Maid Marian’s letter insisted he visited her in secret.

The fresh parchment didn’t specify why, but Robin Hood held concerning suspicions it involved the wedding. Per English tradition, a bride-to-be and husband-to-be could not see each other precisely one week until the ceremony, in order to make the event evermore special for those to be married. One week would be spent composing their vows in private and eagerly awaiting to see their beloved again. For Robin in particular, no longer being labeled an outlaw thanks to King Richard, not seeing his fiancé for six days felt like agony. To the male fox, not being able to see his lovely vixen hurt. It hurt even more than the weeks and months hiding out in Sherwood Forest, not being allowed to see her for months on end, and only pine from a faraway distance.

Which was why the urgent letter really concerned him. What troubled his love?

Robin carefully waited until his bachelor party calmed down, then sneaked off into the woods outside of Marian’s bedchamber window. A rather familiar action, if anything. Dusk have long since settled on the horizon, and despite knowing that the castle guards wouldn’t arrest him on sight anymore, Robin dared not to make a sound. He remained incredibly quiet as he bolted from the trees and expertly climbed up the castle walls until he reached his fiancé’s window. The nostalgia of it made the red fox smirk underneath the dim glow of moonlight. Hell, even his bushy tail couldn’t stop wagging.

Then, he lightly tapped the glass pane. “Hello?” He whispered softly. “Marian?”

An all-too-familiar silhouette rushed to the window, which creaked open to reveal an all-too-beautiful vixen in her conservative nightgown. Her mahogany eyes relaxed at the sight of her fiancé hanging from her window and opened the pane wider enough for him to climb inside.

“Oh, Robin,” Maid Marian happily pulled him into a hug. “I’m so happy you came.”

Robin did not hesitate to return the hug. “Of course, I would come to see you, my love.”

They pulled apart to stare in the other’s eyes. The fox held his vixen’s arms, only to gently caress her scarlet-furred cheek with his knuckles. She rested against it, then his strong palm until the question on her lover’s mind was finally voiced.

“What troubles you, Marian?”

Maid Marian’s happiness remained blooming, but something else bubbled forth. An ashamed, embarrassed whimper that turned into sniffling. This greatly worried Robin.

“Oh, Robin, it’s so…so terrible,” she said with tears forming in her gorgeous brown eyes. “I know our wedding is tomorrow, but I can’t hold this in anymore. We will be husband and wife soon, and you deserve to know the truth: I have not been honest with you, not since the day we first met all those years ago, my love.”

Robin perked his ears up high. His swishing tail stilled, then curled nervously.

“What do you mean?” He asked concernedly. “Whatever troubles you, you can tell me.”

“But Robin, it…it’s too painful.”

A teardrop finally streaked down the vixen’s left cheek. Her lips quivered as she relaxed her right cheek once again into his warm paw. The glow of a burning candlestick sitting on her nightstand reminded Robin of an angel, only his angel was deep in suffering.

“Listen to me, my love,” he whispered to her, “I have fought soldiers, I have fought entire armies and battled through burning castles to free England and earn the right to be by your side. I have loved you since we were little children at play. I still love you. Whatever this secret of yours is, Marian, I will never stop loving you.”

It panged him to see Marian like this. Without waiting, he guided his bride-to-be into yet another hug, so she could let out all her sadness. He didn’t even care one bit if her sobbing left tearstains on his tunic.

“If that is the case,” Marian spoke up after composing herself, “then may you sit down, please? Trust me…you will not want to be standing, Robin.”

“Whatever you say, my love,” Robin smiled softly to her, then turned to relax himself on the edge of her luxurious bedframe. His eyes dared not to look away from Marian, not for a lone second. “Now tell me, what troubles you? I hurt to see you like this.”

“It…it is a long story,” she fidgeted with her fingers, eyes downcast to the stone floor. “I want to know that I never planned to hurt you, Robin. I could never hurt you, but this…I was worried once I told you the truth, it would make you angry and drive you away.”

“My love, you are the most wonderful vixen in all of England,” Robin insisted, “How could you possibly make me angry? We love each other, don’t we?”

“Oh Robin, I do love you!” She nodded with a worried smile, her tail curling around her ankles. “But it is wrong for me to be attracted to you, not because I am royalty and you are not, but because…because…let me show you why.”

To the former outlaw’s astonishment, Marian began to peel down her nightgown.

“B-But Marian,” Robin squeaked out like a bashful, blushing altar boy. “We can’t consummate our love until after the wedding tomorrow morning!” He covered his eyes as she failed to listen to him, and by the time the fox heard the sound of a nightgown touching the floor, he also heard her whimpering. “M-Marian?”

“Please…” she implored him, “you deserve to know.”

He failed to resist peeking. He carefully lowered a finger until he could fully see.

 Marian’s eyes remained cloudy with anxious fear. Her cream-colored fur shimmered like snow amidst the gleaming candle nearby, trailing down her collarbone to what Robin at first figured to be a pair of smaller-than-usual breasts with dainty nipples. Piercing through his lust at finally seeing her bare chest, Robin almost reassured Marian that he didn’t care about the size of her breasts. He stifled his tongue though. He glanced down the vixen’s feminine curves, past her navel and midriff until his widening eyes ultimately stopped at her torso.

 Or rather, *his* torso.

 Robin Hood expected many things. What he didn’t expect was the sight of his bride-to-be standing before him without a stitch of clothes on, possessing a notable male member and scrotum where a vagina would be. Maid Marian…was no maiden.

 “Marian,” Robin gasped in shock, “You’re a…?”

 “I’m a boy. I’ve always been this way.”