



The Fox and His Lily

Hello, my name is Nicole aka **Peacewolf**. I am an artist and con chair within the furry fandom. In the age of the internet, a lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to get its pants on.



Now that myself and my ex husband **Foxglove** are legally divorced, I feel that the time has come for me to share my side of the story to allow myself a voice and be heard after almost a year of gossip and rumours why our relationship soured and ultimately, failed.

How the Relationship Started

I found myself in my very first online relationship at **the age of 17**. I had no identity to call my own and did not feel fulfilled in regards to the love and attention I was getting from my parents growing up. This void I was feeling compounded over years. Desperate, I rushed into a relationship with the first person that gave me the attention I craved. After 3 years of (mostly) online dating, I married in 2017 **at the age of 21**.

I learned that Fox had a mold for the **'Perfect Wife'** planned out before we met and did everything in his power to groom me into it. He had a fictional relationship of an illustrated woman named **'Lily'** who was always pregnant, birthing children for him (all of which have already been named), does not work, is subordinate and unquestioning. **'Lily'** became my new pet name and deviations from the fiction were quickly scolded. I realised that I was not loved for who I was, but was conditional based on the role I could play in a fantasy.

Any time I would engage in interests for myself (*drawing, playing musical instruments, crafting*) instead of the things his **'Lily'** would be doing, he would get upset and complain. If I spent time with friends that did not play into his fiction, he would complain. Feeling stifled, I began to shut down emotionally, just to lessen the guilt and shame of falling short of his vision.

There were whispers from concerned friends and family over the years, people telling me that **Fox was not good for me**. I was too naive to ever listen, in denial that they just didn't understand, and that they were judging Fox unfairly. But the truth is, they saw him for what he really was - a **narcissist** preying on the inexperience of a sheltered girl. Despite the loving front he would put on in public, behind closed doors I was nothing more than a **groomed trophy wife**. All affection such as kissing stopped abruptly with marriage, which is where the fetishes came out.





How it Fell Apart

3 days before Free Fur All July 2022 (the convention in which I am the con chair), I received multiple leaked screenshots anonymously from concerned staff that **Fox** (my husband at the time) was **fooling around and planned to have sex with another female member of staff**, who was one of my close friends, who also happened to be our room mate that year for the hotel.

The sexting dated back for months, including **explicit photos** and detailed descriptions of what they planned to get up to at the convention, with the thrill of doing it all behind my back while I was running it. While utterly devastated, I still had to work and be professional for the critical launching year. I briefly asked Fox if he was doing anything I should know about with another woman and he said **'no'**, not knowing I had been sent the receipts. I then showed him the evidence, and only at that point did he confess to what he had done. I requested that he not be in the hotel room alone with this woman at any point during the convention, to which he promised he wouldn't. I ended up catching them in the room together by themselves at least once during the convention.

This was not the first time Fox had done things of a sexual nature with other people, discovering similar messages a year prior with other people. When confronting him then, he told me it was my fault for not **'satisfying'** his sexual needs, and have been falling short of those expectations essentially since the day we got married. **Fox** would not move or open his eyes during sex. I tried to participate in his sexual roleplays of pregnant **'Lily'**, but the fact that he could not do so successfully in real life led him to resent me. Our sex life ultimately settled on **pegging him** with a **strapon** once a month to help him disassociate. The woman he decided to cheat with was married and had children of her own, satisfying his fetishes more than I could.



It triggered a full-on panic attack, I could hardly breathe, crying for hours. I resolved to shove my feelings down as far as humanly possible, for the sake of being able to run Free Fur All. And that's what I did, to the best of my abilities. I didn't tell a single soul about what was going on and tried to put on a front of stability, all the while crumbling on the inside. Only a couple of attendees had the relationship experience to see I was in serious pain, primarily **Jasonafex** and **Kabscorner**, attendees and new friends I was slowly developing online at the time.

I had not had the opportunity to spend any time with them during the convention as they were busy, but I did get to see them during the after-party and they were very supportive, friendly and helped pack up the con despite not being on staff. I really needed friends I could trust to talk to, so I invited them to stay in town one more day before they drove home, where I confided all this news to them.

J & K helped me formulate a plan for the next month, helping both me and Fox read books like *The Seven Levels of Intimacy*, taking courses like *The Big Five Personality Test* to generate a couples report to find the point of friction and talking to both of us every day to check in and see if things are getting better and professional couples counselling. **Fox** scored a **0% in empathy**, meaning he had no desire to develop a capacity to understand or feel what another person is experiencing and thus my needs were never validated. J&K encouraged me to take a weekend away from the hostile home environment I was in and visit them in Canada. I learned quickly how broken my marriage really was getting to spend time with genuine friends that offered the support structure I was missing in my life.

Despite efforts, my relationship with **Fox** continued to deteriorate over the next few months. My focus and attention drifted further and further towards my friends rather than working on our attraction to each other. Both Fox and I invited J & K to visit us at our home for 10 days, with plans to experiment near the end of the visit with **Fox's** full knowledge, consent and encouragement as a cuckold that would not participate nor be invited behind closed doors.





How it Ended

Fox helped prepare their arrival by drawing Jade/Vergence (their fursonas) on the guest bedroom whiteboard, partially nude and flirting with each other. The idea of being a cuckold was exciting to him. Everything went as planned without drama or hostility, everyone seemingly having a great time. However, **Fox** grew jealous of the attention I was receiving and started showing his true colors in the second week, as his efforts to flirt with Kabscorner were rejected. This included referring to her as '**Miss Kate**', and rushing to open doors with a '**M'lady**' to force a front of chivalry.



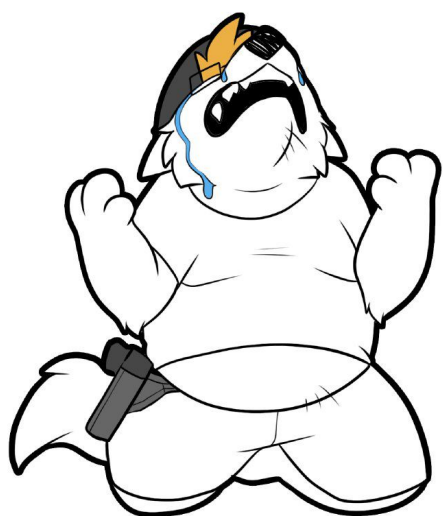
Fox then began to do everything in his power to get attention, even **negative** attention. He alternated between extremes of **crying on the floor in the master bedroom closet**, curled up in the foetal position, (while holding a plushie version of Vergence that Jason gifted me), to **baking cookies** and delivering them to the guest room door while myself, Jason and Kate were engaging intimately with each other.

After witnessing domestic verbal abuse, Jason confronted **Fox** in the living room and put him in his place, while Kabs consoled me in the closet of my bedroom. The closet was my hiding place when Fox became frustrated with me. **Fox** never had a strong father figure, as his father was in prison during his upbringing for



voyeurism towards minors. Formerly by another name, **Fox** legally changed his identity to his fursona name and moved states to further disassociate from his family's criminal history. We used my last name when we got married.

I made up my mind quickly in that 10 day period that I no longer wanted to be married to **Fox** and requested space from him in the last couple of days of their visit so I could start planning how to tell him that **I wanted a divorce**. Myself, J & K went to visit one of my other close friends to get their opinions on how I should approach it.



While at my friend's house, our phones began to blow up with messages that **Fox** was having a meltdown over his **whiteboard drawing** being erased and replaced with one made by Kabs and that I had begun to pack my things. He had been rapidly sending text messages to my friends and family that I was running away and being **drugged** and **sex-trafficked**, that he was **suicidal** and was in serious danger of hurting himself and others. He then stole Kabscorner's belongings that were left in our house and put them in the back of a rental car and drove to my friend's home **with his gun**, parking the rental car behind J & K's to box them in.

Fox had spun such a narrative of hysteria in one night that my friends broke into my home to check on him, had the **police summoned**, my parents and many others all at once late into the night for a grand





conspiracy to steamroll any attempt to take my ring off. It didn't work however, as I still told him I wanted a divorce despite all the theatrics. **Fox** spent most of the night on his knees, **grovelling** and emotionally compromised with the open pistol on his hip. He later denied the **threats of suicide**, but the messages were kept. The entire ordeal was the most traumatic night of my life, as my parents were furious to be blindsided that I was unhappy. They, like many, assumed from the surface that we were a normal, healthy married couple.

Fox was crawling and **vomiting on the floor** and **wearing my jewellery** (necklace, bracelet) when my mother went with me to pick up more of my things so that I could move into an apartment. I pawned the wedding ring he gave me that he would rub and obsess over, *"Don't forget I brought you this"* for a little over **\$100** on the first day living by myself.

The Coverup

Fox would stick to a narrative that I had no agency of my own and that I was stolen property for months, quickly adopting the facade of a wholesome, christian father figure and lying about having children. **Fox** had little to no interest in religious beliefs prior to the divorce.

Fox insisted that if I did not **give him a child of his own**, that he would satisfy the craving by other means. We fostered a 17 year old teenager for a few months leading up to the divorce. We never adopted her out of DHS custody and were under monthly review. She is now an adult and moved out to live with a healthier, loving family. I was not visited or contacted by her since we lived together for that brief period of time.

Fox would send a plethora of letters and phone calls that gradually transitioned from denial to **threats**, all of which I kept for safekeeping. Some of these threats detailed how he would never stop, would **pursue me until death** and that if I leave, I would pay dearly and he would ensure suffering would come my way. He would then tweet how he loved me seconds later on social media, playing a **sociopathic** game.

Fox would spend the majority of his spare time conspiring and obsessing over my life. Taking over my PeaceWolf Fan Discord, hacking into my Twitch account during live streams, harassing my friends and turning the convention domain into **ransomware** among other attacks at my reputation. This escalated to hopping the security fence at my apartment complex and **stealing my car** on my birthday, going as far to break the wheel lock I had left on it despite already having a vehicle of his own. This too, got the attention of security, the apartment complex and my parents, who stormed down to complain.



Fox then promptly drove the car out of state to harass another board member of the convention to extort them, standing on the front porch and **blocking them** from entering their home. Fortunately, a third party was able to record the confrontation, getting Fox's face and accomplice on camera, as well as photos of the **stolen car** and a restraining order. These power moves would always occur a few days before the next big step in the divorce procedure.





The Resolution

Fox did not appear for court, settled digitally and did not sit in the same room for mediation. He tried to offer **nothing** and that he would take everything from me, but I trusted my support network. That offer quickly caved in the presence of lawyers and he settled for almost all of my requests. I won the car, all my requested belongings, my share of the value of the home and compensation for damages for stealing my property. He won the Nintendo Switch.

Damages towards the convention are not a marital manner and will be a different legal procedure, without me being involved since we have personal history.

While it is a general rule of thumb to avoid "rebounding" after a breakup, I would like to emphasise just how much space J&K gave me after I moved into my own apartment. They helped me furnish it, helped me move in and decorate it to be mine. They encouraged me to do the things I used to love doing as a child. They bought me a drawing tablet, told me to chase my dreams of becoming an artist. They polished my Twitch stream, made it look professional. And they did 100% of this with **zero strings attached**, solely because they wanted to see my dreams achieved and me living the best life that I could live, with or without them (which is still, of course, true to this day).

They either drove down and spent time with me in Oklahoma, or flew me up to Canada to see them, frequently. These people have been by my side without hesitation since the moment I confided in them back in July. They have loved me with more intent and sincerity than anyone I have ever known in my entire life. I feel that I can truly be myself around them, the REAL me.

They saved my life, as I wasn't really living. They set me free to figure out who I really was; and when I began to discover the real me, that's when I made the decision to spend my life, going forward, by their sides, for as long as they will have me. My best friends.

As of speaking, **Fox** has been spending his time post-divorce roleplaying with **himself**, training AI and uploading the results of his new Foxglove/Foxglove relationship development on social media, having burned bridges with all our networked friends.

Fox still refers to me by pet names like '**Hun**' to this day.

I hope he can find happiness and find the '**Lily**' he is searching for, and that he can move on from harassing myself, the charity, and my friends.

