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

Chapter 25. "I'm In Your Care"

"Seppo's coming."

Shari pulled away from him. "How can you tell *he's* coming, but not my irritating sister?"

"I don't know her footsteps that well," he said as he watched her leave the room.

Seppo was there to install the handles to the room and the bath. While Shari was busy with instructions, Vilkas picked up the workbook and continued through the vocabulary. He began to read - still slowly - the history of Dalry and the neighboring cities with a focus on Namal Lu at the end - with it being the capital of the area.

"So, is he sleeping in your bed now," Seppo hushedly said playfully.

"No," Shari hissed. "He's there because I didn't want him sitting in sweaty sheets after the bath this morning. Alida should be coming over after dinner to replace the sheets."

"So you're bathing him, but not sleeping with him?" Seppo taunted.

"If you weren't doing this for free, I'd punch you," Shari retorted with annoyance.

Seppo chuckled. "I won't overstay my welcome, then. Continue getting better, ystävä!" He called out.

"Thank you, Seppo!" Vilkas called back.

"Thank you, Seppo," Shari said. It sounded like they hugged. "Until we meet again."

"Likewise. Bye then, ystävä!"

“Bye, Seppo!”

#####

Over the next few days, Vilkas was stuck in the cot unless Shari helped him to the washroom for relief or a bath. He did see the flowers he got her in a vase on the dining table. Meals were all served to him in the bed. Shari added some more light exercises to his daily plan along with the breathing exercises. They were to keep his mobility, flexibility and strength. As he healed, she was going to implement more.

With no complications in his recovery, Shari told him she was going to start traveling for work. Alida was going to be coming and staying with him throughout the day and Nir or Seppo stayed for the nights. Alida was given instructions to make certain meals so that Vilkas was getting certain nutrients to aid in the healing of his bones.

Nir stopped by the first night for his bath. Even with Vilkas' stitches out of his chest, he was still forbidden from moving too much. Alida was a strong woman, but not physically strong if something were to happen. Nir looked uncomfortable, but he didn't run away. Nir had a towel firmly wrapped around his waist. He was every bit wiry as Vilkas expected.

“It has to be done. It's not a big deal, right? We're both guys. No funny stuff here,” Nir said, trying to be calm and sound brave through his nervousness.

“We both know Shari will be angry if I twist or turn and reinjure myself. We don't have to like it. We just have to do it. She'll be just as mad if she gets back and I have those sores she told me about,” Vilkas stated.

Vilkas undid his undergarment and waited for Nir to help remove it. Nir grabbed the cloth and closed his eyes as he tried to remove them. It took much longer than when Shari did it.

“You can't keep your eyes closed the entire time,” Vilkas mentioned.

“I know. Just...trying to be respectful,” Nir squeaked out.

Vilkas maneuvered onto the stool. Nir finally opened his eyes. Vilkas saw them immediately look down between his legs. Nir snapped upright as he looked at the treated wall behind Vilkas. For some reason, Nir dropped his hand that was holding the washcloth to cover himself as if exposed.

“Everything alright?”

“Y-yeah. J-just...i-i-it’s nothing.”

Nir doused and lathered and rinsed as Shari instructed. When it was time to clean down there, Nir’s eyes kept darting and his hands were shaking.

“You’re making *me* nervous.”

“I-I-I...s-s-sorry,” Nir stammered as his hand began to soap up Vilkas’ thighs.

“Shit!” Vilkas screamed in his head. “His shaking is making this harder not to...” He grit his teeth, clenched his fist and screamed vocabulary and history in his head to take his mind off of things. “Please stop shaking!” He finally yelled.

“I’m sorry!” Nir yelled back, taking his hand with the cloth away and squeezing his eyes shut while clenching his fists by his chest. “It’s making me feel insecure about myself!”

“What does that even mean!?”

“Every time I look at it, I feel like a twig to a trunk! I keep imagining Val leaving me if she saw this thing! A-and it’s kinda weird!”

“First of all, it’s not a monster! Second of all, she’ll never see it! AND HOW IS IT WEIRD!?”

Nir’s eyes flew open as he stood with a strange expression of bravery and anger on his face. He lifted his towel to reveal his own penis. A dark tuft of fur hovered over a fleshy looking mushroom stalk with a fleshy pouch underneath.

“YOURS LOOKS WEIRD!” Vilkas yelled as he looked at him in anger. “WHY DID YOU SHOW ME!? PUT IT AWAY, PERVERT!”

Nir’s eyes went ablaze as he let go of the towel and held the washcloth up in a tight fist. Soap suds fell to the floor as his fist trembled. “I’LL SHOW YOU PERVERT, FREAK!”

Nir knelt back down and violently scrubbed Vilkas’ thighs up to his groin. “AH! AH! AH! STOP IT!” He yipped as he flinched with every motion towards or near his penis.

“Are you boys having fun in here?”

Nir and Vilkas shot their gaze at the entrance to the washroom. Alida stood there with squinted eyes, her hand over her mouth as she chuckled.

“You’re both weird,” she said and chuckled again before walking back towards the kitchen.

They looked back at each other with blank stares.

“S...sorry,” Nir said quietly.

“Yeah. Sorry,” he said back just as quiet.

The rest of the washing was more gentle and it was *very* quiet in the room.

#####

Days went by. Shari took off his cast and removed the stitching. She mentioned the cast would be cut off and replaced a few times because the swelling had gone down causing it to be loose, then just to clean the leg itself.

Weeks went by. New exercises were given to Vilkas. When Shari was home, she continued to cook for and wash him. She talked about her work while keeping it generally vague unless she complained about someone. He would update her on how he was feeling that day. She would ask him if he remembered certain events that came up in the book. They would discuss his actions and how to approach those situations next time. He was surprised at how much he recalled outside of the battles themselves.

When she left, Alida continued to cook and Nir bathed him. A few times, Seppo bathed him. There weren't any nervous or strange interactions with him. He was very professional about it. Other than the initial “Shari mentioned you had feral traits” line.

After about six weeks, Vilkas didn't feel any more pain in his chest. He was given more exercises, but still told to remain in bed and washed by hand.

Two months had gone by. Shari said his ribs should be healed since there was no pain when she pressed into certain spots or when he moved and breathed. While he was glad Nir and Seppo wouldn't be washing him, they were still around when he stood to wash his backside. It was for the best, but he missed Shari washing him.

She took off his cast and a splint replaced it. He was still forbidden from walking on it, but she gave him crutches so that he could move around and get some of his strength back. Even more stretches and exercises were implemented to prepare him for walking.

While Alida brought over workbooks or he occupied his time with reading and the exercises, he was becoming restless. His irritation from wanting to itch his leg was relieved, but it was still irritating and difficult to itch through the fabric of the splint. He was even more restless on the days the house smelled like pine. Even harder than staving off his arousal was trying to ignore the sounds coming from Shari's room at night.

After about another month, Shari returned from her latest journey and bid Alida farewell, then immediately filled the house with the pine smell. She came into the room and greeted him while munching on a sandwich she had made. It was after dinner so she must've been hungry. They talked about her work as she unpacked her supply bag to restock her cupboard. She put away her travel kit and they talked about his leg. She took off the splint and tested his leg for pain with direct contact and by pressing against his foot at various angles.

"Okay. So there's no pain," she said as she placed his foot down on the cot. She held a serious face. "I'm putting the splint back on. You're going to be allowed very light contact with the floor. You're still bound to the crutches. Be sure to put the weight on the crutches *first*, *then* light pressure on your foot. After about another month or so, you should be able to walk around with just the splint." She looked uneasy for a moment. "I'm still hesitant about letting you walk on it with your size and the way it broke, but you do seem to heal fast. There will still be no twisting or turning with your foot planted, but normal walking might be okay."

"That's great news," Vilkas said with relief.

"Yes. It is," Shari said, sadness creeping into her voice. "I can tell how restless you've been getting. You've been moving around a lot more and," she said, then looked as if she were scanning the cot, "You're shedding." She moved her widened eyes up to his. "Like, a lot." It looked like she was thinking while a grin stole her lips. "I'm going to get changed. Meet me out in the dining area."

He wasn't certain - with how he couldn't read all of her mannerisms - but he thought he saw her wink and bite her lip on her way out. Vilkas shrugged it off and stood from the cot. He grabbed the crutches and moved out to the dining area to wait for her.

She used the washroom and zipped into her room. She came out of the bedroom wearing only her undergarments. She moved into the exam room and walked out with the stool in her hands. She walked in the washroom and came out with a towel. He pried his eyes off of the pink fabric contrasting her fur and stared at the floor. She flipped out and laid down the towel, then placed the stool in the center of it. She gently patted the seat as she walked past him, tracing her finger across his lower back.

He leaned the crutches against the side of the table and hopped over to the stool. He sat on the stool and stared at the table as she rummaged around some of his gifts. She walked over with a swing in her step and placed down a large wooden box. He remembered that it contained various tools for grooming fur.

Shari turned towards him with a strange look. He remembered a similar look she'd given him. His heart began to pound slowly in his chest and he tried to look in her direction without looking *at* her. That look frightened him.

She stepped jaggedly at him - her hips swaying causing her fluffed-out tail to swing with each foot rising and falling in an overexaggerated manner. She leaned in and grabbed the string to his undergarment with her right hand and yanked it while turning her whole body. She reached out with her left hand and tapped under his chin.

He turned his muzzle up to look in her eyes. Her bottom lip was pulled inside of her mouth with her top right fang visible and pressed into it. Her pupils were wide for it not being very dark. Her eyes were narrowed as if determined with a glint to them. Her nostrils pulled in and flared out with every heave of her chest.

She breathed in through her teeth and reached down, grabbed his hand and pulled him to his foot. He slightly swayed as she planted her mandible against his chest and reached around while staring into his eyes. Her eyes were still narrowed, but she now pressed both of her top fangs into her bottom lip. She unbuttoned his tail free and slipped a finger from each hand into the top. She slid her fingers around the hem to the front where she pulled it out and slid the undergarment down. She rocked her head back as she bent over.

He flinched as her neck pressed against the tip of his engorging penis. He felt uncomfortable. He looked over at the wash basin as he desperately tried to calm down as the discomfort turned into fear. Fear someone would walk in on whatever this was. Fear it would be her father again. It was even more difficult to calm down as he felt her hot breath pass over the exposed flesh. He clenched his jaw and stabbed his claws into

his palm pad almost to the point of drawing blood. His breathing was ragged and he could hear his heart pound in his ears.

She pulled his left foot free of the cloth and finally stood. He breathed out with relief as cool air rushed over his aching groin. It was a blessing and a curse. She wasn't down there, but he was getting more aroused by the temperature change.

"Now sit-ah," Shari whispered as she pressed her palms into his shoulders and dragged them down his chest.

He slowly dipped until he made contact with the stool. Shari pulled his right foot free from the fabric and held the garment in both hands. She snapped it causing him to jerk upright in the seat. She carefully placed the item over his increasingly painful erection. It wasn't as painful as in the tub, but it was close. The fabric irritated the sensitive tip causing him to clench his abdominal and pelvic muscles. It didn't feel good, but he could breathe easy knowing the pleasure was fading from it.

Shari turned and moved to the box on the table. She pulled out a pair of scissors and a thin metal object with a lot of pointed-looking ends sticking out from one side with the other side flat. She placed both objects in her left hand and sauntered around him, her tail patting his chest on her way by. She ran her hand through his hair.

"Definitely time to trim this," she muttered in a sultry voice.

She began humming as she combed and cut the black strands between his ears. As she ran her soft pads against his scalp, he began to finally calm down. The tightness in his jaw, hand, chest and groin faded. He closed his eyes and relaxed with her soft touch and her soothing humming.

Her combing and snipping slowed. She would run her fingers through his hair, then snip. Fingers...snip...fingers...snip. She ran her fingers through one last time, then rubbed his head. She brushed her hand over the back of his neck and shoulders.

She came back into view as her tail tapped his back. She set the objects back into the case and brought out a wooden paddle that had slender nails sticking out of it. His eyes widened at the thoughts he envisioned for *that* torture device.

"Relax, Dari. It's just a brush. This will get all the clumps of fur out of your coat." She appeared to think for a second. "Not sure how I feel about 'Dari'. 'Jus' sounds too much like a macho 'yes'. I'll think on that one."

He shook his head slightly as she stepped in front of him. She placed her palms on her knees as she bent over. His glance dropped for a split second at the view she gave him. She giggled. He blushed at the thought that he shouldn't have been seen doing that.

"Yet another feral trait we found." Her eyes looked up at the ceiling and she scrunched her eyes. "We still shed. Don't get me wrong." She looked back at him with narrowed eyes. "You're practically molting, though," she whispered and scrunched her face with a forced smile. Her face returned to normal.

She tapped her nose against his and stood straight. She resumed her humming as she ran the brush over his head. She rubbed her free hand over where she brushed. She delicately brushed his cheeks and smoothed them out. She bent slightly and brushed his neck. She slipped around to his back and started brushing his shoulders, then his back. She went over his back several times and then slid her hand down from his shoulders to the top of his rump.

"This might hurt a little," she said apologetically.

She wrapped her soft, slender fingers around the ruined tip of his tail causing him to shiver with a deep breath in. She giggled and began to hum as the brush passed over the oddly sensitive shaft. Several times he cringed when the brush caught in the fur. It was surprisingly painful. She lifted his tail and began to brush the underside. The brush caught even more on this side. It was more painful, too. Along with the cringe, he felt his jaw clench and he sharply sucked in air through his teeth. She grabbed the base of his tail and pulled her hand along the length making the process worth it as he felt his body melt and the air leave his lungs. She gripped near the end of his tail and brushed the stump.

He felt the urge to look over his shoulder when he felt her passing her finger over the nub.

"This looks awful," she murmured. "I guess I never thought to look over this."

She passed her finger over it and pressed against it. He felt his butt clench as a shiver danced up his back.

"I can feel the bone through the thin skin at the tip," she muttered. "Did this affect your balance or anything?"

“No. I actually felt lighter, I suppose. Didn’t put much thought into it. The before and after, that is.”

“Huh. Well, it’s an extension of your spine. I’m sure it hurt something awful.”

“It hurt more when the party I was with heated up a dagger and pressed it...”

“No-no-no-no-no-no-no! That’s enough!” Shari exclaimed in a higher pitch. “OH GAH!” She exclaimed and audibly shivered.

He could feel her shiver through his tail. Like a wave, it traveled through his tail and up his spine.

“Well I don’t have to do much to your chest so I’ll do your arms next. Then I’ll get your legs and have you stand. Kay?”

“Yeah. Sounds good.”

He knew it was coming, but he wasn’t sure she would go as far as to comb and trim his rear...or the front. He felt another shiver pass up his spine as she grabbed his right arm and resumed humming.

She passed the brush through the fur of his arm from shoulder to wrist, then the pit and his side. She moved around to his other side - her tail sliding against his back. She repeated the process on this side, then moved to his front. She lowered herself to her knees and looked up at him. The awkward was beginning to return. She pressed her hand against the outside of his left knee and brushed his thigh. She moved from hip to knee. She moved the brush to the top of his thigh and brushed to his knee. She carefully held his hock in her palm as she brushed under his thigh and the back of his calf. She placed his foot down gently and repeated the whole process on the right side.

She stood and looked at him. “I’ll do all the...” She glanced down at the fabric covering his groin, then back to his eyes. “...Standing stuff last. Make it easy on you.”

She turned and placed the brush on the table. She reached in the box and pulled out a paddle with bristles on it. She hummed as she brushed everything again. She remained on her knees for a moment in silence as she looked up at him.

“Do you mind if I trim you? It’s only going to get hotter. It might feel good to have a thinner coat. The soap we use is designed to replenish essential oils in our fur, but if

you have a feeling of dry skin, I can get some oil and grease you up-uh.” Her lips popped on the last word.

He had always cut his own hair with his sword or had someone slice it for him. He just pulled off the clumps of fur when he shed. This treatment was all new.

“Let’s try it. I’ve never had it done before.”

“Oh goody,” Shari whispered with glee with a toothy grin. She stood and placed the brush on the table. “I’ve never used this thing before.”

She reached in the box and pulled out a unique contraption. She held it out so he could look at it. It had a handle with a large finger grip similar to a brawler’s metal knuckle. He’d seen some parrying daggers that had enclosed fingers like this. It had metal gear-like wheels. It had a comb-like rake on the ‘front’. On top of that were two jagged metal plates like saw blades.

“Don’t ask me how it works. I just know that when the wheel turns, the fun begins.”

She passed her hand across the gear wheel. Sure enough, the top metal plate would rock side to side. He was beginning to think this wasn’t a good idea.

“I’ll show you how it works. It won’t cut too close. The wheel is lined up with the handle so it cuts even on the majority of parts. Other parts, you have to trust the scoopy comb. Even if you press it down, it won’t cut deep. If you don’t, it’ll cut short and leave it longer than the rest. But...anyway...” She placed it on his right arm by his wrist. “If it doesn’t work, I’ll use the scissors.”

She pushed the contraption along his wrist and up his forearm. As it moved, the comb caught the fur and pulled it up. The fur collected in front of the saw and was clipped. The clipped fur passed over the top of the saw and the remaining fell through the comb.

“That was kinda cool,” Shari gushed.

She rubbed her hand over the clipped portion. It was surprisingly even with how diabolical the thing looked.

“Seppo said he spends about a week making one of these. Sharpening each individual part of the thing that cuts takes a day on its own. Assembling it takes another.

He has tools to punch out the moving parts. Other parts, he has to make by hand. He showed it all to me as he was making one. It was fascinating. Don't get me wrong, Ularn is smart. Seppo's mind is a different kind of smart. Regardless, let's get this done."

Shari trimmed his arm and his side, then the other side. She passed it over his shoulders and neck. She pushed it up to his cheek and stopped. She passed her hand over his cheek and seemed to nod. It was a slow process, but he felt confident she'd be thorough and not leave anything looking silly.

She grabbed his tail and started trimming around it, then up his back.

"Huh," Shari suddenly said as she stopped.

She ran her hand over the last part she trimmed.

"Eh? What's 'huh'?" He tensed up for the worst.

"I'm not sure. It's kind of strange. I never noticed this before. I've never purposely ran my hand opposite of how your fur grows, so I wouldn't have, I suppose. I've only trimmed your front. It's definitely not noticeable on the other side." Shari ran her hand through his fur up his back. "No. Can't really see it."

"See what? You're making me feel concerned."

"I'm not sure how to explain it. It's like some of your main coat is bi-color or two-tone. It has a dark end and a lighter base. Like the color of your chest and stomach. So I'm wondering, if your undercoat grows longer in the winter..." She was quiet again as she kept passing her hand through his fur.

"Is it weird or...well, I guess you already cut some of it so stopping now will definitely make it look strange."

"Look," Shari said and held up a clipping. "See what I mean?"

The end of the follicle was indeed dark with it getting lighter at the clipped end. "Is that weird?" He genuinely asked.

"Not really. But..."

"But what?" Shari began to trim more. It only made him feel even more afraid. "Is this the 'anxious' she feels?" He thought.

"There's...like a pattern."

"Shari, I'm dying a little inside. What pattern?"

Shari trimmed and trimmed. He felt his hand tremble. "Why do I care? Is it just because she's looking at it? How strange," he thought, then tried to calm down.

"Darijus," Shari said and passed both of her hands through his noticeably thinner back fur.

"Shari, I'm trying not to get angry here. Please tell me what's going on."

"It's like...wings."

"What?" He asked with irritation.

"I could be wrong. It *is* a pattern of sorts. But it starts here," she said and placed her finger by his shoulder blade close to his spine. "And it goes like this."

She traced her finger up to his shoulder, arched over and down by his side and down by his lower back. She flicked her finger along his lower back towards his spine. She placed her finger up a bit and traced her finger back up to just under his shoulder blade.

"It's the same on the other side. Like it's mirrored. Mirrored patterns aren't uncommon. It doesn't look strange." She was quiet for a second. "From back here, it kind of does look like wings. I mean, it's like seeing shapes in clouds, but this is what I see."

"So it's not strange or silly?" He genuinely asked as he glanced over his shoulder. She was standing back by the door.

"No. I think it's pretty, er, handsome."

"I can't see it so I'll take your word for it," he said and looked back at the wash basin.

"I can't help this. Pardon me," she said and ran her fingers along his back.

Several times she traced her finger through the same way she showed him, then in reverse. She even traced both sides at the same time. It was about as clear as mud to him, but he enjoyed the sensation.

“Sorry,” Shari breathed out.

She went over to the table and grabbed the scissors. She returned behind him and grabbed his tail. She snipped fur and moved his tail several times.

“Just evening it out. Nothing drastic.”

After she was satisfied, she came to his front and began to trim his legs from around his hock to his knees. She lifted each leg and did the back up to the knee as well. She held his leg out straight so she could trim his knees and exposed thighs.

That just meant two places left. He knew he would feel strange with her looking at his poop producer, but he hoped maybe it would gross her out and they could skip anything too lewd.

She placed the tools on the table and grabbed one of his crutches.

“Put this on the right side and put your weight into it, then lift your leg. Not too far, though,” she instructed.

She grabbed all of the tools and walked behind him. He stood and leaned on the crutch, then lifted his leg.

Shari giggled. “Not that far,” she said and placed her hand on his thigh. “About....here.” She stopped his leg until his left foot hovered off the floor a few inches. “I’ll try to be quick.”

She brushed, brushed, trimmed and brushed again. She began to use the scissors. He felt the area she was cutting. It was directly under his tail and she was moving closer to his crack. She stopped, then began to trim from the bottom to the top of the crevice.

“I’ve already seen it. It’s black so it’s hard to see. Most bits like this are the same color as the pads on your hands and feet.” She snipped a few more times. “Mine is none of your business, pervert.”

“Now, I’m thinking about it,” he muttered. “Thanks.”

"I can lose these scissors. You'd be surprised how stretchy it is," she hissed evilly.

"Surprisingly, that information makes me more curious than the color of your..."

"Just know that people are strange. It falls under the 'fetish' category, I suppose. I'm not shaming the idea of thrill or pleasure-seeking. Just know that if it goes in, it should come out just as easy. I have to ask and regret it one out of ten times. I mean, how else do you get wood splinters..."

"Please stop," he said flatly.

Shari chuckled as she snipped again. His right armpit and foot were starting to ache. He wondered if that was all she was going to do. It wasn't as if his fur was long down there. Though, he didn't think his rear needed trimmed.

That was forgotten when he felt a slight weight lift.

"Hah," he breathed and teetered on the crutch when soft, slender fingers and soft, squishy finger pads lifted up his testes.

"Don't want to damage these," she said quietly, her tone very erotic.

"No. S'pose not," he spit with wide eyes burning the image of the dish drying rack into his brain.

He grit his teeth and clenched his hand around the shaft of the crutch. He breathed in through his nose and clenched his abs while breathing slowly out of his mouth. Although it felt like she squeezed or jostled him in her palm, he immediately passed it off as her arm was getting tired.

She was finally done with the brushing and trimming.

"Let go anytime now," he thought as she used her hand to brush off her detailing.

"Alright," she said and slid her fingers against his sensitive pouch. She moved the stool behind him. "Sit. I'm sure you're feeling it."

"I can't deny feeling *that*," he thought as he placed the crutch back by the table. "Yeah. I do feel a bit lighter," he said, making his way back to the stool. He glanced down and felt a bit at ease that his penis wasn't out very far from the sheath.

Shari moved the grooming tools by his left foot. "Well, just look around you."

There was, indeed, a large pile of fur surrounding him. It reminded him of a woodcarver he watched once. The large bull hacked at a thick chunk of a tree with hatchets for about an hour. Then he used a dagger to smooth the rough edges and put details on a bear cub. The pile around the stump looked about like this. That boy that took it home was pleased with it.

"Now for the tricky part."

He looked at her with wide eyes. "Tricky...part?"

She grinned evilly at him as she snipped the air above her hand.

He closed his eyes and loosed a heavy sigh. "You've already seen it, I guess," he begrudgingly said and exhaled fully. He moved his right leg to the side first, then used his hand to lift and set down his left leg. He brought his trembling hand behind his back and grabbed the base of his tail. He swallowed and took a breath. He looked at her with a stone face. "I'm in your care."

[Shari](#) belongs to [Celeste](#)