

The Princess and the Rat

By Abe E Seedy

Princess Cecilia stopped marching, catching her breath against one of the many trees growing along the path. "When the farmers complained that Awakened foliage was destroying their crops, I was not prepared for the dangerous plants to be *quite* so far away."

Behind her, Scarlet finished picking something from between her teeth before answering. "If you didn't want the walk, we could've just taken the gig to clear out the rats. The granaries were right there."

Even through her thick armour, Scarlet could see Cecilia's spine stiffen. She turned back to face her, a pained expression on her face. "Oh, no, I couldn't possibly. How could I ask you to do that? I mean, surely that would be..."

She left the question hanging, and eventually her earnestness wore Scarlet down. "We wouldn't have had to kill them", she admitted with a sigh. "I would've just told them to leave."

"Oh!" Somehow, Cecilia found a way to get even stiffer, presumably in a deeply-trained aristocratic response to being wrong-footed. "Well. Perhaps we can do that as well, on the way back."

"Uh-huh", Scarlet answered flatly. "Well, until then, I believe we have more walking to do, your majesty." That last part was added with a quiet amount of venom, pinching out the waist of her leathers to give as much of a curtsy as she could to bring the point home.

To her credit, Cecilia let the jab pass. She started off forwards without complaint, leaving Scarlet to once again narrow her eyes in suspicion at her new partner. This woman was just impossible to figure out. What was she, eighth in line to the local throne or something? And yet, despite having enough money that she could lace doilies all day and still eat full meals, she was out here on some random dirt path, a fully sworn-in Paladin of the Moon. What being a Paladin meant exactly wasn't clear, but the Moon goddess provoked enough grudging respect that she'd agreed to work with her. The Clan didn't agree on a lot of things, but the fact that the Moon was important was hard to argue with.

Besides, for all her fancy airs and graces, Cecilia looked like she could actually take care of herself. You couldn't tell where she ended and the full plate armour she was wearing began, but anyone that could still carry herself upright under all that metal had to be a bit more competent than your average royal. Scarlet herself was whip-thin and wiry, more inclined to dodge a blow than to take it head-on, so having someone to hide behind if arrows started flying certainly had some appeal. That said, the *real* reason she'd agreed to this was because no bandit would ever attack them if a Princess of the Realm was around. Anyone smart enough to hold a weapon would be too smart to bring that kind of heat down on themselves, she'd thought. Although in retrospect, she hadn't quite realised how that would give them only bottom-of-the-barrel jobs like this, as no peasant in their right mind would dare to be responsible for sending a royal into genuine danger.

By the time they made camp at nightfall, Scarlet was beginning to suspect even this easy quest was a fake. Why bother finding an actually safe task when you could just ask the Princess to take a long hike through empty woods? Thinking about it now, that *had* to be true. Who ever heard of magical plants that ate other plants anyway?

"You starting to think this might be nothing?", she ventured.

Cecilia was tending the fire, her helmet on the ground beside her but otherwise still in her full suit. She nodded wordlessly for a moment, her long blonde hair spilling out of the neck of her armour. Somehow, despite all the hiking they'd done today, it still shone. Scarlet scratched at her muddy brown hair reflexively. Must be nice.

"It's possible we missed them. Awakened plants can hide themselves away if they feel threatened", Cecilia answered.

This earned a dry laugh from Scarlet. "Neat trick. That way when we come back the farmers can just argue we scared them off, and we'll have no way of proving them wrong."

Taking her own seat by the fire, she stretched her hands out towards its warmth. "Ah well. I guess at least we'll still get paid."

"We shouldn't be, if we haven't done the job."

Even though she said it emotionlessly, that was the closest to a negative reaction Scarlet had heard from Cecilia this whole time. She couldn't resist making the wound a little deeper. "Why not? I woulda figured getting paid for doing no work is perfect for a royal like you."

She'd been bracing herself for an argument, maybe even a punch or two if that finally made her snap, but instead Cecilia just gave her a look. She wasn't mad, she was sad. Disappointed. Not in Scarlet even, but from the way her eyes were staring ten feet behind her and her breath came out in one long, low sigh, she could tell it was something much less direct. Disappointment in herself that Scarlet would still think that of her, or maybe sadness that it wasn't an unfair comment.

Scarlet could handle a punch, but that look hit her in the gut in a way that felt worse. Was she really feeling sorry for a royal? Inspiring that sort of sympathy must be the one real thing the job prepares them for.

"I suppose you're right", Cecilia answered ruefully. She paused for a moment and looked up at the dark night sky, giving Scarlet the time to recover her composure. This was just a simple job. All she needed to do was babysit this Princess through her temper tantrum, and then she'd have a big payday to bring back to the Clan.

Scarlet put her mask of resigned indifference back on just in time for Cecilia to fix her with a wistful stare. "It's just... do you ever feel like everyone in your life has been carefully coached to give you as little resistance as possible?"

In that moment, Scarlet found herself thinking back to the all-day, 'friendly' brawls that sometimes swept up and down the Clan's den. "No. No I do not", she answered.

If that came across as dismissive, Cecilia was apparently too lost in her own thoughts to notice. "I just wish we'd been given a chance to *try*. By all accounts the Awakened plants should be right around here, but there's nothing out of the ordinary."

She waved her armoured hand, brushing over the leaves of the motionless shrubbery that surrounded them. Clearly she meant to say something further, but stopped when those leaves visibly flinched, pulling back suddenly from her fingertips. Instantly Scarlet had a dagger in her hand, glaring menacingly at the nearest tree, but Cecilia just seemed confused.

"Wait, it *is* here? But..." She paused, leaning closer to the foliage only to have it recoil backwards an equal amount. Finally, she rolled her eyes and sighed loudly. "Are even the *plants* in on this?"

She gave a petulant swipe at the undergrowth, but this time the leaves parted to reveal a swollen bulb that suddenly burst at her touch. A thick yellow cloud filled the air, making Cecilia pitch backwards with a startled cry.

Scarlet was caught with her weight on both feet, torn between lunging at the plant and breaking Cecilia's fall. The burst of flame as the Paladin's heavily-armoured body went right through the campfire made up her mind for her, the animated plant retreating silently into the darkness as Scarlet rushed to help her companion.

Thankfully for both of them Cecilia's armour kept her safe, and the campfire even managed to survive their impact enough to keep things visible in the moonless night. That said, Cecilia wasn't in any condition to see as her eyes were screwed up tight, her hand waving desperately in front of her face as she coughed and spluttered. Scarlet caught her flailing arm and stilled it, trying to soothe her but mostly just fighting to avoid getting pulled off her feet by Cecilia's surprising strength. "Easy, easy, it's okay."

"Poison!", Cecilia gasped. "It poisoned me!"

Scarlet's nose twitched. "Mmm, I'm pretty sure it's just pollen. You'll be fine."

She went to pull her up, but it was like trying to lift a brick building. Her feet skidded in the dirt, then Cecilia's eyes suddenly burst open and fixed her with another piercing look.

"You have to bite me", she said quickly.

If she hadn't still been holding Cecilia's hand Scarlet probably would have fallen over herself. "What? Why?"

"It's the only way! You're immune to poison, right? If you spread that to me, then this will be powerless, and I'll be fine!"

No matter how much her heart was racing, Scarlet forced herself to take a slow, deep breath. Sometimes the constant vigilance was helpful, but you'd never make your way in the world if you couldn't shout down the constant urge to flee. At least being so used to panic meant it was easy to recognise in others, and she'd wound up with a lot of useful coping strategies.

Shifting her footing, Scarlet put both hands on Cecilia's before pushing it back against her chest. She concentrated on projecting stillness, forcing the toppled princess to stop thrashing and focus instead on her own breathing.

It took some time, but eventually Cecilia calmed down and sat up. "Uh, sorry", she said sheepishly. "It's just..."

Scarlet held up her palms. "Let's... take a moment. I'm going to get the fire going properly again, and then we can sit down and talk through some things."

"Yes", Cecilia answered softly. "That sounds good, thank you."

For a long time, Scarlet simply tended the fire. She figured that facing away from Cecilia might give her more of a chance to recover herself, but eventually the silence stretched out so long that she decided she'd have to be the one to break it.

"So...", Scarlet prompted.

"So", came Cecilia's muffled answer.

"Did you always have that plan in mind when you hired me?"

Cecilia's response was pained. "I... *tried* not to. But by the time I'd gone through the list of available mercenaries and bribed the guild not to pass your full details along to my family, I... I don't know. It wasn't the plan, but I'd gotten so invested in it that it also couldn't *not* be the plan."

Now Scarlet turned to face her, intending to make eye contact to judge her expression, only to discover that her voice was muffled because Cecilia was sitting with her knees pulled up to cover her face. "Why?"

There was a long sigh. "Well, at least that's simple. I wanted an escape." She corrected herself before Scarlet could object. "No, that's not right. I wanted something that was *mine*. Something interesting and exciting to carry with me, even through all the tedium and ceremonies of the palace."

Scarlet scoffed. "And you thought becoming a wererat would be that for you?"

Something in her tone made Cecilia look up. Scarlet had expected her to be on the verge of tears, but instead her expression was almost wistful, as though she was only reluctantly leaving a comforting daydream.

"Why not?", she answered. "The Moon goddess teaches us to experience and honour change, but my family is determined to keep everything exactly the same forever. I was only able to join the Order because I have so many older siblings that everyone agreed it just made the titles and formalities easier. And even then I am expected to be the quiet religious ornament, present but not a problem, practised but never in peril."

She was so genuinely sad that it was hard for Scarlet not to feel for her. But then her eyes fell on the jewel-encrusted hilt of her sword, and that sympathy fell away.

"You'll forgive me if I don't feel bad for you, your highness. I'm sorry if your family is *too* rich and comfortable, but some of us have to stab monsters in a sewer for a living."

Once again she didn't rise to the bait, which made it irritatingly hard to stay mad.

"I understand", she said softly. "I didn't mean for this to be your problem. I admit I..."

She looked away, and Scarlet fancied she could see just the hint of a blush on her cheeks behind the locks of her hair. "...I allowed myself to think that it could be just a trifling thing for you. Nothing you needed to care about or maintain, but a passing moment that would leave you with an interesting story and a heavier wallet."

There were a lot of implications in that speech, and Scarlet wasn't confident enough in her situation to tease them all out right now. Instead, she decided to cut through to the heart of the matter to put this all to rest.

"It doesn't matter anyway. It wouldn't have worked." She moved to crouch next to Cecilia, then continued as she saw her confusion. "Bites only take in the light of the full moon. So unless you were expecting to do this again in a few weeks..."

Cecilia seemed genuinely shocked. "Oh! I hadn't known."

"Yeah well..." Scarlet went to put her hand on the princesses shoulder, but caught herself before the Clan's habit of casual closeness got her into trouble. "We don't exactly advertise it. Better to keep people guessing about what we can and can't do, that's the Clan's policy"

"Ah", Cecilia answered distantly. "A mystery. I would have liked a mystery like that."

Somehow she was just so earnest that Scarlet couldn't help but look away. Casual closeness was one thing, but this was a vulnerability she couldn't understand. It made the ground beneath her feet feel unsteady, and she couldn't tell if it was exciting or worrying.

Thankfully, Cecilia broke the silence before she had to decide. "In any case, I believe with the Moon goddess' help, we could have made do if we had wanted to."

Scarlet shot her a confused look, but Cecilia had already turned away, bending over to pick up her shield and propping it up so its half-moon emblem was facing just a little away from them. She whispered a few twinkling words, then suddenly that symbol began to glow, eerie white light washing out over the clearing.

Even though Cecilia had been careful to make sure it didn't touch her, Scarlet's whole body began to softly throb. It might not have been from the moon, but that was definitely moonlight.

"As you see", Cecilia added with a shy smile, "the Moon goddess has some favour in this regard."

Scarlet felt the line of tension move up and down her throat as she swallowed heavily. Her teeth itched to be bared, and her nose twitched as though every breath would carry it out towards the princess.

"Ah, fuck", she sighed eventually. "Why not?"

Cecilia looked at her, her expression slowly travelling from confusion to shock. "What? Do you mean... But, why?"

Scarlet shrugged as she stood, feeling the flex of familiar muscles as her body slowly stopped holding back. "It sounds fun", she answered eventually. "Never been someone's fantasy before."

She moved close, and with her arms on each shoulder she turned Cecilia to face her. The shield moved with her, and as it bathed Scarlet in its blissful light her body started to thrum. Cecilia started to say something, but stopped as Scarlet placed a single fingertip on her forehead, shivering slightly as the growing claw pressed into her skin.

With that she fell backwards, but caught herself on her elbows. "Just... uh..." Her cheeks were blushing heavily, and Scarlet was sure she was going to whimper something about not telling her family and keeping this all a private affair. Instead, they were both surprised to hear her say, "...promise you won't be gentle, okay?"

That rocked Scarlet back on her heels, but the moonlight coursing through her blood meant it wasn't hard to tap into the energy needed to get back into control. She just had to let herself slip into the role of the hungry animal, to feel the fur bristling up beneath her clothes and the power that warmed her twitching body. She always had a wiry kind of strength, but now there was a backbone behind it, leading her to lick her lips as she loomed over the prone princess.

"Oh, I think I can promise you that", she hissed.

As though confirming the blessing of the Moon goddess on these proceedings, the shield had stayed propped up when Cecilia fell, and Scarlet was able to continue basking in the

light as her body changed. She spared a few moments to unclip the quick-release straps of her leather armour, trusting that the day would be lucrative enough for her to replace the rest of her clothes. Then she simply pounced, wrapping her clawed hands around Cecilia's shoulders and pushing her the last of the way down to the ground.

She arched her back, feeling that old familiar pull as the moonlight seeped into her skin. It didn't normally come from a shield, true, but it still made her fangs press against her lips as she slipped into another smile.

"You know what I like most?", she growled softly, fighting through a mouth that wanted to reshape itself rather than talk. "It's the tail. It doesn't seem like much, but..."

Her body twitched, pressing Cecilia just a little further down. The princess was looking on open-mouthed, her armour letting her watch on comfortably despite Scarlet shifting to kneel on her chest. For Scalet's part the last of her clothes were quickly torn away as a thick, pink, segmented tail stretched upwards.

"Not only does it feel like... stretching a muscle you've had cramped for too long...", she continued, "but when it grows it always pulls *just right*, exactly where you need it..."

Looking down, Cecilia took in her partner's exposed pussy, now slick from the barely-suppressed tension. A quick squeeze of her shoulder redirected her attention back upwards, and once their eyes met Scarlet slid forwards, leaving behind a glistening trail on the well-polished metal.

The girl beneath her blushed so brightly Scarlet thought she might pass out. Perhaps her armour was merely on loan from the Order, or there was some sacred pride to be gained from keeping it clean. Rising just a little, Scarlet let a thin strand of slickness connect the two of them for a moment, before deliberately rubbing herself over another section of delicate engraving.

Cecilia seemed frozen. Eventually Scarlet exhaled slowly, letting off the pressure as she rose up again. "Perhaps you don't want to ruin your lovely suit?", she prompted.

She was met with a blank look in response, which Scarlet answered by rapping a fist on her pauldron. "You can either take all that expensive armour off now, or you can explain to the Order how it all got torn to pieces."

From the expressions that flashed over Cecilia's face, she genuinely considered it. Somehow that was one of the hottest things so far, seeing this royal Paladin consider if the sex would be better if it messed up her fancy armour. Eventually though, discretion won out and Cecilia began hurriedly shucking off her equipment.

Despite the fact that she'd suggested it, Scarlet was a little disappointed. Maybe next time, she thought, then did a quiet double-take. What next time? Did she really expect she'd allow herself to play the seductress to a pent-up princess again?

The sound of metal hitting the ground brought her back into the moment. Questions like that were for later. Now she had other things to think about.

"I'm, uh, ready", Cecilia said. Her hands were shielding her privates, but she lowered them slowly in an awkward invitation. The first thing Scarlet noticed were the muscles on her chest, surprisingly well-defined amongst the curves her family had clearly been bred for. It looked like she spent most of her spare time working out, and suddenly the animal part of Scarlet's brain wasn't so sure she could win this fight. But, she reassured herself, this wasn't a fight. Or if anything, Cecilia had already lost.

She didn't pounce this time. Instead she took one of Cecilia's hands and pulled her up to her feet, walking her over to a tree that was opposite her propped-up shield. After giving the area a quick sniff to confirm there were no more weird, magical plants around she pushed the princess down against the trunk, leaving her sitting fully enveloped by the moonlight glow. Then she knelt down herself, flexing her claws into the soft grass as they settled a little closer to paws.

"Are you, um, going to bite me now? Is that what-"

Scarlet didn't bother to answer. She'd have struggled to talk clearly even if she'd wanted to, because now that she'd made up her mind the changes were coming hard and fast. In moments her face had stretched outwards into a twitching snout, and she sighed at the comforting weight of her whiskers settling into place. Then, satisfied with her own changes, she moved towards her partner.

Cecilia stiffened as Scarlet swept forwards, then shivered as claws dug into her thighs. Her own hands fell onto Scarlet's back as she sought to get the right angle. And yet, for as much as Cecilia haltingly attempted to guide her into place, Scarlet held back.

There was an urge in all this to be simple. She *could* have just bitten her. Having Cecilia lie in a pool of magical moonlight while she willed the change on might have been enough to make it stick. Then Scarlet could have simply moved on, obligation fulfilled. But she wanted more from this. A royal ally would be a valuable asset, and Scarlet would be lying if she'd said that hadn't crossed her mind. So it'd help to get Cecilia invested, to show her what she could really *get* from her association with the Clan. She'd have to put on a show for the Princess, letting her get something she'd never have in the halls of her castle.

And in the back of her mind, there was something else. She wanted to prove herself. Cecilia was strong, powerful, important - everything Scarlet had never been. And yet the Princess wanted something from *her*. She had to prove that she had something valuable to offer, that her being a wererat was worth all this desire. If she could drive this royal Paladin to her knees, then Cecilia would be in no position to look down on her. All of that together was motivation enough for Scarlet to take her time, leaning on every one of her tricks to provide a truly unforgettable experience.

Bringing her face down the princesses' thighs, she curved her tongue around Cecilia's clit, for now only using her teeth to tease carefully across her partner's skin. Whatever awkward tension was left in Cecilia's limbs melted away, her legs falling open beneath that diligent

attention. Soon Scarlet had settled into a flow, licking the length of her slit again and again, making sure to focus just a little longer on her clit each time. Eventually she worked in a nuzzle with her soft pink nose, providing a counterpoint of pressure to the rhythm of her tongue. When Cecilia's grip started to tighten, Scarlet could tell she was approaching her first climax.

It hadn't taken her long at all to get there, so perhaps she hadn't had much experience with this before. Good. That meant she'd be an easier mark for everything else she had to show her.

When the moaning reached its peak, Scarlet pressed herself forwards, her tongue snaking into the depths of Cecilia's pussy while her whiskers twitched softly over her crotch. But, at the last moment of tension before release, she pulled away. Moving herself to the side she bared her teeth, delivering a delicate bite to the top of Cecilia's thigh.

Perhaps it was the shock of that, or maybe it was her realising that the deed was done, but either way that was enough to push Cecilia over the edge. She gasped breathlessly, her knees buckling as she trembled for a few heartbeats. A long, low sigh followed as Cecilia slowly relaxed and Scarlet raised herself away.

"Is... is it done then?", Cecilia asked. "I can feel a tingling, is that... is that it?"

Scarlet smirked. She'd be offended if Cecilia went away thinking something as delicate and discrete as that was all she was capable of. To correct her, she took firm hold of Cecilia's knees, pulling her insistently out from her position slumped against the tree. Soon she was lying flat on the grass, cushioning her head with her hands as she looked up in confusion. Then Scarlet settled down, sitting halfway up Cecilia's taut chest and trusting in her Paladin muscles to allow her to stay there without complaint.

The positioning blocked Cecilia's view of everything but Scarlet's own upper body, so she made sure to raise her tail up behind herself, waving it just a little to make her intentions clear. Then, once she'd gotten the attention she wanted, she reached back and guided it carefully with her hands into Cecilia's pussy.

Clearly that surprised her, if the sudden tremor that ran through her body was any judge. Scarlet didn't give her long to dwell on it, as once her tail was in place she was skilled enough to move it in and out on its own. At the same time her claws climbed their way up Cecilia's chest, lingering just a moment to toy with her nipples, before eventually she wrapped each hand around the back of the panting girl's head. The next time her tail raised up she lowered herself down, bringing their faces together in a passionate kiss.

In theory Cecilia was attempting to return her advances, but in practice she was so overwhelmed by everything it was all she could do to keep breathing. Scarlet was making sure to keep up the steady thrusting rhythm with her tail, and that meant every few moments Cecilia had to fight to keep from audibly gasping as she was dramatically filled. From the way she lifted her own hips into that pressure, and how each time their lips broke apart she returned eagerly to the kiss, Cecilia was clearly captivated by the experience. Then Scarlet's

drifting paws felt the slight tug of her partner's ears beginning to expand outwards, and she knew it was time for the next steps.

The Clan didn't like to admit it, but passing on their gift wasn't always easy. Even during the full moon, some healthy people could shake it off before the changes had a chance to truly take hold. The trick was to make sure the body was so completely overwhelmed that it had no chance to resist. Normally that meant taking someone in who was hurt or otherwise weak, but Scarlet had heard talk around the den about other approaches.

She'd have to pass on this technique to add to the record. If they bought her enough drinks to talk about it, of course.

Starting with those ears, Scarlet gave Cecilia's changing body the attention it deserved. Folding her hands inwards she massaged them tenderly, encouraging their insistent spread. Her focus broke their kiss and she could hear Cecilia moan distractedly, her head tilting backwards as she let herself relax into the attention. Having a part of your body kneaded into a new shape was a truly unique experience, one that even Scarlet had only shared a few times. New flesh was always the most sensitive, and the way the brain struggled to interpret the feedback made it feel somehow like taking a warm bath while blissfully drunk.

Soon Cecilia's ears were large enough to fill Scarlet's hands, and had proudly settled into their round, rat-like shape. Cecilia shifted her head to the side just a little, looking towards her polished breastplate. She caught sight of her altered reflection, and Scarlet was gratified to see the princess visibly blush. Her surprised face looked back at her from the shining armour of the Order, marked and altered by the addition of her new wererat ears. Then once again Scarlet's tail pressed inwards, and in response they could both see Cecilia's face shift slightly forwards. The changes would continue.

Scarlet's hands slid down, cradling the base of her partner's neck. She lifted her once again into a kiss, stroking her cheeks tenderly all the while. Remembering Cecilia's request not to be gentle, Scarlet dug in slightly, just enough to provide points of pressure on her changing flesh. Fur grew up softly around each of her claws, providing another confusing sensation to overwhelm her conscious thoughts. Every time Scarlet began to pull away she found Cecilia following her hungrily, her own muzzle growing almost in response to that need. Scarlet treated each new whisker to an encouraging twirl, enjoying the way Cecilia twitched beneath that flood of sensation.

Even the feeling of merely kissing began to change. Scarlet could feel Cecilia's nose become as soft as her own, adding another point of insistent difference to her shifting body. Now when Scarlet ran her fingers up and down the length of Cecilia's face it provoked a blissful shudder as it brought home just how different she was. The Princess that stepped out of the castle this morning couldn't have her rat-like muzzle stroked affectionately, couldn't tremble happily at the sensation of claws cutting light trails in her fur, but the creature that Cecilia was now absolutely could.

Scarlet withdrew as Cecilia's front teeth grew in, giving her space to come to terms with those on her own. Instead she chased the fur downwards, sliding her claws back down across Cecilia's shoulders. For the first time Scarlet got a clear view of it, and found herself

having to fight back a laugh. Of *course* Cecilia's fur was a shining, perfect white, rather than her own wine-red coat. Apparently you could put some rat into the princess, but that didn't take the princess out of the rat.

Cecilia at least seemed too absorbed in the moment to notice Scarlet's distraction. Her head had fallen to the side, letting her focus on the fur that spread along her right arm like spilled paint. When the first creeping line of white reached her hand she turned it over, staring at her flexing palm. One by one plump pink pads formed out of her flesh, while her fingers cracked softly as they rearranged themselves. She made a fist distractedly, seemingly surprised how flexible her hands still were. Scarlet was briefly concerned about how little Cecilia clearly knew about rat anatomy before starting all this, but decided to let that pass without comment. Instead she ran the tip of a claw over Cecilia's palm, showing off the variety of textures in her hand as she trailed up and down each little paw pad. Eventually Cecilia's new claws came through, each one provoking a slight tremble up her arm as they sharpened and solidified. Scarlet pressed them back down to Cecilia's side, encouraging her to give herself a long slow scratch and relish that comforting sensation.

Inevitably, the fur reached Cecilia's waist. By now Scarlet's tail was moving merely by inches, dragging itself slowly in and out more as a tease than outright penetration. But once the changes hit her crotch her breath came in sharply, and Cecilia pressed herself up desperately in search of firmer resistance. Scarlet obliged with a grin, picking up her pace and starting to once again properly fuck her through it. Whether it was running, fighting or fucking, there was always some deep, base urge underpinning everything. Now that she'd gotten past her resistance, Cecilia was finally ready to accept and experience that heat. Scarlet felt claws gripping her back fiercely as Cecilia pulled herself close, her whole body shuddering with tension.

Clearly, Cecilia was close. Letting her carry the rhythm for a moment Scarlet sat back, moving her paws to her own pussy as she looked at the princess below her. She was nearly there, nearly made into a wererat like herself, utterly absorbed and entranced by the process. In that moment their eyes met, and the eager look Cecilia gave struck Scarlet to her core, forcing her own fingers to jump in sudden, hurried enthusiasm. This strong, royal creature was beneath her, blissfully happy and willing in her submission.

Scarlet came first, surprised at just how worked up she'd gotten in all this. It was only a few beats later that Cecilia's body stiffened and jerked, then all in one motion her tail erupted behind her, making her cry out in a long, wanton climax of her own. Almost as an afterthought the last of the changes washed over her legs and feet, providing a final twitching echo to the release she'd just felt.

They both caught their breath for a few moments before eventually Scarlet flopped off to the side to give them each some more space. Sooner than Scarlet expected though, Cecilia tried to speak.

"I, uhh..."

This time Scarlet didn't bother to suppress her short laugh. "Take your time", she said eventually. "The teeth take some getting used to."

Cecilia absorbed the comment, and the next time she spoke her tone was precise and clipped, like she was carefully coordinating her mouth for each word. "Thank you."

Scarlet nodded. "You're welcome", she answered simply.

"I, uh, I am going to pay you for help on this adventure, as initially agreed, but..."

She propped herself up on her elbows, meeting Scarlet's eyes as she lay flat on her back.

"...I do think I owe you more now, but paying for it with money seems... crass?"

Scarlet's first instinct was to scoff, assuming that the royal was just finding some way to get out of her debt. But... she found herself agreeing with her. As odd as it felt, paying for all they'd done did feel worse. So in the end, Scarlet nodded. "Yeah. We'll split the pay for the gig, but I don't need anything more for, uh, this. But... if you want to find a way to pay me back, maybe we can stay in touch? At least until we can find something you can do for me."

Her fur was white enough that Scarlet fancied she could just see the blush colouring Cecilia's cheeks as she nodded sharply in turn. "I would like that, yes."

Several weeks later, Scarlet was once again confronting the pack of kobolds that had been sniffing around the Clan. They'd been muttering forever about expanding their own cave network, and apparently their plan involved knocking down one of the Den's main retaining walls. She'd caught them red-handed, startling them into dropping their tools and hissing in fright as she stepped from an adjoining tunnel. But, crucially, they didn't seem to be running away, clearly intending to turn this into yet another yelling match.

Before they could start though, there was a stir from the shadows behind them. Emerging into the dim light was a figure at least six foot tall, clad in shining armour and holding a sword and shield that were each almost as large as anyone else in the room. Cecilia loomed over the shrinking kobolds, the pale white fur on her helmetless head catching the light as she glared.

"I have heard there have been some disagreements. I've come to help sort things out."

She barely got through that second sentence before the kobolds simply turned tail and fled. After watching them go, Cecilia turned to Scarlet.

"Too much?", she asked.

Scarlet laughed. "No, that was perfect."

There was a moment before Cecilia spoke again, clearly gathering her courage. "I have to say, I *did* think you asked me to meet you down in this hidden corner for a slightly different reason."

Grinning, Scarlet padded over to her side. "Well, you finished that so quickly, maybe we *can* find some other way to kill time..."

Despite the fact that she'd been the one to bring it up, Cecilia blanched. "Oh! Uh, yes, just... uh, give me a moment to take off my armour. Is... is it safe to leave it all here?"

"Not really", Scarlet answered, before pressing her palm to Cecilia's chest and walking her back up against a wall. "I suppose you'll just have to take that risk."

Cecilia swallowed heavily, then started shucking off her equipment. "One day you're going to tell me how to make rational decisions through all this, right?"

"No, I don't believe I will."