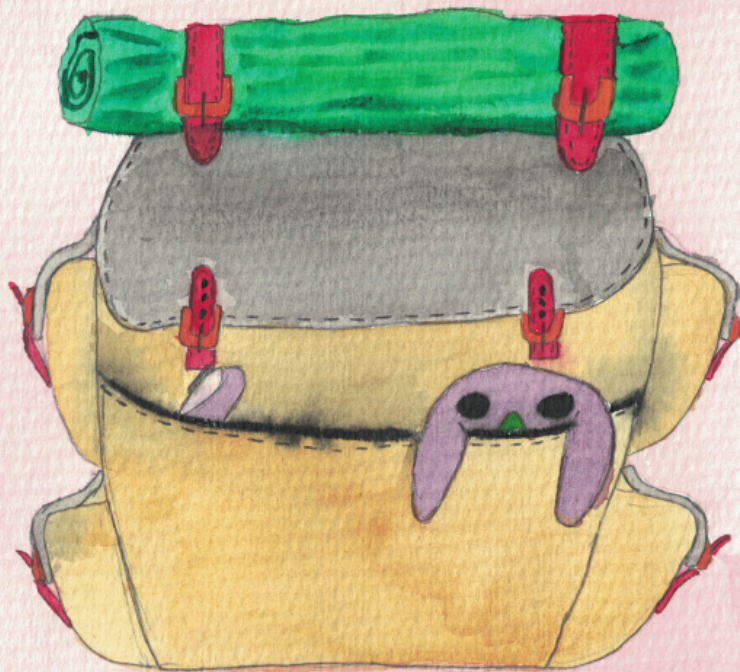


Backpack Lover



Sapphina Dreamweaver
Circa Autumn 2026

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Contains

> Nothing to note

***To all our friends who hold
unconventional lovers close to
heart and give them passion***

- Sapphina <3

A Note On Time

One year on Mars takes approximately 668 Mars days, each one being only slightly longer than an Earth day at 24.6 Earth hours. Most people on Mars count seasons rather than years, each one being 167 days long.

A quick and easy way to convert is to divide Mars seasons by two and subtract a tenth of the new number to get a pretty accurate number in Earth years.

Fingers

Our present system of months, weeks, and fixed 'start' and 'end' of a week in general is not really widely used on Mars anymore. People tend to think in terms of contextual segments of time not anchored rigidly to anything fixed points. One common term is a "finger", which is six days, based on counting both the joints and knuckles of said finger.

Age and coming of age

People tend to refer to their age in terms of which season of their life they are in. The season they are born in being their first season. Rather than saying they "are thirty" they say they are "in their 30th" season.

There are many different ways in which people of different areas and traditions measure the threshold for coming of age. The two most common are:

On 38th occurrence of their season day, that is the date on which they were born, irrespective of the specific season. E.G. a person born on the 27th day of spring has a season day each 27th of Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Summer. This threshold tends to be more common in large cities as it spreads the demand for related spaces and services over entire seasons at a reasonably steady rate rather than creating intense periodic demand.

Passing into their fortieth season. This means that everyone comes of age on the same day rather than

throughout the season. There are many assorted traditions and rituals associated with that day across regions and groups, often including communal events and celebrations. This tends to be more common in smaller towns and rural areas, though there are subgroups within the greater population of cities who observe this threshold.

Due to the many variables at play one might be barely considered of age within one system, while slightly underage in another. For example someone born on the last day of a season compared one born on the first would both come of age on the first of their fortieth season yet be 165 days apart in absolute age. Whichever threshold one has for themselves, whether or not another is of age is always based on that person's observed threshold, not one's own.

Season Clothes

When someone comes of age, they are generally gifted 'season cloths' to mark the occasion. They are elaborately decorated ,traditionally embroidered by hand, small cloths used to clean up after masturbation or sex. Often they are displayed for their sentimental nature as keepsakes.

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Backpack Lover

Sal beat the worst of the plain's dust from her short buzzed hair now she was in the valley. It was snatched away immediately by the wind which wound its way through the rugged trees and boulders scattered about. The wind here never really ceased, just ebbed and grew hour to hour. It was good like that, steady and reliable. It was why this spot had been chosen to build the wind turbine and a radio repeater up on the hill to bridge the East-West gap in their region's fabric of communications. Once everything was finished, the town of Lisib and the areas to the west would be able to communicate consistently with her hometown to the east. A great deal easier than the current method of sending messages -both electronic and written- back and forth with the trains.

She finished brushing most of the dull red powder from herself. It was all from the plain walking here, the passage itself was swept clean by the wind. A few hardy scrubs grew in open areas amidst the grass and

moss, and a few trees had managed to take root in the lee of a ledge or boulder here and there.

She'd been humping her pack out here every morning for the last four days to build the big wooden scaffold the generator would rest on. Yesterday a few others had come out to help erect the sides while she nailed them into a self supporting structure. Today would be her last day, attaching the many cross braces needed to support the generator's weight and keep it stable in the strong summer winds -they were constructing it late autumn to avoid them.

She was just there to build the supports for the turbine; power systems and the large vertical bucket-like blades were outside of her expertise. But when you needed a pile of wood turned into a sturdy structure that would stand the test of a hundred seasons, she was your woman.

It had been strange not using her saw much for this project though. She was used to cutting her own lengths from bulk stock on the site, but with exception

of the main support beams lifting the generator into the airstream, all the ash and oak had been pre-cut at the mill. A part of her missed doing it herself, but it certainly made the work quicker. Anyway, it wasn't like she wasn't still doing it on dozens of smaller projects: a few garden beds here, repairing a deck there, making a expectant couple a bed for their baby when they arrived.

Ultimately she'd just shrugged and gotten to assembling the pieces the same as if she'd cut them. The same as she did today, grabbing a piece of the treated timber and bracing it with a fore arm as she lined up the first nail, humming a meandering tune while she worked.

* * *

Sal paused for a moment to wipe the sweat from her brow. Glancing up at the sun over head, she

decided it was probably a good time to break for lunch. She pounded home the last few nails on the cross brace. With a satisfied nod at her work, she packed up her tools and walked to the stone slab jutting from the valley wall a couple hundred metres away. She'd left her backpack there with her food when she'd arrived this morning, tucked under the shade of an small outcropping.

She unbuckled her tool belt, laying her tools down as she sat with her back against a large rock next to the crevice with her pack. The stone had been basking in the sun and it was pleasantly warm to the touch

She undid her boots and dragged them off, the laces falling away from the speed hooks. Dropping them on the ledge beside her, the stout boots thudded solidly. They had been made as combat boots, which Sal had found with a few friends deep in a hardened storage cache from The War many seasons back. They'd been designed to survive an apocalypse, and from the perspective of the tyrants who put them there, she supposed they had. Sal had made them into

work boots herself: with help of a smith she'd beaten old ship decking to shape, the tread pattern still somewhat visible under the hammer dents. The hemp she'd sewn the plates on with had come from a plantation she'd helped build -the first big project she'd worked on, 15 seasons back. Several deep gouges in the hard alloy demonstrated their effectiveness.

They'd become old companions and were the reason she could still wriggle all her toes in the fresh air as she dropped her socks beside them. She sat for a moment, feeling the sweat evaporate from between her splayed toes. Her shirt stuck to her damp back. She was looking forward to a good wash and long, hot soak tonight.

Presently though, she drug her pack over and got out her tea supplies. The water she'd been drinking through the day was fine and all, but she wanted a proper brew. She set the water to boil over her small alcohol stove and got out her enamel tea pot.

Tess -Sal's younger sister- had made it for Sal when she started leaving home for days at a time to work on projects further afield. Some twenty one seasons later Tess had bloomed in a highly proficient enameller, making intricate geometric designs and vivid, graceful birds wrapping around her teapots. But Sal wouldn't take any of them in trade for the slightly uneven lavender-shaded pot haphazardly decorated with garish, lopsided pink and green flowers she filled with tea leaves now. It had been with her as she'd made so many wonderful memories and every time she held it, she remembered the proud smile on her kid sister's face when she'd presented it to Sal.

A whine filled the air as steam jetted from the kettle. Sal extinguished the stove and while she waited for the water to settle, she scooped from her pack that which she treasured above all else. Secure in her little nook at the bottom Sal's pack, Plum peeked out at the world as they went on adventures together. Sal pressed a kiss to her love's mouth and hugged her tightly. As always, it was just as magical as their first.

"Did you enjoy the view, honey?" Sal asked as she put Plum down, stroking a long ear. Her thick, vibrant purple fur -the reason Sal had called her Plum all those years ago- was slightly mottled where her exposed head had caught the dust. Her long rabbit-like legs and weighted base secured her against the occasional light gust, which sent her large ears bouncing. A strong updraft grabbed one and tossed it across Plum's face. It prompted a peal of bright laughter as Sal uncovered the sparkling dark-green eye that had been covered.

"How about you brew some tea and I'll get lunch out?" Sal set the tea pot in front of Plum, filling it from the kettle.

While Plum watched the tea, Sal got out her lunch. She'd packed it that morning in Lisib's common hall where she been staying while working on the turbine and a few smaller projects. Spiced steam billowed out as she slide the lid off. Today it was a big serving of curried vegetables on rice, still just as hot as when she'd ladled it in thanks to the thick honey-combed

container walls. "I'd offer you some, but unless you have a mouth hidden somewhere, I don't know where you'd put it," Sal said, tapping her spoon gently on Plum's nose.

She dug in and smiled as the harmonious flavours filled her mouth. The kitchen had coriander again! They had always made good grub, but the dishes had been on the simpler side as they stretched the last of the spices to last them till the new harvest came in. Now that had, the cooks could really stretch their legs and it was down right fantastic. Sal moaned happily, making a mental note to ask for the recipe.

She took her time, eating slowly as she basked in the sun and looked over the sun soaked valley. The mostly complete supports would have the generator sat on them by the end of season.

It was a pity that the supplies for the planned cabin had been held up by that landslide, it would be a cosy little spot when it was all finished. As it was now, all that existed so far was a levelled, compacted

circle on the ground to suit the circular houses favoured in the region. She took another bite and decided that sticking around a bit longer to build the dwelling wouldn't be so bad.

Spooning the last of the food into her mouth, Sal looked at the remaining stack of struts. She'd put up most of it now, and all the fiddly bits were done. All that remained now was some cross bracing so that it wouldn't collapse sideways under the weight of the generator. Two, maybe three hours work.

The tea was well steeped now and she poured off a steaming cup of the thick brew, stirring in a spoonful of molasses. She took an experimental sip of the tea and winced as it scalded her. It took longer to cool to a drinkable temperature than she was used to at home. As she'd discovered talking in town one day, the elevation was lower here so water boiled to a higher temperature. She'd considered adding cold water at first, but immediately discarded it at the thought of drinking diluted tea.

She had just started to think of what to do to pass a few minutes when her roving gaze found Plum's. She smiled, why not? Kissing Plum was as good a way to pass a few minutes, as few hours. These days she didn't tend to get quite as excessively absorbed in the experience anymore and lose track of time altogether.

Her heart fluttered as she planted a hearty peck on Plum's sewn smile. Kissing both fluffy cheeks and nuzzling against Plum's cool stone nose, Sal declared: "I love you, Plum." She flushed happily as she returned her lips to her lover's, spending several minutes caring for naught else.

Dizzy from the excitement, Sal took a few moments to catch her breath. She filled the time with rambling about the generator and how in a few days she'd be able to call her folks back home after being away for 16 days.

Remembering the tea, Sal found it hot but no longer unpleasantly so. The sweat, strong brew washed

through her, restoring her marvellously. She sighed contentedly. "You make good tea, dear."

It was a ritual as old as time, one she herself had joined in her 17th season. Landslides happened, people got sick, familiar tools weren't need, and a million other things didn't goes as expected. But a refreshing cup of tea was something she could always rely on day in and day out.

Taking another mouthful of tea, she relaxed as the familiar comfort suffused her being. She pulled Plum into an embrace, burying that adorable face in her bust. For a few minutes her world consisted solely of Plum and sips of tea, her two favourite things.

"Oh," Sal exclaimed, noticing the tightness in her crotch. "I wonder who's got her all begging for attention, hmm?" She squished her nose against Plum's as she unzipped her pants and eased herself through her boxers' opening. She chuckled as she felt the damp patch on her underwear, Plum had that effect on

her. She was just so cute that Sal's cock couldn't help but drool a little for her.

Sal didn't care for skirts herself, but she understood some of the appeal they held for her fellow bedicked women -especially at times like this, when they were rather more accommodating. And on really hot days she'd wear them from time to time too, just for the unrivalled breeziness they provided.

Finishing the dregs of the tea, Sal considered giving Plum a few final kisses and getting back to work as she had done for the last few days. But as she looked longingly at Plum she admitted she didn't want to leave it there today. The weather was lovely, there were birds chirping as they flitted about, and she was exceedingly aroused to boot.

Snatching her eyes away to the last few lengths of timber at the base of the tower, she made up her mind. There would be plenty of time to share this moment with Plum and still finish well before the end

of the day. It would be their last day here also, so she might as well celebrate a project well done.

Her priorities now in order, Sal returned her undivided attention to her love, pushing all thoughts of carpentry from her mind. The only wood she was intending to handle for the next half hour was now fully present between her legs and she was in a sharing mood.

Sal's cheeks flushed with desire as she ran her eyes over Plum's features. The deep, warm purple lustre of her lush fur. The short, soft down adorning the ears draped across her shoulders. Deep green, almost black eyes set above a polished jade nose. And those wide hips, with a short tuft of a deer-like tail sat atop her ample butt. In a word, lovely.

And Sal loved her, heart and soul. As was common enough with amongst plush lovers, she'd fallen in love with and been intimate with Plum long before she had come of age with regards to other people. Eve, the first person Sal fucked when the both of them entered

their fortieth season, had likewise loved her Rose for several seasons by then. Though unlike Sal's sole attraction to Plum, Eve had taken a robot wife as well as Rose. Not that some didn't realise their desires later in life too. Sal thought of Dana, a woman she'd met on the train once, who'd only discovered she loved plushes and people equally after she'd been bereaved by an accident in her 97th season.

For some, their interests towards stuffed companions was a purely sexual one, much as one might have for an particularly cute stroker. For Sal though, it was most certainly a romantic affection, so Sal bent her head to her love's opening, intent on placing Plum's pleasure first.

Finding a comfortable position on her forearms, she cradled Plum with a hand, her tail poking between Sal's fingers. Slowly at first, she lapped at Plum's supple exterior, before slipping the tip of her tongue deeper. Gradually, moment by moment, she worked at Plum's cavity, till her tongue roamed deep inside. Her lips pressed to Plum's, kissing and teasing delicately

with teeth, and occasionally pushing as deep as she could.

Getting up into a kneeling position, Sal lay Plum on her back and eased one, then two fingers inside. Moving them firmly but slowly, she felt the slick lining grow increasingly supple as she warmed up Plum's entrance in readiness for her cock. She was hardly large in that regard, but she always made sure a girl was good and ready for her first.

Pulling out, she reached into her pants, grabbing her cock. Running a couple of finger tips inside her foreskin, she gathered some of the copious pre-cum -a side effect of the self-lubricating anus genes she had inherited. She slid them back in Plum, feeling her own wetness contributing to Plum's already moist hole.

As was custom for penis-having girls like her, Sal had received her plush shark soon after her first period. Its back a brilliant emerald green and belly a pale lavender. It had been quite the surprise to her when a family had moved in next door and brought

several sharks bearing the rust and white of their region. During a later period, stressed from cramps, her new urges had lead to her discovering how pleasurable her body could be. Some help from her mothers cleaning her plush after and a talk about the intricacies about having a penis later, she found it a very pleasant way to relax.

Sal hadn't added Plum's hole as most who had plush partners did. Rather, her mothers had deduced Sal's leanings from her rather messy experimentation with Shark and her describing her emotions after. Plum already had her her hole when Sal was introduced to Plum by her mothers. She'd fallen in love with Plum from nearly the moment they meet and seasons by the dozen had only deepened her feelings.

Plum had immediately taken most of her attention along with her heart, but she always made sure to be affectionate at least once a finger with Shark. She didn't want it to feel forgotten. She still cherished it

immensely even without the romantic love she felt for Plum.

Satisfied that she'd properly prepared Plum for penetration, she yanked her zip down and pulled her tip out. A glistening string trailed from her head back inside her underwear. Desperate to enjoy Plum's wetness mix with hers, Sal rubbed her tip on Plum's hole. Pulling back her skin a little, she rested her sensitive glans on that loving cradle as she rubbed slowly for several minutes.

Now fully aroused, she released her foreskin and guided herself into Plum's inviting hole with a hand. It was wonderful feeling the tightness of her entrance squeezing on the first few centimetres of Sal's cock as she popped her head in and out. She'd had plenty of fun sex without her pants ever coming down, whether in Plum or a eager woman's mouth as she knelt before Sal.

As enjoyable as teasing Plum through her underwear was though, she wanted to feel Plum's delicate fur

against her skin. She unbuckled her belt before pushing down her pants and underwear to her knees. She lay back and pulled Plum astride her hips, resting atop her erection. Plum's weight pressed Sal's length to her belly. Lining up her cock with Plum's wet slit, she easily slid in her full 12 centimetres. Sal groaned as she was surrounded by that ample pelvis. She sank her fingers firmly in the plush fur as she pushed steadily. Plum was supple and accommodating, giving just the right pressure against Sal's sensitive skin as she pushed though Plum's stuffing over and over with each stroke.

After several minutes Sal started to overheat, so she paused her passion to strip off her pale long sleeve cotton shirt. It was excellent for keeping the sun off, but it didn't exactly allow for airflow when she lay on her back. Beneath she wore a stout green bra which kept her rather wide set breasts firmly in place, rather than getting pinched in her armpits as she worked.

"Now where were we?" Sal said seductively as she stroked the underside of Plum's chin, before readjusting her hips beneath her extra-stuffed companion.

Sal wriggled her fingers through her partner's thick waist fur, holding Plum steady as she explored those well-loved features of her interior once more. Sal gasped as her building pre-cum let her foreskin slip back at the top of her stroke. Plum was deep, so no matter how fervently Sal applied herself, she never had to be concerned over bottoming out as a more endowed woman might.

The one modification Sal had made to Plum's body over their many seasons was adding a good amount of smooth basalt pebbles to give her a more substantial heft. And so Plum stayed perched on Sal's lap as her arms sprawled above her head, hips rocking steadily into Plum. Plum's looseness and lubrication now making penetration effortless as her cock slid freely. Holding Plum as she fucked up into her was good fun, but enjoying her partner ride her cock was simply lovely.

By now her thighs were delightfully slippery with fresh sweat from her exertions. She crossed her ankles, reveling in the feeling of her legs slipping against

each other. She shifted her ass, curling her thrusts. The extra pressure of Plum's insides at her base and the way her balls brushed against the soft fuzz of her beloved's butt was simply wondrous.

She spent a wonderful few minutes feeling each and every part of Plum's inviting interior. She was in high cheer already and her favourite sort of sex was even better than normal. Today, her building pleasure outstripped her expectations as 'soon' suddenly became 'now'. Sal's toes curled and cracked as she moaned, not slowing in the slightest as she practically gushed into her love. Plum's beauty was breathtaking, and right now Sal was indeed breathless as she twitched joyfully. Her whole body contracted one last time, then she flopped down, completely spent.

"Whoa," Sal gasped, still catching her breath after the unexpected sensation. She laughed cheerfully, tapping Plum on her nose. "I didn't mean to fill you up, love. What say we share a nice candle lit bath when we get back, hmm?"

Their impromptu fuck had been a very welcome interlude to her day, but tonight Sal looked forward to lavishing Plum with the full attention she deserved. Without distractions or other obligations to rush her. Just the two of them, together. Not that they were ever apart.

She lay sprawled out in the midday sun, her mostly bare torso and exposed thighs feeling the sun's kiss as she basked in the afterglow, which warmed her just as much the solar rays. She thought for a moment of pulling out of Plum and trying to clean some of her cum out, then decided that her lover needed a deep, deep cleaning to get all the dust out as it was. So she decided they could enjoy the rare joy of post-coital cockwarming.

It had been a fair while since she'd cum inside Plum, and longer since it had been unintentional. Most often it was just a tiny bit when she didn't pull out quite in time. She'd only accidentally made such a mess of a plush partner on a few occasions since her first time.

Plum had a bath day ever 10 days without fail, Sal scrubbing and pampering her till she shone. Ironically the latest had been the day before coming out here and she'd immediately gotten her gleaming fur matted with dust. On those days they indulged themselves as much as possible, with Sal filling her love freely. Otherwise she loved Plum right to the line, and crossed it with her hand. Sal liked to think that Plum enjoyed watching, and kissing that beautiful face made the final stretch of masturbation an easy one to travel.

Sliding Plum from her shrinking cock, Sal rolled onto her side to hug her. She murmured lovey dovey words into that big, beautiful ear and nuzzled their noses together. The sex was fun, glorious even, but this was the what she loved most; getting to hold her precious Plum tight in her arms, all safe and cosy.

* * *

Sal had found herself riding a wave of effortless energy after enjoying her twin creature comforts of good, hearty food and a good, stout fuck. By the time she'd finished washing herself with a damp rag and buckled her belt, the hammer practically sprang into her hand and she strode off to her task whistling away.

Far from taking two hours, let alone three, Sal found herself hoisting her pack and setting off within one-and-a-half. Plum was tucked securely back into her pouch after Sal had cleaned her up as best she could. Cinching the final strap snug, Sal took a last look at the tower she'd built. It stood there, looking sparse and skeletal for want of the myriad cables and electrical boxes yet to be installed. And a good deal smaller than it would end up being once the vertical wind turbine was sat on top. It wouldn't be efficient as one that turned to point into the wind, but it was simple and low maintenance while providing ample output for the modest loads planned.

It would be her final time heading back from this little valley, at least for a good long while. She waved goodbye, feeling a little hollow inside. There was nothing particularly noteworthy about the passage through the wind smoothed range, but she'd grow to adore it for a pile of boulders here or a vine cover rock face there.

She decided to take a more scenic route back to Lisib today, hoping that it might do something to allay her sadness. She had plenty of time anyway, the sun wouldn't set for a good 4 hours and it only 8 kilometres of easy going.

There was a shear rock face several kilometres from the shortest path which Sal had taken everyday on her trip to and from the turbine. It seemed to shimmer at a distance and as she stood at its base today, she saw why. Thin bands of colour lay on top of each other, like a subtle rainbow embedded in the stone. She spent a good half hour just enjoying the view and skipping a few well shaped slivers of stone off a pond.

When she decided to continue on, she soon stumbled across a dry river bed, millennia old. The banks turned to walls and soon towered some 6 or so metres above her head. But it kept running in the correct direction and eventually the walls dropped away and left her standing in what had once been a great lake. In the centre of the dry depression, a much smaller dish of water still sat. Looking about, she realised that it had taken her further south than Lisib and she had to double back for a bit.

It wasn't too far though and within twenty minutes she found herself at the south western outskirts. It was the first time she'd really been there, what with the turbine being to the north and the train station that had brought her here running past on the east side.

Lisib had been built atop a geothermal reservoir that generated all the electricity they could ever want from several steam turbines. On a cold day the plumes of vapour could be seen for kilometres, twisting up into the sky. It was still a hot, dry day today, with only the faintest wisps of white wafting from the power

station as Sal wound her way along the cobbled streets and arrived back at the common hall in time for an early dinner. It was rather quieter than she was used to at the height of dinner, so there were only a few others sat in at the long wooden tables and tucked into the small booths where one could seek refuge from the noise of the room. Sal saw Cob leaving the kitchen serving area as she ambled that direction herself. The young lady paused, leaning fully on one of her crutches for a moment to wave to Sal before continuing up to her room. She often came down early to ask for dinner to be brought up to her room later, as her fatigue made it overwhelming to navigate the noise and crowd.

Sal waved back, smiling as she went to find out what their options were for dinner tonight.

* * *

Sal winced slightly as she lowered herself into the searing heat beside Plum. She was still used to the warm water that was generally preferred back home. Here however, the water was heated constantly by the same heat deep in the ground that powered the string of soft lights overhead. It wasn't quite a candle lit bath, but in spirit it was. She smiled contentedly as she acclimatised to the temperature. It was good for getting the aches out her body after a long day's work, she'd grant that.

Dinner had turned out to be seared pumpkin slices and steamed vegetables, topped with a light gravy. The one thing she did envy of those inclined to partnering with people was getting to see their loves enjoying good food. In all their time together, Plum had consumed consumed naught but a single soup -Sal had apologised profusely to her as she scrubbed the spilt meal from Plum's fur.

After her meal and a few hours reading in her room at the accommodation hall, Sal had enquired about baths and was shown to a small cave away

from the main open air pools where she could have some privacy. Not that she minded company when she bathed, but tonight she had wanted some intimacy with Plum.

Technically speaking they weren't baths of course, Sal was just used to thinking of them as such because she'd not experienced hot pools till she came here some 16 days ago. They weren't for washing, they were for soaking and socialising and sucking a girlfriend's dick as it sat on the edge under the twinkling stars. At least that was what she'd seen tonight.

She'd washed in the walk through showers in the passage leading up from the town to the pool complex, which sat up in a peaceful little crater. The dust had run off her body and hair easily enough under the soap and water, the pressure scouring her clean. Plum had taken a little longer, but eventually the water pouring off her ran clean also. When her guide had first shown her through the complex, explaining the customs as it went through the process,

Sal had thought it was purely a matter of cultural habit to cleanse oneself before entering the pools. The sludge she'd pushed into the drainage channel after demonstrated why it was also a absolute necessity. The pools would fill with sediment within a few seasons otherwise.

She had come through after the main post dinner crowd, so there'd only been one other person using the showers. A shy seeming girl, probably around mid 40's seasons by Sal's reckoning, who'd been blushing as she watched the water spill from Sal's form. Sal could have sworn there'd been a squeak from her admirer as Sal squeezed the water from her thick, wiry pubes. She'd considered going over and telling the waifish woman she could do more than just look, but Sal had opted to devote her intimacy solely to Plum tonight. So instead of introducing herself, she had collected a stack of towels from the attendant in the next room and stepped out into the chill of the night.

Now, in her cosy stone tub, she had eyes for Plum and Plum alone. Her cute companion sat with her nose

peeking above the waterline, eyes sparking warmly -a yearning spread through Sal as she imagined how they'd twinkle in the bouncing flame of a candle and resolved to get some next time she was home. For now she'd have to content herself with giggling at the way Plum's ears flopped onto the water's surface where they bobbed. Plum's heft kept her steady as Sal's bulk displaced the water in the small hollow.

Plum's fur was sensually warm as Sal ran her fingertips softly over Plum's face, her pinky tracing above a gem-like eye. Her fingers slid beneath the surface, following the curve of Plum's belly down. Sal kissed her lips, fingers rubbing circles on her mound. Gently slipping a finger past Plum's thighs, Sal curled into her. Her free palm found her own breast, pinching at her nipple, treating herself now and then with a fuller squish of her boob.

It wasn't long until her own body was begging for attention between the legs also. She lowered the hand from her breast, the backs of her knuckles skimming against her cock as she just missed. Trying again, she

pulled it into her grip and just toyed with it for now. Gripping her tip with thumb and forefinger, she squeezed it rhythmically, feeling it her head pop in and out. She couldn't cum from that alone, but it made her cock happy for now while she focused on Plum.

As she sat there enjoying the bath and the company, Sal reflected on how lucky she was to be a plush lover in this day and age. In the past, someone taking her lover into the water with her would have been a disaster, rendering them waterlogged and neigh impossible to dry after.

Several seasons back, fired by a mix of curiosity and boredom from a broken leg, Sal had spent a few days researching the history of plushes. She'd wound up taking a particular interest in the fillings; from hay and wool and cotton, to the crude plastic fluff that had served that purpose for a long time. She was eternally grateful that people had cultivated the methods of spinning stone into warm, soft, fluff that kept its loft practically indefinitely. It was used for

insulating homes and making duvets yes, but it was also used for stuffed toys and companions, like her Plum. It shed water near instantly, unlike the 'polyfill' of old and would never rot like grass. She imagined it was far more hygienic too.

She'd spent a lot of that time masturbating while impatiently recovering. She was an active person at heart and it had helped deal with the frustration of being cooped up. Still, she'd learnt a bit about herself in that time; mainly that unlike most of the women she knew, dildos for her were just a fiddly annoyance that need washing after. Since then, it had always struck her as odd that despite her general lack of interest in fucking people, she needed someone doing it to care at all for being penetrated.

Speaking of masturbation though, she had been absently mindedly pleasing herself for a good while now as she basked. One hand squeezing her cock and another massaging her breast, as she liked to do. A thumb pad lazily rubbed circles on her tip, a finger traced her wet nipple.

She added a stroking motion along her shaft, the ripples from her arm swelling up to tap Plum's nose. The wavelets made Plum's ears sway back and forth, setting them wiggling happily.

She was enjoying herself immensely and it wasn't long until she was approaching her climax. She realised with a start that she'd have to decide what to do with it before too soon.

Sal remembered the stout older lady who'd shown her round on the first night, laughing as she told Sal it was fine to cum in the baths. "I'd make a hypocrite of us old souls if I told you otherwise. The water is too hot for them to do anyone any bother anyway." Sal hadn't in the main pools, some part of her had always felt it more polite to use a towel. It had bemused the young woman who'd given her a handjob as she'd leant her head on Sal's breast, but Sal was a creature of habit and those habits took longer than a few days to change.

Tonight however, in the cold night, wrapped in the warmth of the water, breaking that habit was very appealing. "Tempting," she murmured to herself, smiling at the idea of how cosy it would feel. She looked over Plum sat next to her, fur freshly shining and laughed. "I probably shouldn't do it in the bath, we just go you clean." It likely wouldn't actually wind up on Plum, but she wanted to be extra careful.

So she fumbled around on the surrounding rock for the cum-cloth with a embroidered butterfly neatly folded on top of her towel with one hand as she continued rubbing herself with the other. Ruttng into her hand slightly, she exhaled as the orgasm built, waiting for the last few moments before she had to brave leaving the warmth. As she stood suddenly, to her surprise, the water pouring off her dick almost made her cum there and then.

She shivered fiercely in the instantly biting cold of the night, made doubly so by her acclimatisation to the hot water. Her shaking as much as any conscious stroking finished her off. Her balls, clinging to her

body for warmth, pulsed as her arms clenched and she filled the cloth. It was more than she was used to, but fortunately it didn't take too long before it was over. Tossing the towel on the floor, she plunged back into the shelter of water. The thermal shock made her shriek briefly, before dissolving into giggles as her usual post orgasm self took hold. Deep in her chest, she felt a different sort of warmth join the water's.

Her orgasms had been many things to Sal: relaxing, exciting, joyful, and so much more. Now, as it always had, it made her mind all mellow and cosy. The flames of her passion had blazed high for Plum, and now she slumped into a comfortable slouch to enjoy the glowing coals of her love. "Ten thousand nights with you, my love, and all I ask of this world is ten thousand more," Sal declared, a tear rolling down her cheek as she reached out to Plum. Feeling all sentimental was hardly a rare occurrence for her, but tonight it was more palpable than normal.

Pulling Plum into a tight embrace against her chest, Sal whispered: "now and evermore, Plum. Thank you for spending this life with me."

The pool was no bed, but she wasn't going to let that stop her from rolling on her side and getting comfortable as she lay in embrace. She had been thinking of perhaps listening to some of a friend's singing it had recorded after her bath, but she decided it would keep for now.

There was nothing she needed to do tomorrow, so she intended to sleep until she rose for lunch. While she would normally at least enquire about what people needed doing to start on the day after, several of her new friends had made her promise to take a day off after she finished the turbine.

Perhaps she would finally take the time to fully explore the rest of the town. There were a few eateries that had been recommended to her. And she did need to restock her tea supplies, maybe she could sample one of the local teas with her lunch. Perhaps

she'd take up the young woman who'd served her food in the hall the last few days up on her offer to spend some quality time together.

It suddenly dawned on Sal that the woman had been flirting with her when she'd made the suggestion. Especially given the way she'd stared into Sal's eyes and brushed her long hair behind an ear before asking if Sal was 'as skilled at building long lasting erections as I've heard?'. It wasn't that she was oblivious to people -well, sometimes a little. Her passions just lay elsewhere. Certainly she'd felt no desire for romance outside of Plum, although the occasional intimate companionship of another person was fulfilling too.

Given that she'd been in another town for a while now, it had been some time since she'd had any sex with the well travelled wizened woman she helped around the house once a finger or so. Maybe she should take her local admirer instead. Self lubricating anus or not, she still wanted to keep in practice and the sex was good plain fun too.

Sal giggled to herself in her afterglow merriment. Those were all things to decide tomorrow. For now she was going just lie here in holding the love of her life her arms and think of nothing else.

Sal kissed Plum on the nose and soaked in the bliss of it all for a few hours more.

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