don't pull so far out," She suggested. "You won't slip out as much. And as for the thrusting...try to time it with my breath. I'm calm enough for the both of us."

His smile widened and he kissed her on the cheek. "Okay. Thank you."

He got back into it, this time following his fiancé's advice. By focusing on her breathing and tuning out his insecurities, he was able to drive long and deep into her, a bit farther than he had been previously. And he found himself indulgently lingering in her squeezing depths just a moment longer before drawing back. It wasn't perfect technique, but it was a significant improvement, if the sounds Sabrina was making and her twitching ears were any indication. He echoed those sounds, feeling that it was kind of nice being on top for once. Even if it ultimately wasn't his thing, he'd still be happy to do it on occasion.

"That's a lot better," She whispered in his ear. He couldn't have agreed more. His lips were drawn back to hers and the kissing made them silent. Mostly.

Sabrina could tell that his nervousness and performance anxiety was fading. He had found his rhythm and was now pushing deeply into her, bearing down on her with the weight of his body. His hands wrapped around her ears and stroked them tenderly, infrequently mixing in some squeezes that were just rough enough to stiffen the hairs on the back of her neck. That, mixed with the shape and warmth of his cock as it filled her had her shivering all over, and she groaned happily into his mouth. Her tail curled around his soft, curved bottom and caressed it tenderly, and he reached back to clutch it tightly, giving it a gentle tug. They moaned in synchronicity now, louder and louder until their lips could no longer adequately muffle the sound.

The way she wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist, generating power from below and pulling him deeper still into every thrust, was intoxicating. His hands ran down her soft thighs, holding her steady as he made love to her. Harold loved the way her fingers moved through his hair and pressed against his scalp, how her resonant moans vibrated and tickled his lips as they filled his mouth with her warm breath. He could feel her stiffened nipples poking into his chest as he rocked heavily over her pinned body.

As vulnerable and at his will as Sabrina was—though she was pretty sure with her background she could have gotten him off of her if she wanted to—she felt incredibly safe, protected and warm. It wasn't entirely rational, no, he could no more keep her safe than any average person without combat experience, but she knew that she could always trust him not to do anything she didn't want or before she was ready.

Harold felt similarly, and not just in a literal sense—though his Sabrina was plenty strong, and even fierce when she wanted to be—but in the sense that he could be his truest self around her, that he could be this literally naked, vulnerable, physical animal with her and she accepted him fully. Accepted him for who he was, or at least who he was sometimes. As he plunged himself into her, moaning into her kisses, the intense heat radiating through the entirety of his lower body felt safe. The softness of her lips and tongue felt safe. The darkness behind his eyelids felt safe as he offered himself to the experience. He could accept himself if she could, and when he opened his eyes, he saw on her face that he was doing better than he had thought he would. He sped up, pushing into her raised hips with increased vigor.

He was filling her completely now, nearly becoming numb to the sensations in the best possible way, his balls smacking into her bare skin when he bucked forward, her breasts shaking along with her body at the impact of his hips. Sweat intermingled between their heated bodies as Harold again picked up the pace and the bed began to squeak. He pulled back from their kiss to address her, as well as to get some air.

"You're very pretty when you moan," He said, breathing heavily and kissing her forehead.

"I think I could say the same for you," Sabrina shot back, staring longingly into his cool, brown eyes and messy brown hair.

"I—I think I'm going to come soon," He warned, struggling to get the words out.

"I'm not in heat right now," She whispered. "So please, don't hold back."

Hearing those words definitely helped Harold along, but he held on for her. "How should I?" He asked, the color rising in his cheeks. "Like this?"

"Let me get back on top," She said. "Unless you would rather do it like this."

"No, that sounds lovely," He said, taking her hands, a part of him relieved to be going back to something familiar. Carefully, he pulled out and backed away from her before rolling on his back. Sabrina straddled him once more, smiling. She leaned over him and impatiently lined him up behind her, using her hand. Then she bucked her hips back against him swiftly and threw her arms around his shoulders.

"Ohhhh..." Harold moaned.

"Ahhh!" Sabrina cried, echoing his sentiments. She knew that the end was coming soon, and she was focused intently on getting there. She felt his arms wrap around her back and his fingers tangle themselves in the thick fur of her tail even as he pressed it flat against her.

When they closed their eyes, all they could picture was every happy moment they had ever shared. From the days of *Dark Souls* invasions, to every kiss, to every small coffee shop on the outskirts of town, where money would be lent to one another as necessary. From every darkened movie theater they had leaned against each other in, to the times when they had simply walked down the street holding hands, not afraid or embarrassed for the world to know they were together.

When Harold opened his eyes he stared in awe of his beautiful, adept fiancé and listened to her beautiful, ecstatic noises as she gracefully rode him with ease. While he'd had the clumsy awkwardness of a beginner, her skill and experience was on full display in her fluid, steady movements that didn't falter even as they increased in speed, and she had been kind and understanding enough to lend him some of that. He was incredibly grateful that this was how he would end his first mutual sexual experience, pinned beneath the body of such a strong, assured, knowledgeable woman.

Sabrina waited for his release with shaky limbs and uneven breath, savoring every one of his entries up until then. Their moans, along with their breathing, increased in volume and frequency, only falling out of sync occasionally before harmonizing once more. It wasn't as if Harold hadn't come inside her before, but this still felt different somehow. Maybe it was the fact that she had worked with him to bring them to this moment. Perhaps it was the significance of the night itself and the emotion behind it. The fact that now she knew that he was the one she wanted to spend the rest of her life with, something she had only realized recently. The fact that this was a milestone in his life, and she was right there to not only witness it, but to make it happen. Whatever the reason, it felt novel and wonderful. She waited, wanting it to happen but also not wanting their lovemaking to end.

No longer any room in his mind for hesitance or self-consciousness, Harold groaned and prepared to give her exactly what she had asked for. He felt the accumulation of a night's worth of building passion overtaking him and knew that he could neither hang on any longer, nor did he care to. It was sweeping him away and he gladly let it take him, bucking his hips upward and leaning into his orgasm, muscles tightening and body shaking.

Sabrina felt the intensity of her own orgasm swell up inside her gradually, like a wave building to something monstrous—and then crash down over everything. She cried out loudly and pushed her head forcefully against Harold's shoulder, her whole body shaking, the fur on her ears standing on end.

"Sabrina!"

"Harold!"

Her contractions seized and overwhelmed her, along with the tremors running up her spine and vibrating her hands. Harold moaned at a higher pitch, the tight warmth of those contractions squeezing him and causing him to hold her closer to his chest even as he felt himself shoot into her depths one throb at a time. Sabrina's cry sustained itself and peaked in sharpness, holding that note before fading out and degenerating.

There was a too fleeting moment filled with intense, explosive pleasure for both of them, and then it faded, leaving them feeling weakened and exhausted but happy, those previously intense sensations lingering in a much more manageable capacity.

They were left exhausted, gasping for air asynchronously. Sabrina was still shaking above him, feeling the sweltering heat of her lover's skin against her breasts and stomach. She felt his ejaculate oozing deep within her, dripping slowly out from between her legs. She leaned in to kiss his lips and feel his face pressed against hers. Harold breathlessly kissed her back, sweat wetting his hair and rolling down his forehead.

"I love you so much, Sabrina," He said, their lips parting briefly.

"I love you too," She said, and resumed the kiss.

His chest rose and fell heavily, his hands gently holding her sloping back. It had probably been the most intense orgasm he'd ever had, but otherwise had felt like a typical one, a building pressure that eventually crescendoed and then faded almost immediately after. What didn't fade however, was the mental image of his best friend's face awash in ecstasy, and the knowledge that that was because of him. The moment was just as wonderful as any that had preceded it, and Harold stayed deep inside her, not wanting to ruin it by moving. He wanted to stay connected a little longer. It was a little strange to think that the woman he was kissing now had once been nothing more than a stranger online—one voice out of many in his cheap *Xbox* headset.

Sabrina pulled back and rested her head against his shoulder. They lay together in the darkness for a while, his cum slowly and steadily draining out of him and into her.

After some time she pressed her hands against his chest and rose up on his lap, letting him slip from between her legs. She rolled over and lay against his side, arm draped over his torso. Harold used what little energy he had left to turn on his side and put his arms around her.

Sabrina smiled, feeling his limp penis resting against her leg, semen dripping onto her thigh. She let it stay there. The room felt profoundly quiet, like a mine shaft, absent of the various sounds that had filled it previously, even their breathing now barely audible.

"So..." She led. "How do you feel? Now that it's over."

The moonlight showed the thoughtfulness on Harold's exhausted face.

"Nothing's really changed," He answered. "It was really, really nice, and different from what we usually do. I...like the fact that despite the fact that we have different...stuff—"

He laughed.

"—We can still essentially have the same experience. There's something nice about that. But I still feel like the same old Harold. Am I supposed to feel different?"

Sabrina ran her hands delicately over his chest and shoulders, admiring his pale, naked body in the dim light.

"Well, you are the same old Harold," She said. "But that's not a bad thing. I didn't feel any different when it happened for me either. I guess as nice as it would be, there's no magic change when you lose it. I think the important thing is just to do it with someone who means something to you."

Harold kissed her on the lips and smiled. "Well I guess I did it right, then."

"Also, I thought about your question from earlier," She informed him. "I think you're no longer a virgin after the sex ends. Because if you're not a virgin, it's because you've *had* sex. So when it's in the past,

you're not a virgin. Does that make sense?"

"Huh," He replied. "I think that's a pretty good answer."

They lay there like that for a while longer, enjoying the warmth of each other's arms, not tired enough to sleep but not wanting to move either.

"You know, I think I've realized something," Harold said. "What we just had was wonderful, and I really enjoyed it, and I can't *wait* to do it again, but...if I had to give it up, I think I could. I don't want to, of course, but, if it was a choice between being with you and being celibate, or being single and being able to have as much sex as I wanted..."

Sabrina raised an eyebrow skeptically.

"...I would choose to be with you. Sorry, I know that's a weird hypothetical."

"No, it's fine," She insisted, smiling. "Finish your thought."

"Well, sex is...ultimately it's a physical thing," He continued, trying to put in the best way he could. "And without love to back it up...well, it would still be really nice, but it would be missing something. I'm here tonight because of you. I don't know how I'd live without your love. But I think I could live without sex."

She pouted. "But...but...I like your body, Harold!" She smiled and shook her head. "No, I get what you're saying. And I love you for you...but I also wanna *fuck*."

"Well, so do I," Harold acknowledged, chuckling.

"I'm not sure if I could go without it to be honest," Sabrina said, shrugging. "I really do like sex. And what you said is all true, but it's also nice to have something physical. Love is wonderful...but you can't touch it."

"Wow, that was really smart," He said. "And you said it with half the words that I did."

"Guess I'm pretty smart," She grinned.

"Did you like it?" He asked. "I know it wasn't your first time, but it was your first time with me..."

"It was very nice," Sabrina said. "Better than my first time."

He was glad. He hadn't wanted to make the night all about him.

"This has been a really good day," He said, running a hand over one of her ears. "I usually feel anxious at the end of the day, like I haven't gotten enough done, but today I feel like I've really made the most of it. Not one minute felt like a waste."

"Today was nice," She agreed. "I'm just glad I could help make it extra special for you." She rubbed her head softly against his.

"My life is always special when you're around," He said. "I'm sure tomorrow will be too."

Sabrina moved her hand to his arm and kissed him, because his handsome face deserved it. "So...what do you want to do tomorrow?"

Harold scratched his chin, mimicking thinking. "*Hmmmm*. Well for one, probably more of this."

She laughed and batted his arm lightly. "Well, that's a given," She flashed him a sly smile. "We can't do that *all* day though."

"Well..." He stalled, having to actually think this time. "...I just renewed my *Crunchyroll* subscription, so we have plenty to watch, and I still have my *GameCube* in my parents' car and a bunch of games, so..."

"As good as that sounds, there *are* things to do at the resort," She pointed out. "Maybe we should make an effort not to be total shut-ins, at least while we're on vacation. I heard there was a water aerobics class."

"That could be fun," He replied. "I'm up for it if you are."

"Well, we'll see," She smiled. "We still have time to think about it." Her tail wrapped around both of them as Harold moved towards her and aligned his body with hers.

Beyond the shelter of their bed curtains and outside their room, the night stretched on endlessly, an infinite black sea speckled with glittering stars and housing a luminous, glowing moon that hung suspended over the island of Lucadia and bathed it in light. The beach was quiet, aside from the sound of the waves breaking gently on the shore, and the insects of the night chirping softly in the distance. Tomorrow Harold and Sabrina would see what the island had to offer them, but for now they found comfort in the warmth of each other's bodies, and waited for the dreams that sleep would bring.