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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter 6. "Just Relax"

It seemed as though Shari was done strangling him for some strange reason. He glanced over as she lifted her glasses with her right hand and wiped her wet eyes with the back of her left hand.

She placed the glasses back over her nose. "Promise me you won't leave me again," she said with her voice wavering. "And what I mean is you won't leave this house without me next to you...holding your hand if I have to."

He looked over at her. "Understood."

"Good," she said and held out her left hand in front of his chest. "Do you understand what handshakes mean?"

"I think so...yeah."

"Shake my hand to sign the contract."

He reluctantly took her soft hand into his and gently squeezed.

"I, Shari Aviganis, do solemnly swear to teach...uh-m...Vilkas...how to live life like a normal person. I swear not to let him out of the house without me by his side until the time comes when I full-heartedly believe he can act and behave like another person he may come into contact with. In short: I swear to teach Vilkas how to live."

He looked at her with a bit of confusion but understood the meaning behind it. He was glad she used words and phrases he could understand. "I understand and accept. I, Dari-...", he began and stopped himself. "This woman," he thought with a lot of confusion running throughout his mind.

Her eyes widened as a smile stretched across her lips.

"I, Viktor...er... *Vilkas*, do solemnly swear to learn from Shari how to live life like a normal person. I swear not to leave the house without her by my side until the time comes when she full-heartedly(?) believes I can act and behave like another person I may come into contact with. In short: I swear to learn from Shari how to live."

Her smile stretched fully and her eyes softened.

He felt his heart quicken and his face felt warmer than it was with the fever.
"Shari?"

"Yes, sweetie," she responded with a motherly tone.

"I don't understand."

"Understand what?" She asked, her smile fading and becoming concerned.

"When you smiled, my chest began to throb and my face and ears felt warm."

She looked at him quizzically. She let go of his left hand and brought her right hand up to his ears and gently squeezed. She moved it and placed the back of her fingers on his face. She then placed it flat upon his chest. She sighed through her nose and shook her head while tilting it to her right.

"Um," she said and looked over at the table. She moved her hand from his chest and placed it on his shoulder. "What's happening is what is called a 'feeling' that all people experience. We'll go over what that..." Shari cleared her throat. "What that *means* at a later date," she said, her voice switching octaves. "I will tell you," she said and cleared her throat again. "My face and chest just did the same thing, but for other reasons." Her voice became real quiet. "It may have something to do with what Shari is going through at the moment."

He could see her eyes darting across the table, her expression slightly pained. He thought for a moment as he looked over at the door. He felt the softness and warmth of her hand. He sniffed a drip from his nose. The pine smell, the smell of dinner and that strange smell that makes his skin crawl all entered at once.

"Shari?"

"Yes, sweetie?" Her voice was cracking. She still hadn't looked at him.

"I can smell the pine coming from the pot on the stove," he began.

He felt her hand tremble on his shoulder as she slowly looked over at him.

"I can smell the scent of the food in front of me."

Her hand began to quake and she let loose a sound like a whine.

"But I don't understand the smell beyond that. It makes me feel strange. My skin prickles and..."

"That's enough for tonight," she said hurriedly and moved away from him. "Your sense of smell is impeccable," she muttered as she went to the cupboard. "And your hearing is unmatched," she continued as she opened and closed a cupboard.

He watched her as she poured the contents of the pot into a small dish. He saw that her face looked twisted. Her lips kept quivering and her eyes were strained. She set down the empty pot and groaned. "A normal person shouldn't be able to smell that," she muttered as she placed a lid on the small container.

"Smell what?"

She squealed in her mouth as she looked startled at him. She hurriedly shoved the dish into the cooling chamber and walked next to him. She tapped his shoulder. "Let's get to sleep, shall we," she almost demanded, her voice rising in pitch with every word.

"Yeah." He started to stand, but thought of something. "Um...Shari...thank you for the meal." The words brought a stabbing feeling into his chest.

"You're welcome, sweetie," she said and placed the used pot into the washing basin.

He got up and walked to his room and closed the door. He lay upon the cot and covered himself with the blanket. "I don't understand any of this," he whispered and tried his best to clear his mind and fall asleep.

He heard her use the toilet and wash her hands, then walk into her room. After a while he heard her moaning and groaning. It was like she was trying to muffle the sound into a pillow.

"Shari!"

She breathed heavily. "Yes, sweetie?"

"Are you okay?"

She said something unintelligible into the pillow. "I'm fine. I'm just...struggling to sleep."

"Okay."

He thought he heard her curse him and his hearing.

"Um," he called out but wasn't sure if it was proper. But he heard her say it before. "Good night...Shari!"

She whined. "Good night, sweetie!"

It was quiet and he soon found the back of his eyelids comforting.

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He woke up as something cold and wet pressed against his forehead. He opened his eyes to see a disheveled looking Shari reaching up to his forehead.

"Good...morning?" He said, questioning if it was the correct term.

"Yeah," she replied as a scowl formed across her face. "Stay in bed until I tell you to move. Got it?"

Her usual kindness was replaced with the murderous intent he detected when they first met.

"Understood," he said and closed his eyes.

"Good," she said flatly and left the room.

"It looked like she didn't sleep very well," he thought as he remembered her usual look against the one he just saw. "It looked like her eyelids were puffy. Not like she was crying, but maybe because she was exhausted?"

Some time had passed. He heard her moving about the house.

"I'm leaving for a minute," she said through the door. "Don't move from the bed or fear your death. Do you understand?"

He wasn't entirely sure of the meaning but he had sworn to not leave the house without her. He believed this was an extension of that oath. "Understood."

He heard her leave.

She returned some time later. He was feeling restless being a prisoner of this cot. He heard her move around and the smell of food filled the house. He heard her walk to the outside of his door.

"Breakfast is ready. Join me at the table," she said flatly.

"Understood," he said back and began to make his way into the dining area.

It felt good to move about, but he could still feel the effects of the fever. He shuffled to the dining area to his place across from her at the table. She looked extremely annoyed for some reason. He assumed it was best to just not speak.

He drank the concoction like the one she gave him the night before. Then, they ate the leftovers but with fresh bread she must have picked up while she was out.

Her hair was a mess. Strands were severely out of place as opposed to normal. Her glasses were askew. She was eating as if it were a task assigned by a superior. The bread was delicious and the soup or stew was still really good even being heated up on the stove.

After breakfast, he had to relieve himself. He returned to the dining area where he felt warm and somehow safe. He lay across the bench seat and sighed.

She looked more irritated than normal. "You can't sleep there," she said, her tone matching the face he saw.

"It feels warm here."

She sounded disgusted as she sighed heavily. "I'm going to take a nap," she said after clearing the table.

"Yeah," he said and nestled into the warm spot.

She groaned but threw a few logs into the stove pit. She wet and threw the cloth onto his face. He moved it to his forehead. She walked to her room and slammed the door. After a while, he could hear her moan.

"Shari? You okay?"

He heard her scream. It was muffled by something, but it was most definitely a scream of frustration. "I'M FINE!!!"

The quiet gave him an opportunity to take a nap. The crackling from the logs in the stove pit made it sound like he was next to a fire pit. It was somehow comforting.

He awoke sometime later. She said she had to leave the house for a while. She even placed more logs on the fire.

"She's nice," he thought and a soothing sensation filled him. It kept him up for a second, but he was sure she'd explain to him what that meant when she had time. He fell back asleep almost immediately.

He woke up again. His sleepy eyes caught a glimpse of Shari at the counter chopping vegetables. "Seems like she's preparing dinner," he thought and closed his eyes as and enjoyed enjoyed the warmth of the stove.

He could still smell pine and that other smell. The pine was stronger than before, but his nose was clearing even if he had to sniff back escaping drops. He found himself asleep again.

He startled awake to a thud atop the table. Shari was preparing the table as he pulled himself up. She still looked slightly angry as she sat across from him. She slid a small tankard of the milky liquid over and took a spoonful of the chicken, noodle and vegetable soup. He drank the mixture and picked up his spoon.

She rested her spoon against the rim of her bowl. "Do you mind if we talked?" She asked as she looked at her bowl. "I feel super anxious when it's me and a stranger...alone in my home...and it's quiet." She looked up at him. "Anxious means I'm...afraid," she said as she looked over at the stove. She looked up and to the left at the ceiling. "Scared...as you may know it as." She looked back at him.

He swallowed his food and replied, "I don't mind. I think I understand. I know 'afraid' and 'scared'."

"Good," she said and sighed. "I want you to be open, or rather, please do not get angry with me while we talk, okay?" Her eyes appeared kind, but her lip suggested unease.

"Yeah," he said and continued eating.

She looked at him for a moment before looking down and eating a spoonful of food. "I want you to be able to trust me," she said and looked up at him while twirling her spoon in the air. "To feel safe. That we can tell each other anything and know that what we say is safe with each other and we won't tell anyone else what we've said."

"I think I understand."

"In order to do that - to reach that level of trust or level of safety - I want to ask you some general questions. You can tell me when you feel safe enough that I can ask some more personal questions - like about your mother. Is that acceptable?"

He thought about her words. He thought about his past and about what little he could remember of his mother. "I think so," he finally said.

"I'm not really sure where to start," she said as she looked beyond her bowl while lightly tapping her spoon on the table.

He set down his spoon and looked at her. "Why?"

She looked over at him. The spoon tapping stopped.

"Why did you save me? Why are you doing this?"

She looked as if she were struggling to find the right words. "The night of the attack," she began. Her eyes started to water and she looked away from him to the stove. "I was just stepping in the bath when the screaming started."

She set down the spoon and brought her right hand to her mouth. After a few moments, she continued. "I was so terrified when I heard screaming and swords clashing outside the door that I froze in the tub. I felt helpless. Useless. People were fighting...people were dying...they lost their homes..."

She removed her glasses and wiped her eyes. She sniffled and looked over at him. "I couldn't be brave like you and try to save the people I loved...the people I cared about." She wiped more tears from her eyes. "By the time I stepped from the tub, it quieted down and I was going to go out and check on everyone."

She sounded like she was calming down. She wiped more tears away. "I was drying off when I heard Socorro's voice. I grabbed the lantern and my dagger from the counter in case he was in trouble. I could only look out the window because my legs...my whole body was shaking so hard that I couldn't leave the house." She looked down between them. "I felt better when I heard you being kind to Socorro. I backed away and was going to get changed. That's when you kicked in the door."

She paused and took a drink from her cup.

He began to eat again but kept looking over at her between scoops.

"There I was again - so frightened that I couldn't move. I was powerless. But," she said and looked over at him. "You," she began and her face looked puzzled. An awkward smile formed. "You said 'beautiful' before coughing blood on me and collapsing."

She looked down to an unknown spot ahead of her bowl. She chuckled awkwardly. "Saying such a thing in that situation was like you hear in tales of heroes. Just how fierce they become when protecting the things they love, yet they can calmly say such things as if it were nothing while their life hangs in the balance."

He felt the need to say something, but his hunger was much stronger than that urge.

"I wasn't completely certain you were such a person, but anyone that could kill one second and comfort a child the next," she said and looked at him. "You were like the people in those stories. A hero. And because of that, I couldn't do as you asked. I had to do something. I had to save you. That's when I found my courage and dragged you into the other room."

He felt irritated being called a 'hero' again.

"And I'm doing this to repay you for what you did for us. With how your life has been up to now, I want to continue repaying you by helping you understand 'normal' life. I want to help you live a *better* life." Her head tilted slightly to the left and her eyes narrowed. "I'm not sure I put it into words properly, but does that make sense?"

He chewed and swallowed. "I'm no hero," he said and continued eating.

She looked at her bowl as if disappointed. "I almost believed that myself when you nearly choked me to death," she said quietly. "But when we both calmed down and I pieced some things together, you woke up. Everything you did after that slowly brought me back to that original thought." She looked over at him. "You even began to help us clean up the village."

"I came here to die," he said and swallowed his food.

He watched as her eyes began to water again. "But why here? Why now?"

"I'm tired. My body aches. I've killed many. This is the last place I know where I wasn't marked for death. I thought if I could do one good thing," he said calmly. "I'd be able to be with my mother again," he continued and felt his eyes water. He quickly looked away from her and began to eat.

"You say that as if you don't care," she said, her voice higher and wavering. "Until you mention her," she said as if she figured something out. She looked down at the table. "Being with her was the last person or place in your life where you felt safe."

He swallowed so hard it hurt his throat. He set his spoon down as he felt his eyes water again. "Yeah." He felt his chest and throat tighten as tears streamed down his cheeks. "Shari," he said, looking over at her. Their eyes met as he said, "I don't understand this."

Shari got up and walked over to him. She sat to his left and wrapped her right arm around his back. She grabbed his left hand in hers and squeezed. "Sweetie, it means you're sad and you miss her so much it hurts." She dropped her head onto the side of his shoulder and rubbed his back. "The pain you feel in this moment - in your heart or chest - is the pain you feel when you are in mourning. That means you desire to be with someone who is no longer alive. It hurts you emotionally."

She reached over to his right side. She squeezed him. "Emotions are a complicated thing. They're hard to put into words. They can be happiness, sadness, love, fear, anger and so on. You love your mother and you're sad she's gone. This is your body's natural response to these emotions or feelings."

"Does that mean you're sad?"

She stopped squeezing him and rubbed his back again. "Women are more complicated than emotions, sweetie. We females tend to share the emotions of those we are around - especially those we care about." Her hand quit moving and she rubbed her head against his shoulder while giving his hand another squeeze. "Deep down I know that I can relate since I lost my mother. But I can't fully share your pain because she died when I was born. I don't have that mother and child bond or love that you shared."

"Shari, what is love?"

Shari wiped her eyes and held his hand again. "Love can be a complicated emotion. Basically the 'love' you feel for your mother is the kind of love where you care about them. You would do anything to see them smile. You would protect them. You respect them. Respect means that you listen to what they say and accept it. Like if you were told not to do something you weren't supposed to, you would stop doing that because she asked you to no matter how much you wanted to keep doing it. You show affection for them. Like if she ever kissed your forehead for no reason. Kissed a scraped knee because she said it would make it feel better. Or like holding your hand. Or hugging to comfort you if you're scared like after you have a bad dream at night."

She pulled away, her hand dragging along his back. She looked up at him and said, "I know I'm talking an awful lot. Dinner's getting cold so let's eat and if you have any questions or don't understand something we can discuss it after, okay?"

"It is a lot," he said and looked over at her, their noses nearly touching. "Thank you," he said and closed his eyes as he lightly touched his crooked nose to hers.

Just like her finger pads, her nose was so soft. He pulled back and opened his eyes. Shari looked out of sorts. He looked back at his food and grabbed his spoon.

"My mother used to do that to me. I'd give the same reaction," he said and dug into the soup.

She hesitated for a moment until he felt her rub his back. "Tha-thank you for sharing that," she said, her voice wavering in pitch.

He felt her pat his back once and stood to return to her spot and continued eating.

He finished the bowl of soup and ate a few slices of bread. He could feel his brain throbbing in his head. "That was good, but my head hurts," he said and laid down on the bench.

"You've been up for a while and I kind of gave you a lot to think about. Rest up," she said, her spoon clanking against her bowl. "I'll clean up and then I'm going to take a bath. I'll be quick so the water's still warm for you."

"Yeah," he said and closed his eyes and brought his left hand up to his chest.

Shari moved around the kitchen. She placed a cold, damp cloth on his forehead. She left the room. He could smell a fire starting and water splashing.

"Just enough," she said. "Water delivery comes tomorrow thankfully."

She moved around the house and then next to him. She lay a blanket on his feet and dragged it up to his neck.

"I'll wake you when it's your turn. Just rest."

He nodded and she walked away.

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Shari opened the door to the washroom. "Your turn. The water should be plenty warm for you."

"Yeah," he said and pushed the blanket down to his waist.

He pressed his hand against the wet cloth on his forehead and sat up. He pushed the blanket past his feet and looked over. He tossed the cloth into the wash basin. He slowly rolled over and onto his feet. He reached over and pulled on the counter top to help him stand. He took a moment to compose himself. He sniffed in as a drop was escaping his running nose. He turned and gingerly walked to where the hallway should be through his partially open, blurry-vision eyes. He reached out when he stumbled to catch the wall.

"Boy, you really *are* a mess," Shari said with concern and stepped from the washroom. She had a towel wrapped around her chest that reached just to the top of her thighs.

He shuffled toward her voice and held out his hand. She held up her hands in an outstretched baby cradle and caught his arm at the elbow. She gently slapped his hand.

"Now, now. I realize you're sick, but that doesn't excuse any bad touching," she said with a mock angry voice and a similar expression.

He did feel something soft and squishy against the back of his hand before she moved it away to her stomach. "Sorry," he said as she led him into the washroom.

The inside didn't smell quite as strong with the pine she was warming on the stove. There was another scent in here though. It smelled familiar. Mixed with the scent of her - specifically the soap she used - it caused a strange feeling in his groin.

"That's new," he thought as he stood in front of the bath. "More new feelings when I'm around her."

He lazily untied the string to his undergarments as she undid the button above his tail. She stepped to the entryway and turned to face him.

"There's a towel on the counter. I'll be in my," she started and gasped as he dropped the cloth to the floor. He turned and glanced at her as she yelled, "Pervert!" Her eyes were looking down at his waist with a disgusted expression. She slowly stepped away and looked up at his face. "I'll be in my room pretending I didn't see that," she chided and left the wash room. She stood behind the closed door and continued. "I'll pretend not to hear anything while you...you..."

He heard her bedroom door open and close. "Whoo. Keep it together, Shari," he heard her mutter.

"What?" He asked towards the door. He looked down. His penis was poking out of his sheath about three inches and was slightly swollen. "That's new," he mumbled. "I don't understand," he thought as he turned to the bath.

He carefully stepped into water. It was warm. He couldn't remember the last warm bath he had besides here. It brought back memories of the hot cider ale the tavern in that one country had. That was during that snowstorm that covered the town in about two feet of snow overnight. He brought in his other foot and caught his balance with the wall. He eased into the water using the wall as support. He leaned back against the wall facing towards the door.

He let out a mighty sigh as the heat soaked into his fur down to his skin. He could feel his insides warming. He sniffed another escaping nose drop. He shivered as the strong scent of pine, her scent and that strange scent filled his brain with smiles. He felt himself smiling as he closed his eyes. He felt his groin tighten.

"That's kind of uncomfortable," he thought. "But it feels good with the warm water."

Several more times he sniffed and the process repeated. He began to think of events in his life. Nothing good came to mind until he met her. He felt at ease around her. She seemed to accept him.

"I think this is what they call a 'friend'," he imagined. "It started out violent, but I think we've become something like that." It sent a warm, tingling feeling through his back. "And she's so..." He shook the rest of that thought from his head.

He thought of that first night. How she hastily prepared dinner. Remembering his mother and crying in her arms until he fell asleep. Waking up and enjoying the burnt fish, bread and pot roast dish. The change of clothes she got for him. The way she snuck around the town to watch him working with the other villagers. The care packages she left for him at his tree base by the river. Her being genuinely concerned that he couldn't read her notes. Her helping Seppo carry him to her house. Walking in on her in the bath. Tonight. All of these things brought a smile to his face.

"This is the longest I've ever smiled," he thought. "My face hurts."

All of her kindness toward him made it difficult to think of anything else. He kept imagining her face, the different outfits...that smile. It made him feel warm. It made him feel happy. It made his heart beat quicker and his face and ears burn. "Why is it making me feel so uncomfortable," he thought as he felt pain in his groin.

He winced as he sat upright and grabbed his sheath. He shot his eyes open and began to panic. His penis was almost fully out of his sheath and swollen. A painful mass had grown inside of the sheath just about where the base of his penis should be. The mass was straining the end of his sheath and prevented the rest of his penis from coming out. He felt his heart slamming in his chest. His teeth began to chatter. He could only think of one thing right now.

"NNng...SHARI!!!" He groaned and yelled.

"I'm not helping clean that up," he heard her quip from the other room.

"No! It hurts!" He exclaimed and doubled over and clutched his stomach.

He groaned loudly and heard her scrambling in her room.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" He heard her yell as he heard various bumping noises to accompany them.

She flung open her door. It slammed against the wall as she burst into the washroom. He looked up at her. She was panting and wore an expression of severe concern. She was holding up the towel with her right hand up to her left armpit. She looked flustered as drops of water fell from her still wet hair.

"What's the matter, Vilkas?!" She asked through breaths.

"My...stomach hurts...I think," he said meekly and with uncertainty.

"Maybe you were in the water too long?" She asked, trying to diagnose the situation. "Can you stand and point out where exactly it hurts?" Concern filled her words.

"Yeah," he said and slowly began to stand.

As he raised out of the water, he heard her gasp and she reached for her mouth with her left hand. He finished standing as the sound of water leaving his fur filled the air. He wasn't sure she was breathing.

"I told you I wouldn't listen while you took care of...*that*," she said through her hand.

"I don't know what you mean," he said honestly. "It hurts so much," he said, trying not to clench his teeth. He groaned again.

Her hand dropped quickly from her mouth as she looked in his eyes. "I *meeann*...I'll pretend not to listen while you masturbate," she said angrily.

He looked at her in utter confusion. "What?" He tried to think but was at a loss. "What's that?" He asked as if she was insane.

"You're joking," she stated flatly, more in disbelief as her hand balled into a fist.

"No," he replied with pleading eyes and groaned again.

She looked down at his groin, then back to his eyes. "You're not messing with me?" She asked matter-of-fact.

"Nooo," he whined as he winced in pain.

"Please tell me you know what sex is," she pleaded as the fist rested on her chest between her breasts.

"I've heard people brag about it."

Her hand opened and went to her mouth again. "What kind of virgin are you?" She muttered.

"I do not know what is happening to me," he whined. "All these smells filled my nose as I thought about you and how ki-..."

She looked mortified as her hand lowered from her mouth and she interrupted. "You were thinking about me?" She asked, her tone matching her expression.

"Yes," he said, losing patience. "And how kind you've been to me...everyone here."

He stared into her eyes as the swelling in his groin felt like it was going to rip his penis and sheath in two. He winced again, nearly doubling over. His eyes felt heavy and the room started moving. His heart was slamming in his chest with the strong scent his nose just picked up that followed her in the room.

She appeared to think as she looked around the floor. Then she looked confused looking up at him. She looked like she was thinking again while her eyes darted around the floor. Then, frustrated as she looked at his groin. She sighed. She looked up into his eyes.

"I don't understand any of this," she muttered. She closed her eyes and balled up her fist. She bit her finger as she said, "I'm a dog-der. My fash-hent ih-in bain."

She removed the finger and closed her mouth while bringing the fist up to her forehead. She tapped the fist several times against her head before resting the palm on her forehead.

"Let's get some things perfectly clear," she said and sighed. "I'm doing this as a doctor," she said and her first finger shot out. "This is a medical procedure," she said and shot out the second finger.

He groaned and began to lose his balance. He caught himself on the wall. He was now almost completely bent over. His chest was heaving trying to catch his breath. The pain in his groin seemed to plateau at a very uncomfortable aching.

"This means nothing," she said as the third finger shot out, "Outside of the first two stated parameters." She opened her eyes and looked through her forearm to meet his eyes. She wore a stern expression. "Understood?" She didn't wait for a reply. "After this, we are going to have a long," she said and stopped. She closed her eyes as she shuddered before opening them and continuing. "Hard...long..." she stammered and growled. "A discussion," she said flatly through clenched teeth.

"Understood. I'll owe you a favor. Whatever you want. Please," he begged and groaned.

She brought her fist down to her chest and closed her eyes. She swallowed hard and took several deep breaths. She opened her eyes and tied the towel under her arm. She took another deep breath and held it as her fingers danced at her sides. She rose to the tips of her toes and down as she let the breath out while closing her eyes. She nodded and stepped forward while opening her eyes. She slowly stepped a foot into the bath. She maintained eye contact as she brought in her second foot.

They stood there for a few moments. She was slowly breathing through her nose while staring into his eyes. He was staring back as he tried to calm his breathing through slow panting.

"Doctor. Patient. Procedure. Nothing more. We speak of this to NO ONE!" She listed off and ended with extreme importance. "And, as you said, you owe me."

"Understood," he confirmed breathlessly.

She looked into his right shoulder and visibly and audibly took and released a deep breath. She gently placed her right hand on his chest. She let out a short, sharp gasp. "You're heart's beating so hard," she whispered.

"Yeah," he panted. "That hurts, too."

"Yeah," she mimicked him.

Her right foot slid forward causing a small vibration in the tub. Her muzzle now rested in his shoulder fur. She wrapped her left arm around his back and slid her left foot forward quicker than the first. He could feel her hands and muzzle tremble as he looked ahead at the wall through closed eyes.

"Here we go," she whispered into his shoulder. Her right hand slowly slid down his chest and onto his stomach.

"Nnn," he groaned through his teeth. A shock wave went through his torso as his muscles tightened. He wasn't sure, but he thought his hips curled back a tick.

"Sorry," she whispered. "Just...relax."

He desperately tried to do as the doctor instructed. He nodded. "Yeah."

Her hand turned and lowered to just above the skin connecting his pelvis and the sheath.

"Nng," he grunted again and his stomach muscles tightened. His next breath stuttered out of his mouth. His tongue slid just outside of his mouth to the left.

"Just...relax," she repeated soothingly.

Her whole body seemed to tremble as she slowly moved her hand down to his sheath. He exhaled sharply. He thought he heard her moan but passed it off as his hand squeaking down the wall. He felt her muzzle dig into his shoulder fur as the hand brushed the swollen part of his penis.

"Mmmnng," he loosed as he clenched his teeth. His left foot slid back. He compensated by stepping in with his right foot. His lower thigh bumped into her. "Is it okay...there?" He asked as he left his mouth open - tongue out - again.

"J-ju-hust...rela-hax," she stammered reassuringly into his shoulder.

He parted his eyelids. His eyes slowly focused and he glanced down. He saw her hand face towards his sheath. Her wrist was flat against his lower stomach. Her open palm faced the swollen bulb in his penis with two fingers on either side of it.

He heard her groan into his fur. Her mouth parted and he felt her teeth sink into the soft bit of the top of his shoulder. "Lul-eh...le-haaak," she whispered through her open mouth.

He had to hold his breath to speak. "Are you okay?" He asked in genuine concern. "You're shaking so hard." He exhaled and swallowed before continuing his labored breathing.

Her teeth ground into his shoulder as she nodded.

He watched as her fingers slowly closed in around the mass. All at once: His whole body jerked forward, he let out a 'HAAH!', his eyes snapped shut, her teeth sank into his shoulder and her left arm squeezed his back tightly. His groin was now aflame with both pain and a new pulsing sensation. It reminded him of how it felt when he woke up to his penis spraying a smelly white fluid into his undergarments.

He heard her try to swallow. She began to breathe heavily into his fur. The trembling hand around the base of his penis caused it to pulse and spasm in ways he'd only felt during those nightly emissions. He heard her moan in her throat as she began to massage the ball of pain. He could feel his body convulse out from the spot and his hips would unconsciously jerk into the back of her hand. This only caused more warm feelings to spread out as it was tugging that mass against her hand.

He felt her fingers leave the mass and her hand left the area. She grabbed behind his neck and wrenched down suddenly as she moaned. He could feel her rubbing a very warm spot on his bent right knee. The strange smell from before filled his nose and mind. His eyes rolled around as his claws scraped down against the wall. He felt himself submit to her embrace.

Her hand kneaded his neck and then her claws dug in as she pressed that warm spot into his knee time and again. Her palm pad dug into his fur as she ran it up his neck and over his muzzle.

She took her teeth out of his shoulder and she panted. "Sorry," she breathed out. "Just relax," she hurriedly said and continued breathing. She pressed her head into his shoulder as her fingers entered his mouth and along his tongue. "Just relax," she said again as her palm pad brushed against the end of his tongue.

His hips jerked away as the soft palm pad touched the end of his penis. "That hurt," he said through breaths.

"Shh-shh-shh," she breathed through her lips. "Just relax and allow this to happen," she said comfortingly with held breath.

Her finger pad touched the length of his penis and traced along it. He couldn't help but moan and sway into the soft and moist pad. He inhaled and exhaled sharply as her fingers wrapped around the outside of his penis and slid down to the base. It caused his whole pelvis to clench and his penis to throb as if it was getting bigger until they both relaxed.

She grunted as she dug her claws into his back and ground that warm and wet part of her against his bent knee. Slowly her fingers slid back up the length to the tip where his whole penis began to pulsate. His lower abdomen clenched as it felt like something was building up down there. Her fingers slowly slid down the length and to where the mass was trapped in his sheath.

"Please...just...relax," she panted - her voice sounded like pleading.

He felt her fingers press into the mass and continue around the sides. The area began to tingle as it felt like the area was being exposed. Her fingers ran along the length of the mass until they snapped against the area behind the mass.

He whined, swayed forward through his hips and felt his penis pulsate. It felt like something was leaving his penis. Like he was peeing, but it felt like a large object passed through followed by several smaller lumps.

He panted as his body relaxed and a wave of warmth emanated through his torso. "That...hah...hah...felt...hah...strange...but...hah...good," he struggled to say.

She swallowed hard and said, "The best is coming. That was just pent up precum." She continued breathing heavily with a moan escaping.

She moved her fingers back inside his mouth and seemed to be looking for something on his tongue. Again she ended this strange examination by rubbing her palm pad against the end of his tongue. He winced as her hand returned to his extremely warm and sensitive feeling penis.

She moaned into his shoulder as she ground that hot, wet spot up his lower thigh. Her left hand left his back and rubbed against his leg where that hot, wet spot was. Her fingers gently slid down his penis to that mass, then twisted and slid up to the tip. He moaned as her fingers gently pinched the tip of his penis.

Her fingers slid down the length quicker this time. They felt slimy for some reason. She twisted her fingers and he felt her palm pad lie flat against his penis. She squeezed a bit harder as she slid her fingers up to the tip where she paused. She removed her fingers and didn't return them for a moment.

They moaned together as her hand wrapped around his penis. All of her hand pads felt slimy as she quickly moved down and up his penis shaft. She continued doing this for several repetitions where she would stop and trace a finger pad around the tip of his penis. He felt that buildup in his lower stomach again and he couldn't help his hips from moving forward.

She slid her fingers down the shaft and over the mass where she squeezed it gently. The soft squish of the pads and the slimy coating on them caused his body to shiver with that new feeling.

"What is...hah-hah...causing that?"

It sounded like she licked her lips while moaning. "That's pleasure, sweetie," she breathed out. "Just relax."

That voice she whispered made him feel warmer. It made him want this 'pleasure' more. He was excited to learn what could feel better than this and that 'precum' she mentioned. He just really wanted Shari to touch him more. He wanted to feel her against him like this more.

She was doing whatever it was she was doing by his knee quicker and quicker as time passed. It felt like his knee was slimy with how easily she was moving against the fur. She was groaning and moaning louder as she sped up her pace.

She continued stroking his penis shaft with her finger and palm pads, squeezing or rubbing the tip or occasionally squeezing the painful mass. This new feeling, this 'pleasure', kept building within him and caused some muscles to tense and relax with each pass of her hand along his penis.

"Ee...hah...eventually you'll f-feel...hah-hah...like someth-thing clenching w-within you," she spoke through moans and breathing. "Let me...heh-hah...know w-when you f-feel this."

"Yeah."

The pace of her actions on his knee and his penis slowly began to match. He could feel like something was building inside his pelvis, but he wasn't sure if that's exactly what she was referring to.

"You're do-doing real g-good, sweetie," she said comfortingly as her fingers worked. "When-when that tight-t feeling feels like it can't g-get any tighter," she said and groaned. She moaned and breathed a few times. "Thrust your hips as f-far as you can i-into my hand. Okay, sw-sweetie?"

She began to moan with every other breath out. It felt like she stopped moving the hot, wet spot as he couldn't feel the motion on top of his fur. It did feel like her hand was wiggling.

Her grip on his penis increased a little bit. It felt like the skin of his penis was stretching with her hand movement. It both felt very 'pleasure' and slightly painful. Not because it hurt, but because it made his penis throb and spasm

She let out a long moan as she smashed that hot, wet, slimy spot into his knee and her head slid down his shoulder. He wasn't sure if they were feeling the same thing, but he felt that 'pleasure' rapidly growing inside of him making him want to pull his hips back.

"Shari," he whined as it felt like his groin was going to explode.

Both of them seemed to stop breathing at the same time. She snapped her hand from his knee and slapped his back with her claws digging in as her teeth again dug into his shoulder.

He grit his teeth and it felt like his face was imploding with how hard he was scrunching his eyes. His body tensed up and his claws stuttered as they scratched the wall.

She removed her teeth and quickly whined, "Let it go," and latched back on to his shoulder.

Her hand moved along his shaft as he thrust his hips forward. He grunted heavily as her hand squeezed behind his painful mass like she did before. She whined and violently shuddered against his knee, her claws dragged down his back and her teeth sank further into his shoulder. Each time he thrust into her hand, his penis would throb and spasm. It felt like a wave started in his back side and traveled to the end of his penis - sending something hot and thicker than his pee through it.

After a few moments of this strange release, they both breathed quickly and heavily as if they'd ran and were coming down from the high. He clenched and forced his hips into her hand one last time as the hot sensation moved up his penis and left his body. His penis twitched rapidly, then throbbed slower and slower until it stopped.

He felt her claws leave his flesh. Heat and pain replaced them. Her teeth slid from in his shoulder. A similar feeling washed over his shoulder, but her breath caused a cooling sensation to pass over the area when she breathed in. The hot, wet, slimy area slid off of his knee as she stepped back. Her hands moved from where they were and wrapped around his neck. She pulled him in tight, but not in a harmful way.

"Thank you," he thought he heard her whisper as she nuzzled against his head.

"What...ha-haaah was that?" He asked as he felt his breathing and heart rate slow down. His body tingled and his penis ached in a way that he could only describe as 'pleasure'.

"Orgasm, sweetie," she breathed up toward his ear. "One of the greatest feelings in the world," she quietly said in his ear.

Her hot breath passed over his ear causing him to shiver. He felt like he'd never felt before. He felt her soft chest pressing against his. He smelled her scent. Her strong arms holding him...embracing him. He felt...at peace.