

*Contains major spoilers for my novel, "Belonging,"

Sightless Embrace

Isabel

Blackness greeted me as I awoke, just like it always did. Since I had lost my eyes three moons ago, even my dreams held nothing but an ocean of darkness that consumed me every night. The only difference between being asleep and awake for me was my sense of smell. While awake, I could smell my fur, as well as the food I pulled up to my mouth during meals while hoping not to drop it. I always hated it when that I happened, especially hearing my friends scramble to the ground so they could scoop up whatever food they had brought me. I may as well have been a cub, who had yet to learn how to use their hands.

And yet, despite my helplessness and the feeling of shame that constantly accompanied it, I had to admit that Callix was worse off.

I had always known that he liked me. He wasn't exactly nonchalant about it, always wanting to spend time with me and staring with warm affection. But that was before Riter had some of her men rape me and cut open my eyes. Now I was certain that all of Callix's glances at me held nothing but pity. How couldn't they? I wasn't capable of going on patrols anymore, or hunting for my own food. Callix walked me to the fire every day, since I hated spending all of my time inside our hut. He didn't just walk me to the fire, though. Callix also walked me to Sera every afternoon so the shaman could remove the bandages I wore and check to see if my damaged eyes had become infected. And, if that wasn't humiliating enough, Callix also escorted me into the woods so I could pee. He always walked away to give me privacy, but I'm sure he heard every drop.

Taiya, I'm worse than a cub. And I'm a terrible girlfriend.

I rolled over onto my side inside my bed and sniffed the side of the bear hide where Callix usually slept. Memories from over the past three moons came rushing back, including the one of the coyote first confessing his feelings for me.

We had just returned from Sera's that day and my muzzle burned from all the freezing snowflakes that must have landed on it. Callix, after holding my hand and walking me through the door of my hut, sat with me on the bed. His gentle hands then slid across my muzzle, wiping away the snow that had covered me.

Then, when he pulled his hands away from me, the two of us sat in silence.

"Callix?" I said, feeling my ears twitch with unease. "Is something wrong? Did my bandages fall off?"

"No, I..."

There was something in his voice, something that held a touch a hesitation. Or maybe it was regret.

"Please don't feel sorry for me, Callix,"

"What?" he said, his previous tone now replaced by surprise.

"I know you probably feel responsible for what happened," I explained, "but you shouldn't. It's not your fault, Callix. You don't need to walk me to Sera's every

day. You should be living your life how you want to, not wasting your time taking care of me,”

“Isabel,” he said, pity practically drenching my name as it filled the air between us.

“I’m serious. Find a nice girlfriend, have cubs with her and don’t worry about me. I’ll just keep you from ever being happy,”

Beneath me, the bed shifted and Callix’s sweet scent became even stronger, letting me know that the coyote now sat closer beside me. “Isabel, I don’t take care of you because I feel guilty. I do it because I...”

Something warm slid against my hand and wrapped itself around my fingers. *Is that Callix’s hand?*

“I do it because I love you,”

The stump that was my tail moved to the side, brushing against Callix’s as I realized it was the first time Callix had ever spoken to me about his feelings. “Really?”

“You never knew?” he asked.

“No, I did. It’s just... This is the first time I’ve ever heard you say it out loud,”

Then, I felt his other hand caress my cheek, its warm fingers gliding across my fur, and my face became warm as Callix’s breath washed over it. “Can I kiss you, Isabel?”

“Callix,” I whispered, unable to give a suitable response to his kind words.

I slowly reached my left hand up into the air, finding the coyote’s neck with my fingertips. Gently, I then slid them upward, Callix’s soft fur ruffling between my fingers, and placed my hand on his cheek.

Slowly, using my hand on Callix’s cheek as a guide, I leaned in and kissed the coyote on the lips.

Then, I pulled back and felt his hand tighten its grasp on my own as they still lay together on the bed. “I love you too, Callix,”

Callix moved into my hut the next day and we had been a couple ever since.

Sadly, we hadn’t done anything since then besides kissing. And, even then, Callix never used his tongue. I tried to imagine sleeping with him and found that it was difficult to wonder what it would be like, especially since I wouldn’t be able to see him. A couple of times, while we kissed, I tried to work up the courage to touch his crotch, or ask him to touch mine. But, every time, I always recalled what Riter’s men did to me, how they took turns groping me and forcing themselves inside the different entrances of my body as they laughed over my cries. I knew that it shouldn’t have still bothered me, since Callix would never have mistreated or hurt me like those Kreq did. Yet the pain I endured on that day was all I could think of whenever a sexual thought crept into my mind.

I didn’t know why Callix never said anything. We had been together for three moons and he never even asked if he could touch my boobs. Then again, Callix probably didn’t want to accidentally offend me. So that meant I had to be the one who initiated something, which made me feel all the more pity for the coyote when he went to pee in the woods before we went to sleep. When this occurred, Callix would always come back an unusually long amount of time later, smelling bitter, which was no doubt the scent of his cum. When he came back to me on these

occasions, bathed in the aroma of his own release, I wanted to talk with him. We didn't have to do anything yet, but I wanted to know whether or not he was ready to have sex. But I was always too cowardly to ask. I didn't want to pressure him into anything he didn't want to do. After all, I wasn't exactly ready myself.

I inhaled, my muzzle buried into the deer hide bed, and Callix's scent helped further draw me out of my slumber, causing me to feel warm with gratitude for how patient he had been with me.

What would sex with him be like?

After taking another whiff of his familiar scent, I imagined how it would feel to have Callix's naked body pressed against mine, our bare chests rubbing against each other and the warmth of our bodies mingling. It was a nice thought, I had to admit.

There's more to sex than just pressing your chests together.

Breathing in more of Callix's scent from the bed, while the little furs he left behind began tickling my nose, I imagined placing my hands on his stomach and slowly easing them down. Already, I could hear him moaning my name in my mind, which only encouraged me to continue with the fantasy. And then, I began trying to imagine how it would have felt to touch his cock. In my head, it was hard and smooth as wood, and just a little longer than my middle finger.

You're just gonna touch it? Really?

I began not wanting to continue with my fantasy, now flooded by old memories of walking into camp and having to explain to Meelo what his mother had done to me, as well as how her warriors forced themselves in me, not even bothering to use spit to enter my body less painfully. I could have waited until later to try fantasizing again. Callix and I also could have waited to have sex for a little longer.

And when will that be? Another moon from now? Seven moons? Or will you and Callix just kiss for the rest of your lives?

I wanted to be intimate with Callix. He was so loving and thoughtful, just as he had always been to me. I just... I was afraid that having sex with Callix would hurt as much as being raped. And why would Callix want to have sex with some blind girl like me?

That's bullshit and you know it, Isabel. Callix got his ear cut off, remember? He was hurt just like you were. He still loves you and wouldn't still be around if he wasn't.

Taking one final deep sniff of Callix's reassuring scent, I imagined Callix's tender hands laying my naked body onto my bed. He then started kissing my neck and eventually dove his muzzle between my thighs. His hot breath splashed against my pussy as his tongue slithered over it, making me wet. Then, he stopped and I heard him spit, shortly before I heard the fleshy sounds of him applying the saliva along his cock. Callix then asked me if I was ready and I, of course, told him that I was.

A moment later, Callix was inside me, warming my body like a ray of morning sunlight. He was gentle, too, as he started sliding back and forth, moving within me as smoothly as a feather drifts across the top of water. There was no pain, only the gentleness of our lovemaking and the sounds of our moans.

And, when Callix was close to finishing, I envisioned him on top of me, his arms tightly wrapped around my waist, whispering in my ear about how he would always love me. Finally, his body shook and his cock grew within me as a welcome warmth poured deeply into my body.

I rolled over in bed and lay facing up, shattering the fantasy. The idea of sleeping with Callix had terrified me at first, but now, after I fully imagined us being together and Callix acting as tender as ever, I felt myself growing hot. I wanted to make the fantasy a reality. My body demanded it, in fact, practically beginning to shake with desire.

Slowly, I brought my hands to my face, forgetting for a moment that I had no eyes to cry with. Somehow, I had done it. I overcame what Riter had done to me. The idea of allowing someone to sleep with me no longer caused me to cringe. In fact, it sounded exciting. But I didn't want to just hop into a bed with anyone. No. I wanted a particular coyote, who had nothing but love in his heart for me. *I need Callix right now.*

Yet Callix was still out on his morning hunting patrol. How long had he been gone, though? His scent was still fresh on the bed, so maybe I had just woken up after he closed the door of our hut behind him. It was a shame that I couldn't look out the window to see where the sun was at the time, since I had no eyes. *Stupid blindness.*

And so I lay there in bed, smiling and giggling to myself as I waited for Callix to return so I could give him the good news before proceeding to rip off his clothes with my teeth.

After what felt like days had passed, the door finally creaked open and in walked a pair of pawsteps. I sniffed the air and felt myself practically melt at the scent that now hung in the air. *Callix.*

"Sorry I'm so late," he apologized, as I turned my head to face the door, which I then heard close. "The fucking buck we tracked took twelve arrows before it finally gave up. Juqi's cooking the meat now, so we'll eat in a bit, and Seq went to give the buckskin to Rye,"

Suddenly, a thought crossed my mind, one that made the slit between my legs twitch with enthusiasm. But, to do it, I would have had to act very carefully. "Juqi? Is she the tiger we ate with last night?"

"No," Callix kindly told me, as I heard him set something down on the wooden floor of our hut. "That's Oleethi. Juqi is a cougar. She was the one in Sera's hut half a moon ago for a fever. Remember? She could barely talk and Sera had to practically pour water into her mouth,"

"Oh, that's right," I sighed, remembering how the cat couldn't even manage to bring her voice above a whisper from across Sera's hut. "Taiya, it's hard to remember names when you can't see faces,"

"Well, you're not the only one who's having trouble," Callix said, finally sitting down on the bed and causing the animal hide to slightly move above me. "It's been three moons and everyone's still pretty tense. Some of the Kreq have become more open-minded, at least. Two or three have even admitted that they're gay,"

"And how's Seq?" I asked, deciding to draw out the conversation for just a little longer so I could build up the surprise for Callix. "Any change yet?"

The coyote sighed. "Nothing new. He's still really quiet most of the time and acts all serious when he does talk. I tried bringing up Meelo earlier with him and asked how he was dealing with it. He told me drop it, so I did,"

"Do you think he'll ever get better?"

For a moment, Callix drew silent. Then, he said, "I really don't know. I've kinda been hoping he'll find someone else to date, but I'm not so sure that's going to happen,"

"Why's that?"

"Because I tried talking to him about that, too. Trikar... You know, Trikar, right?"

"Is he a lion?"

"Yeah. Anyway, he walked by the other day when Seq and I were going to leave for a hunting patrol. Since Trikar is one of the Kreq who's come out as gay, I told Seq to ask him out. But Seq told me to keep my nose out of his business,"

"He's still grieving," I reminded Callix, catching the frustration in his tone. "We just need to give him more time,"

"I know. It's just... I want him to feel better. Meelo was a great guy. I can't deny that. He saved my life and helped you when you got back to camp. But Seq's got to move on. And I'm starting to worry that he might not be able to,"

"Hey, Callix?" I said, deciding that now was the time to put my plan into action.

"Yeah?" he asked, lowering his voice and shifting where he sat beside me.

"Could we eat breakfast here? I feel like just eating with you,"

"Okay," Callix agreed. "I feel like staying in, too. I'll go get us the food,"

The bed budged as Callix stood and, a moment later, the sounds of his pawsteps crawled away, followed briefly by the sound of the door opening and closing.

As my heart raced with exhilaration, I quickly lifted my legs up and pulled off my trousers, which I then tossed towards the end of the bed. Next, I slid off my loincloth and crawled out of my tunic, throwing both garments down somewhere near the bottom of the bed as well.

All right. Now I just have to do a sexy pose that'll get him in the mood.

I wriggled out from inside my bed and sat on top of it, spreading my legs and facing my exposed pussy towards the door. After a moment, though, my legs began cramping.

Next, I tried lying on my stomach and raising my legs above my back as I faced in the general direction of the door. It was slightly more comfortable than the first position I tried, but I soon realized that there was one problem. I couldn't see how it looked. *How am I supposed to know if I look sexy without any damn eyes?*

Cursing under my breath, I decided to just display myself in a way that would allow Callix to see every part of me. I wasn't sure whether he preferred boobs or pussy, but, just to be safe, I lay down on my left side and faced the door, propping my head up with my left hand.

What if he's more of a butt guy?

Everything was falling apart. There I was trying to seduce my boyfriend for the first time and I couldn't even decide what position to let him see me in. *Maybe I*

should wait another day. I can figure out later tonight what parts of a girl he likes the most.

But, as I was about to sit up and start fumbling around for my clothes, the door creaked open, pouring in the crisp scent of freshly cooked deer, and my heart stopped.

"I got some of the deer meat that Juqi was-" Callix said, taking one step into the hut before growing quiet.

Without Callix's words, I was unable to tell whether or not he liked the sight of me lying naked on our bed. Was he shocked? Did he think it was funny that I was trying so hard to seduce him? Anything was possible. So, to seem nonchalant, I smiled and said, "That's nice, Callix. But I was hoping you could do something else with your mouth that doesn't involve cooked meat,"

Besides the sound of the door closing, my words were met with stillness.

Fear swelled within my belly. Were my boobs not big enough? Or did my bandages fall off and reveal my damaged eyes?

I set these thoughts aside for a moment and still tried to maintain my charming persona. "What? Has it been a while since you've had a naked girl in your bed?"

Callix began practically stumbling over his next words, his voice void of his usual joking demeanor. "I-I... I've never... I mean, I... You're... I've never had a...girl in bed,"

I felt my ears twitch with surprise. "Really? I thought you'd done this before,"

"Uh-uh,"

"No flings, or anything?"

"No,"

"Huh," I said, still finding myself rather surprised. "Well, good news! You're getting some hot one-on-one time with me today,"

Again, Callix was soundless.

"Callix?" I called out to him, as my ears slightly folded back with fright and my confidence melted away. "Callix, is this...fine? I don't want to do anything if you're not ready,"

I heard Callix take a slow and seemingly uncertain step towards me, just before taking a shaky sigh. "Of course it's... I really would like to sleep with you, Isabel. I just never wanted to bring it up because of what happened. I figured you didn't want to think about that stuff for a while,"

I smiled at his unsettled tone and at how thoughtful he had been to put me ahead of his own desires. "So that was cum I smelled on you,"

"What?" he nearly shouted, as I imagined his one ear folding back and his tail curling up between his legs. "You were able to smell it last night?"

"Callix," I laughed, "I smell it every night,"

"But I... I was always so careful! I rub snow down there and almost always give my balls frostbite,"

"Well," I began, able to regain my confidence now that I knew where Callix stood on the topic of us having sex, "I promise that you won't be cold inside me. It'll be nice and warm,"

"Isabel," Callix's voice trembled, "you don't have to do anything to please me. We can keep waiting if you want,"

"What I want," I said, actually surprised that Callix hadn't jumped out of his clothes yet, "is for you to get naked and fuck me like you've always wanted to,"

"But..." Callix began, still managing to resist my enticements with a shaky voice. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," I answered. "It took me a while, but I was finally able to imagine myself sleeping with you without having to remember what happened. And now I want to try the real thing,"

"You've fantasized about me?" Callix asked, pride humming in his voice.

"Of course. Now, why don't you undress and come over here?"

It seemed that I didn't need to ask him again, for I could soon hear something wooden being placed upon the floor of our hut –most likely a wooden slab that Callix used to carry in the food- and the ruffling of clothes.

Then, pawsteps, which were slow and easy, approached the bed. I felt myself growing warm and eager as I imagined a naked Callix walking towards me. Were his eyes bulging out of his head as he looked down at me? Was he already hard? Did he wear a toothy smile on his muzzle?

I felt the part of the bed in front of me shift as hot air lightly brushed against my face, telling me that Callix had laid down and was now facing me.

"Oh, Isabel," Callix whispered. "If only you could see how great you look right now,"

"Enough talk, lover boy," I teased, scooting closer towards him and pressing my chest against his, which allowed me to feel his heartbeat. "Kiss me,"

A moment of silence later, I felt two warm folds press against my mouth. I then felt a moist tip brush against my bottom lip. A moment later, the tip, along with a glossy body, extended into my mouth and I realized it was Callix's tongue as it began to run alongside my own.

Callix eased his lips away from mine, withdrawing his tongue as well, which I found myself quickly craving to return into my mouth. "Isabel. Are you...? Do you really want this?"

I nodded. "Just be gentle,"

Callix's hand ran over my cheek, like so many times before, and I imagined his gentle eyes staring at me. "Okay,"

The coyote's hot breath then poured down my neck and was soon substituted by tender kisses, as he proceeded to wrap his arms around my waist.

"Callix," I moaned, as the coyote continued to lavish my neck.

I outstretched my arm, finding Callix's sturdy shoulder, and began to slide my hand down his back, tracing my fingers along the slender indent where his spine was. My hand brushed against his tail as it reached his lower back, telling me that the tail was raised. After brushing Callix's bushy tail aside, I lowered my hand even lower, eventually finding a tight mound of flesh, which could have been nothing other than one of his ass cheeks. My fingers lightly squeezed the cheek and Callix released a moan as his lips left my neck for a moment, just before they descended down upon me again.

Then, I felt something poke against the bottom of my stomach, something that was as stiff as the length of a gun, but hot like a freshly cooked piece of meat. *Oh, Taiya. It's his cock.*

It felt naughty to have Callix's hardness rubbing up against me with every little movement he made. I mean this was Callix, the guy who had been a dear friend to me for all of my life. And yet, I found myself wondering why we hadn't started doing this a long time ago, especially when I felt a slight thrill at the sensation of cool droplets now soaking into the fur on my lower belly and smelled a sour scent that hung in the air.

"Get on top of me," I said, now incapable of thinking about anything other than the hot length that was pressed against me.

Callix immediately stopped his kissing my neck and chuckled.

"What? I'm serious!"

"No," he spoke, coyly. "I know. But I need to get myself wet before I do anything,"

The back of my fur grew warm with embarrassment at how I had lost myself in the moment and forgot that Callix could have hurt both of us if he just shoved himself inside me without any preparation. But I said nothing, unable to tear my focus away from thoughts of being held underneath Callix as he vigorously fucked me.

The bed moved and I could no longer feel Callix's cock pressed against me, nor could my hand feel his ass or another part of his backside any longer. I then heard Callix spit somewhere above me and the wet sounds of flesh rubbing against other flesh filled the hut.

After spitting a couple more times, Callix said, "Okay. I think I'm ready,"

With joy shooting through my entire body, I rolled onto my back and smiled, waiting in anticipation for Callix's weight to press down upon me.

I felt his paws place themselves beside the bottoms of my legs, their toes tickling my fur with their tiny tips. Then, I felt his chest lower onto me, his fur brushing against my nipples. My shoulders then both felt a sensation of light pressure from what I assumed were Callix's hands as I felt warm air caress my nose.

"Are you ready, Isabel?" Callix asked, sounding only the length of a single hair away from my muzzle.

My voice failed me, since my throat was tight with a mixture of excitement and anxiousness. So, instead of speaking, I simply nodded.

"Okay," the coyote whispered.

Callix's body ever so slightly moved and, soon, I felt him enter me, sliding a stiff and hard length deep between my legs. I found myself moaning as Callix continued to ease further into my body, thinking for a moment that it would have been a miracle if he completely fit. But, a few moments later, the fur of Callix's lower belly embraced my own and he stopped.

So far, sex didn't feel as smooth as I imagined it would be. Honestly, it hurt a little. But there was still plenty of pleasure, which far outweighed the small amount of discomfort I felt. I grew even more excited as I reflected upon exactly who it was inside me. *Callix. My old friend. And my new love.*

"Are you...?" Callix tried speaking, as his cock twitched inside me, causing his voice to grow heavy with satisfaction. "Comfortable?"

"Yes," I told him. "Just keep going,"

Callix's warm cock began to exit, only to plunge into me once again. He continued to repeat this process, managing to push a few more moans out of me.

As Callix continued to ease in and out of me, I reached forth both of my hands, finding his back and eventually resting my fingers along his shoulder blades as the coyote quickened his thrusts. Callix's breath, I noticed a couple of thrusts later, had become heavier and warmer, practically scorching the side of my neck.

He's really enjoying himself.

"Isabel," he whispered, sounding like he was on the verge of crying as the wet sounds of our lovemaking grew louder. "I'm not gonna last much longer,"

"Do it in my butt," I said, resisting the urge to feel Callix finish inside me.

Callix immediately popped out of me, resulting in my body growing very lonely and craving more affection. Then, I rolled over beneath the coyote and waited for him to continue.

"Don't you want to finish first?" Callix asked.

"Later!" I said, sounding on edge, as my desire to finish what we had started seemed to double. "Just keep going!"

"All right," the coyote said with uncertainty before lowering himself onto my back.

I heard Callix spit and rub himself just like before. Then, when the hut became silent once more, a sharp sensation stung my ass, causing me to gasp and tightly clasp the bed beneath me. It hurt more than when Callix entered me before, but it was a kind of pain I found myself oddly enjoying.

"Am I hurting you?" Callix asked, stopping himself from entering me any further.

"No. I actually kind of like it,"

After a brief silence, the rest of Callix's cock slid into me. He then began thrusting again, like when I was on my back a moment ago, and his cock seemed to grow inside me with every moan he sung into my ear as he draped his head beside mine.

And, without warning, Callix released a long and dragged out moan, which was a little shrill, almost like a squeak. Inside me, his cock expanded to twice its size and I felt warm liquid gush into me, which was quickly followed by that bitter scent he had worn for so many nights after returning home from the woods.

In that moment, I felt proud of myself, not just for overcoming the worst moment of my life, but for also reducing Callix to the shivering and out of breath state that he was now in. I was able to seduce him, despite not having eyes, or even a tail! It felt good and romantic, but, most of all, normal, which was something I hadn't felt like in a very long time.

When Callix's chest stopped heaving against my back and his breathing slowed, he said, "Isabel, that was great!"

"Agreed," I said, smiling with pride.

"I promise," he continued, sounding more cheerful than I had ever heard him be before, "that when my knot goes away, I'm going to go down on you so you can cum, too!"

"Can't wait!" I said, feeling my already beaming grin grow wider.

Gently, Callix lowered head further down alongside mine until our cheeks were pressing against each other. "Isabel?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you,"

"I love you, too," I said, my throat tightening a little. "Thanks for not caring that I'm..."

Callix moved his head and lightly brushed his cold wet nose against my cheek. "You're what?"

I could feel my ears fold back. Was he really expecting me to say it? For Taiya's sake, he saw what Riter's men did to me. He knew exactly what I was. "Broken,"

"You're not broken, Isabel," Callix reassured me in a low and soothing voice as he continued to rub his nose against me. "Why would you think that?"

"I don't have eyes, Callix! And I was raped. For Taiya's sake, I don't even have a tail anymore,"

I felt vulnerable, naked, even though I was already naked, after admitting these feelings I had held for some time. It was strange to finally say them out loud and my voice had grown hoarse as I spoke. How did he not know this already, though? He was there that day when I had parts of my body cut off just moments after being held down in the snow as I screamed.

"Those things don't mean you're broken, Isabel," Callix firmly said, pulling his nose away from my cheek. "If someone goes to Sera with a hunting injury, are they less of a person?"

"No,"

"No. And neither are you. Yeah, I always loved looking at your blue eyes and thought your tail was cute, but they weren't the reasons I fell in love with you. And you not having them anymore sure as shit isn't going to keep me from loving you,"

"But I... I was raped, too. Don't you remember? Don't you...? Don't you always think about it every time you see me?"

Callix was quiet for a moment, which made me believe that I could guess his answer. But, after a deep breath, the coyote told me, "Whenever I look at you, I see someone who has refused to give up, someone who somehow keeps going and tries to live her life as she wants to. Not everybody could do what you've done after something like that. I couldn't. And you know what? Knowing how strong you are and seeing you be able to get out of bed everyday has made me love you now more than I ever have before,"

"Oh, Callix," I said, feeling my face grow warm. If I still had eyes, I was sure that I would have started to cry.

"Never think less of yourself, Isabel. You're a beautiful woman and I'm lucky to be with you,"

"And I'm lucky to have a man like you,"

Callix's warm arms drifted beneath me, wrapping themselves around my stomach and just under my breasts. We stayed there, in that same position, not talking. Yet we were together, which made the silence bearable and tender.

Soon, Callix's cock naturally withdrew itself from me, shrinking as it crept out.

"Now then," he said, unwrapping his arms from around my chest and turning me onto my back with gentle hands. "Let's take care of you,"

Callix placed a wet kiss on my neck, another on my collarbone, a third between my breasts and, finally, one between my legs.

As Callix then began licking me, making my entire body tremble from every brush of his tongue, everything became hazy and blissful. And, just as he had done so a moment ago when we were talking, Callix somehow managed to make me feel beautiful again.