

“There’s the snap, quarterback falls back to throw...and that’ll be first down Circe! Go Whitefish!”

The bleachers were electric, furs screaming and stomping their paws, the pep band blaring away with the school’s fight song. There was something about a high school football game that never failed to ignite a crowd, the students and the parents alike. The young furs clad in their jerseys and pads, squaring up against their opponents...all those cute butts in the air...

“Woooooooo! Go Steve! You’re awesome!” Athena was screaming at the receiver who’d caught the pass, one of her current paramours. “Make me proud, sugar!”

Brei smirked, the young fox blushing an even brighter shade of red than normal at the buxom older woman screaming at him. She munched on her popcorn and drank her diet soda, trying very hard not to smell the pervasive scent of barley and hops that the parent section always reeked of. Even though alcohol was not permitted in the stands, someone always snuck some in. Just as surely, someone always spilled some.

“Athena, sweetie, let the poor boy concentrate, or he’ll wind up hurting himself, and then you won’t get to go dancing with him tomorrow.”

The big lioness stopped short of yelling more encouragement, pondered for a moment, and sat down beside her huge wife. The pink lynx grinned and wrapped her arm around her mate, offering her some popcorn as the team ran another passing play, and Steve came up with it yet again. “He’s doing good, using his hips a lot more to knock guys out of the way...did you teach him that?”

Athena winked and munched some popcorn, resting her head on Brei’s shoulder, bundled up against the fall chill. Her big paw slipped subtly beneath

the blanket to rest possessively on Brei's restrained sheath and sac, grinning as those skillful fingers and claws tempted her to put her new restraints to the test. "As I recall, you use your hips pretty well too, big girl. Maybe you'll use them for me later?"

"Oh ho? Someone's feeling mighty frisky, me tonight, a high schooler tomorrow...still got the choir lined up for Sunday?"

"Nah, Father O'Brien has them booked, but I met a nice gang of hyenas that are gonna stop by and ravage me."

"Oooh, we should make cookies then!"

Athena swatted her wife, unable to keep a straight face any longer. Brei just laughed and wrapped her up in pink fluffy arms, before springing to her footpaws and screaming out in joy when Circe scored a touchdown. She pounded her paws together, hooting and hollering as the team celebrated.

Athena flung one paw dramatically across her face, "Oh woe is me, abandoned for the allure of the gridiron by my one true love."

"Oh please, I've seen more convincing acting in porn."

"Bitch!"

"Athena dear, you say that like it's a bad thing...."

Brei whistled idly to herself, waiting in line for the concession stand, smiling to passing students, and giving arch looks to teenage couples nonchalantly strolling towards the darker spots behind the bleachers. These happy couples generally saw the look and thought better of their choices, returning to better

lit areas and saving the coital olympics for more private, better reviewed occasions. She made it to the head of the line and placed her order, sipping away at her Diet Coke while the student manning the booth prepared her popcorn, candy, and a large iced mocha-frappa-something-or-other for Athena. She was just collecting her snacks and turning to make her way back to her wife when she spotted a familiar face, one she hadn't seen in many, many years.

"Hello Tommy."

*****20 years ago*****

Every teenager thinks the world will completely change after the first time they have sex. There were countless movies devoted to just that in the 90's, from assaulting baked goods to coining the formula of nearly every teenage romantic comedy ever since. The truth was, however...not much changed at all. After blimping Mrs. Barlow, Brei still went to school the next day, did the same assignments, ate the same bland cafeteria food(albeit in much larger quantities than those rom-com protagonists), and still went to practice after class. It took Bessie almost a week to drain enough to get out of the barn, but from the thank-you card she'd sent, that was well worth it. She did suggest Brei let off some steam before the next time, however. That there would be a next time made Brei blush and squirm, and definitely caused her to have a lot of steam to let off.

Sitting on the bus Monday, feeling much, much lighter after her adventures in the barn, she wore a small smile on her muzzle. The world may not have changed around her, but something had been sparked inside, someone thought she was not only beautiful, but desirable, and for someone who had been put down, teased, and abused since the day she'd burst her training bra, that meant a lot. For the first time, she started noticing the glances she was

getting from boys and girls alike, most of them centered on her mammoth chest. More than half the people she encountered on a daily basis had their eyes on the twin swells of her breasts, whether from envy, jealousy, or outright adolescent lust, and despite herself, she found she liked the attention. It was good attention, appreciative attention, not the outright disgust or revulsion that she'd gotten as a younger kitten.

Despite this new found skill, she still had to concentrate on classes, and that was a bit more difficult knowing most of the class was checking her out for one reason or another. She several times caught a young colt in her history class, one of the popular crowd, completely ignoring the teacher in favor of eyeing her. Blushing softly at the intensity of his stare, she hunched a bit over the huge desk she sat at, trying not to be such a distraction. She didn't catch the other pair of eyes staring with equal interest, but much more discretion.

At lunch that day, she collected the three trays worth of food she usually consumed, and out of habit went looking for a secluded table. The wrestling team had other ideas, once more her two equine 'handlers' guiding her gently to the team's table, wedging her rather prominent self between them as the six boys and one herm set to eating. While most of the boys were purely concerned with getting food from plate to belly in as little time and with as little spillage as possible, the two equines, Fred and Willem, struck up a conversation with her. The usual subjects were attempted, the latest television shows, sports events, and cartoons, but since Brei's family owned no television, those subjects were quickly exhausted.

"So, um...do anything fun this weekend, Bobtail?" Fred inquired around a mouthful of something that had been labeled pizza, thus shedding light on the subjective nature of information available in the public school system. Brei had learned in the first week of her wrestling 'career' that high school boys tended to refer to each other by last name, rather than first. She wasn't quite

sure why, although she thought it might had something to do with the sheer volume of boys named 'Philip' at her school.

"Oh, not a lot...I helped my neighbors pick pears all Saturday." She did her best not to meet the eyes of anyone around her, knowing it would trigger a horrible blushing episode, thinking about just how loudly Mrs. Barlow had sloshed.

"Sweet, I love pears. They give you anything for that?"

"I...got something for my time, yep..."

"Should I ask about the dramatic pause there?"

"I'd rather you didn't..."

The boys laughed, Brei laughed, and in the bizarre realm of teenagers, this counted as bonding time. Brei continued wolfing down her three lunches while the boys turned to topics of girls and G.I. Joe dolls, which Fred insisted were not dolls, but collectible action figures, as if those toys would EVER be worth money. She caught a familiar equine face staring in her direction and inclined her head slightly to the right, bringing her thick glasses into line to see better, as if she were listening to Willem's story. There was the same colt from her first period history, which she could not seem to put a name to, staring at her as if she were the only thing in the world worth his time. The three young fillies sitting with him, one of whom was hanging off his arm with enough vigor to surely be his girlfriend, didn't seem to notice his inattention, their vapid minds solely concerned with their own gossip. She blushes, averting her eyes when they met his, a small smirk creasing his muzzle. Once again, with her attention so firmly fixated on the colt, she completely missed a pair of vulpine eyes staring her way from behind a D&D Player's Handbook.

After class it was to the locker room to squeeze into her singlet and skirt, and then to the mats to practice. Mr. Ford paired her up with Fred today, the appaloosa going a bit googly eyed at the pronouncement of his doom. Brei grinned and bared her teeth in mock fierceness, and Fred obligingly cowered. They squared up and grappled, Fred trying with all his might to get her on the mat, but not budging her. She allowed him to struggle and strain, his muzzle going increasingly red from the effort he was putting into the move. Then she picked him up by the scruff. Mr. Ford came over and stopped the match, whispering in Fred's ear for several minutes, then tapped his hip. The match resumed, and this time Fred dipped to one side as they grappled, bringing Brei over his body with a yelp, using his lower center of gravity to roll her over and land on the mat with a crash, making some of the smaller boys bounce off their feet. She lay stunned for a moment, staring at the ceiling, before that bulldog face came into her line of sight, smiling. "And that's why you crouch down, like I taught you." He pointed out in his soft, gravelly voice.

The next grapple she was squatted lower and Fred was unable to repeat his trick, instead she lifted him right off the ground and landed on him, all the breath leaving his body in a woosh as her pillowy breasts came down on his chest. Realizing that she was laying on him, Brei popped up quickly, a look of concern on her face. "Oh god, I'm sorry Fred, are you alright?"

The young colt shakily lifted one paw, giving a thumb's up, before going limp, a blissed smile on his face. "S'cool...airbags...cushioned the fall..."

She cocked her head to one side, confused, before understanding dawned on her and she began swatting at him with her huge paws. "Airbags?! You suck! That is SO not a flattering term!"

"Either way, most enjoyable takedown I've ever had."

The swatting continued unabated.

After practice, she washed up in the locker room and collected her street clothes. As she pulled her shirt out of the locker, a little note fell out and slowly drifted to the floor. She bent, giving anyone behind her one hell of a show in just her panties, and grabbed the little slip of paper. Written in small, messy handwriting was two words.

You're as beautiful as a pile of gold coins and as smart as the dragon that keeps them.

“Hmm...I wonder who left this here? I...think...that's sweet? Gold certainly is pretty, but why not flowers?”

She tucked the note into her jacket pocket, glancing around, wondering who could have left it there, and finished getting dressed, reluctantly squeezing herself into her restraints, fastening the reinforced garment at its lowest setting, grunting as it already began to strain at her hips and thighs.

Ugh...outta call this thing the Cockblocker.

She exited the locker room and made for the bus, not noticing the bushy fox's tail peeking from around a corner.

The following day at practice, Brei was doing squats with entirely too much weight added to the barbell, three of her teammates gathered around to both spot and watch. She had her back to the wall this time...there had been an incident the last time she'd squatted down with her succulent rump pointed at the room...poor Eddie, it had taken two teammates to get the bar off his chest. Fred, Willem, and Larry the Rhino were watching with wide eyes as she calmly lifted more weight than the three of them combined, chatting with the huge herm.

“So it’s a show about nothing? I don’t get it.”

“Well, it’s not really about NOTHING, but that’s the joke. See it’s kinda about where this one comedian gets his jokes from, but not...”

“Sounds terrible.”

“It is, but everyone likes it for some reason.”

Brei set the bar down, her quads screaming at her, and moved to the dumbbells, doing curls while the boys talked about popular television. Her arms hurt nearly as bad as her legs, which Mr. Ford assured her meant she was doing it right. She was of the opinion that things shouldn’t hurt if done right...well...maybe one thing...but that was a GOOD hurt.

She had a decent amount of muscle from working on the farm, but the weight room let her focus on specific muscle groups, and build those areas she needed to compete. Plus it was hot to be around so many buff boys working out and sweating. For some reason she just really, really liked sweaty boys, something about the moisture, the way their skin glistened, the smell of perspiration. Not the rank, I-haven’t-showered-this-week BO of some teenage boys, but the scent of good, honest, sweaty MEN. It never failed to make her squirm, set her girl bits to dampening, and her herm bits to...well, best not to think too hard about that. Luckily a combination of self control and a special lotion Mr. Barlow had given her helped to keep her from swelling too much to remain decent.

Mr. Ford came into the weight room and shouted for attention. “Alright boys. This Saturday we have a meet with Field Junior High, and Field has a wrestler in their super hyperweight, so our very own strawberry lynx is going to get her

first taste of competition. Help her out, give her advice, and make sure she's ready."

The room seemed to collapse into a small, five foot space around Brei. Her eyes enormous behind her glasses, her lip quivering in fright. It was one thing to be on the team, to practice with boys on her team at slow speed, it was another entirely to think about ACTUALLY competing, being required to use her strength, to roll around with another hyper. She felt the panic start to set in, her legs turning to jelly and her mind moving in glacially slow motion.

Oh god...what if I hurt someone. Oh GOD, what if I get aroused, and pop out in front of everyone! I can't do this I can't do this I can't-

Fred gave her a very good-natured and not exactly platonic swat on the ass, earning him a loud yelp and a yowl from the hyperherm, derailing her train of thought and bringing her back to the here and now.

"Hey, Bobtail, relax. You look like you're about to pass out."

Willem looked into her eyes, laughing, "I do believe our big friend is realizing she's going to actually have to do something besides distracting the rest of us to be a member of the team. For once she'll get to wrestle someone her own size...more or less."

Brei took a deep breath, swatted both equines, swatted Larry for good measure for being within reach, and went back to lifting, working up a nice healthy sheen of sweat herself, distracting herself from panic mode. She wondered how big her opponent would be, the thought of actually meeting someone her size was oddly appealing. Maybe she'd make a friend...if she didn't squash the poor fur.

After showering off, her oversized beach towel wrapped tightly around herself...well, MOST of herself, she saw the strangest thing sticking out of her locker. A single red rose, slightly wilted from being stuffed in someone's pocket, drooped from the locker's grate. She scowled slightly, plucking the flower from her locker and opening it. Inside was another note, written in the same messy handwriting.

You're so beautiful, I would really like to get to know you better, but I am really

shy. Please take this rose as a 'Tolkien' of my affection.

~Your secret admirer

"Seriously? Puns in a love note? I need to find out who this is and firmly snuggle them. Sweet, though...and I do like roses, but this is getting ridiculous."

She got dressed and stuffed both the note and her sweaty wrestling clothes into her bag, tucking the rose behind one ear, and exited the locker room. A little foxy face peeked around the corner, watching the huge lynx swish softly towards the bus, his tail wagging extra hard seeing his rose tucked behind that big, tufted ear. On the way to the bus, she passed a group of kids her age, the popufurs of Circe Junior High. As the girls turned to sneer in her direction, whether from jealousy of her figure or from a misguided need to externalize their poor self-esteem, she caught the eye of that same colt, his eyes darting to the flower in her hair and his smile broadening. She stumbled, her mind's gears grinding to an utter halt as she made the first of many mistakes.

No...HIM?! But...but he's popular! And he has all these other, smaller girls hanging off him, what would he want with big ole me?

Still stumbling, she squeezed onto the bus, staring into space as she sat, her mind running through any number of possible scenarios, chief among them that she REALLY needed to learn the colt's name.

All that week, she had a new note in her locker after practice, all of them in that trademark style and bad handwriting. She was actually starting to get a bit annoyed, all this flirting was winding her up, but the colt hadn't had the decency to come help her with her problem! She had spent a lot of hours in the orchard, love notes clutched to her heaving bosom, her right paw working overtime to bring her satisfaction, imagining the colt's gorgeous muscles, his strong, masculine face looming over her, whispering sweet nothings to her as he filled her so nicely. She wondered if he would be large, like it was rumored most equines were, and if he would be kind. She wondered what his moans would sound like when he reached his peak, and erupted inside her like she had erupted so many times daydreaming about it.

Her back to her favorite pear tree, her paw moving like lightning up and down straining pink flesh, she let out a throaty moan, imagining her colt making love to her, imagining the paw around her cock was not hers, but his, and as that thought trickled through her brain, she let out a loud scream as her climax was achieved. "Ohhhhhhhh Roger!!!!"

Friday brought the wrestling meet, and Brei filed onto the bus with the rest of the team, not even needing Sierra's prodding to sit with her usual trio. It was going to be a fairly long bus ride, so she attempted to get comfortable, leaning against the glass of the window and looking out. Just as they pulled out of the parking lot, she could have sworn she saw a fox watching from the street, but he was gone too quickly to be sure. Fred started talking to her about WWF wrestling, and she smiled, enjoying the sound of his voice despite not knowing much of what he was talking about. Before long she was drifting off to sleep.

Fred woke her up as they pulled into Field Junior High and she stretched with a loud yawn, subtly feeling around downstairs to see if there was any naptime swelling. There was, of course, but not enough that she needed to do anything about it, just a general heaviness that she was used to by this point. The team filed off the bus and into the visitor's locker room, Brei getting her secluded corner again, squeezing into her singlet and skirt. By this point she almost expected to find a note in her locker when she returned! She followed the team out to the mats, getting her first look at what could only be her opponent.

The girl was huge, not as big as Brei, but she still towered over her teammates by a wide margin, and she was not a light specimen either. She was an equine of some sort, hard to tell from across the gym, but her hooves, tail, and mane gave her away. She had an enormous set of tits on her, even larger than the lynx, and given the fact she was wearing a skirt, Brei was reasonably sure that this was a grrl, not a girl. She adjusted the prescription goggles that were secured around her head with an elastic band, checked her ponytail to make sure it was secure, and settled in to watch. The hypers always went last, mostly in case of structural failure following the bout, and so she was left to watch as her teammates grappled and struggled with their opponents.

She noticed the big horsegrrl checking her out as well, and tried to puff herself up and look more confident than she felt. Her first real match meant her first chance to get embarrassed. She was starting to have the old internal panic attacks, and tried her best to focus on watching the matches. She must have looked a lot more nervous than she thought, because Willem leaned over to whisper in her ear(which was rather pointless, since she could have heard him just fine from across the room). "She's a horse, so she's not going to be as steady on the mat as you will with your claws. She's also going to have a

pretty high center of gravity with those tits, too. You're more balanced above and below, so go after her legs, flip her on her back and you've got her."

Brei gulped and nodded, on impulse throwing a sweet smile at her opponent, who returned it with only a momentary delay. The current match ended with Fred losing by a pinfall, and Willem got up to stretch before his match. She looked around at the gymnasium, both thankful and disappointed that attendance seemed low. Wrestling wasn't the draw that football or basketball were, but usually at Circe there were at least a few fans. Here at Field it looked like just the yearbook staff, a few parents, and one or two students that looked like girlfriends or boyfriends of wrestlers. At least there wouldn't be too many witnesses if she did something stupid.

"Next up, Sanchez versus Bobtail! Wrestlers take your places!" she started, swimming up from the depths of her thoughts, having completely missed the last match as she went through her stretches, causing some lightheadedness among the first three rows of bleachers. She gave a soft whimper, squared her shoulders, and marched to the ring, stepping into place. Opposite her, the huge horseherm, who she saw now was a Shire horse, also stepped up to the line, her long mane tied back, her more than ample curves held in check by her yellow singlet. Despite the skirt concealing her below, Brei was able to get an idea of her general size, torn between dismay and relief that she appeared significantly smaller downstairs than the lynx. She had a pretty face, and was already smiling, her ample muscles flexing and rippling beneath her coat.

"Competitors, shake paws and assume starting positions."

Brei took the grll's paw, shaking it only briefly out of nerves, and assumed her crouch. Her opponent did the same, getting a bit lower than Brei was able to, and the referee blew his whistle. They came together with a crash, paws locked behind necks and arms locked against torsos, two sets of teeth gritted

with effort. Brei struggled and strained against the horse's superior strength, gasping as she finally found someone who could stand toe to toe with her. Well, toe to hoof, at least. Were hooves technically toes? *Dammit woman, concentrate!* Her eyes darted to the side and she saw Fred cheering, remembering his trick from the other day. She dipped one shoulder and squatted low enough her quads had harsh words for her, shifting her hips to the right and putting everything she had into the toss. With a startled whinny, her opponent went flying, landing on her back with her hooves pointing at her own team, the crash loud enough that several bystanders clapped paws over ears. Brei was quick to capitalize, rolling over onto her prone opponent to earn a pinfall.

Next she had to get on her hands and knees, the big equine grappling from behind. Blushing softly, she could feel the grrl's hermness pressing against her lower back, finally understanding what the boys on her team went through each practice. The whistle blew and she had to fight to escape, tensing her arms and her legs, trying to roll out from under her opponent, who attempted to get her on her back. Matters were not made easier by the rather sizeable pressure against her back, her teenage brain idly wondering who was the larger when the 'game was afoot'. No matter what she tried, the girl anticipated, and she was unable to escape the hold in time, earning a point for her opponent.

The final round, it was her turn to have her opponent at a disadvantage, her arms wrapped around the Shire's middle, her massive hermness pressed firmly against the grrl's lower back. Just before the ref blew his whistle to start, she heard the grrl grunt in a soft, husky voice, "Damn, and I thought I had it bad..."

The whistle blew, and Brei fought to flip her over, or at least keep her at a disadvantage. The equine twisted and fought, using her hips and her shoulders to fight the hold, eventually breaking free and coming up into a neutral

position, earning a whistle and the decision. Brei rose from the mat, realizing she'd lost, but her whole team was cheering at the top of their lungs, clapping paws together and chanting her name. She blinked and looked at her opponent, who clip-clipped over and took her paw, shaking it firmly and leaning in to whisper, "Great match, you and I should hang out, if you're going to be staying in town for dinner."

Brei grinned broadly, nodded, and went to join her team. They'd just pulled out a win, getting one more point than Field, and there was a celebratory air as they filed into the locker room to change. High on endorphins and competition, Brei quickly stripped out of her uniform and squeezed herself into her skirt and blouse, checking her locker just in case someone has magicked a note into it, and only mildly disappointed not to find one. She boarded the bus with the rest of the team, and with Mr. Ford behind the wheel, they set off for that epitome of fine dining, McDougals.

She collected her ten Big Micks with fries, and was pleasantly surprised to see the big horse herm already waiting, along with several other members of her team. The smaller boys had already mingled with Circe's athletes, leaving one large seat beside the Shire for her to take. As she fit her prodigious posterior into the plastic seating, the big horse put her paw out again, smiling broadly, "Didn't get a chance earlier to tell you, but my name's Danielle. That was your first match, wasn't it? I think I would have heard about a giant pink kitty if you'd been around since the start of the season."

Brei nodded, introduced herself, and tucked into her food while she listened to Danielle babble, "That's a really cute top, is it from Addition-elle? I have to buy all my outfits there, no one else makes any shirts that will cover these gazongas, and don't even get me started about pants! I burst the crotch on the last five pairs I've gotten, luckily they have a pretty good warranty. Do you have to take historical anthropological studies at Circe? Boring ass class, I

don't even know why they still make us take it, not like we'll ever need to know about the soda riots of 1847. Have you tried the Ribwich? Heaven on a bun, they don't have it here, which fucking sucks, but it's supposed to be a seasonal thing. They should carry it all year round if you ask me, I can eat about a dozen of them in a sitting, all that yummy barbeque sauce, and the pickles...I love me some pickles, how about you?" her new friend paused, cocked her head, and blurted out, "You're awfully quiet, are you real shy?"

She laughed and shook her head, then nodded. "No...well, yes, but mostly I was just enjoying listening to you. I do a lot more listening than talking, I just like learning about new people. To be perfectly honest, having people talk to me is still kinda new, I went through puberty at nine, and everyone in Circe has been a little afraid of me since then."

"Oh damn, girl, nine years old and puberty hit you like a truck? Shit, I don't know if I could have handled that, I only got big last year, and it's been hard enough as it is. Lucky for me I have a very understanding boyfriend."

"B-boyfriend? Oh wow...doesn't he mind your..."

"Oh honey, quite the opposite, I can't keep him off it."

Brei blushed hotly while Danielle laughed, winking and nibbling at one of Brei's fries. "Don't tell me you don't have anyone special getting you to make the O face, honey. As pretty as you are, I'll bet they're lining up for a chance to ride your pony."

"I'm not sure that analogy is appropriate with present company. No, no one keeping me warm at night, though there have been a couple I've played with, nothing serious."

“Give it time, girls like us tend to attract a certain type, like iron to a magnet, pretty soon you’ll have all the action you can shake a wang at.”

Brei found she liked the raunchy, straight forward horse, the two of them chatting about anything and everything until it was time to board the bus for home. Danielle wrote down her email for Brei, Brei vowed to get an email account and use the school computers to keep in touch, and they parted with a hug that had most of the boys in the near vicinity strategically covering themselves to avoid embarrassment.

The bus didn’t get back to Circe until almost midnight, and when she opened her locker to get her bag, sure enough there was a note from her admirer. She set down her things and opened it, sitting on the bench with one huge paw roaming over her bits.

I hope you achieved victory! I was sending you good thoughts like an NPC to an adventurer. I would really like to meet you in person, if you’d like to meet me, please leave a note for me Monday.

~The Arwen to your Aragorn

Brei blinked, completely confused, “But...Arwen is a girl...oh whatever.” She packed up and hurried out to the parking lot, where her dad was waiting with his pickup.

All weekend the big lynx labored over her note, revising, revising again, editing so many times that she might as well have started over. The note lengthened

from three lines to three pages, then was cropped to a page, half a page, each time her paw crumpled the paper and flung it into the trash, a small mountain of discarded loose-leaf spilling onto the floor. By the time she actually placed it in her locker, just before practice, it was short and sweet.

YES! MEET ME AT THE LIBRARY DURING LUNCH

She left the locker room for practice, her heart giddy, her pulse coming fast enough that she had to practice her meditation techniques just to get it down to safe levels. She tried not to imagine her cute colt rummaging through her locker, maybe smelling her clothes for her scent, reading her note and getting the same butterflies she did. Needless to say she was more than a little distracted during warmups.

Tommy the fox boy crept into the girls' locker room, as usual blushing from beginning to end about being in such a restricted area, fighting the urge to explore, find out if it really was better than the boys' side. He opened Brei's locker, and his heart nearly stopped, seeing the little slip of paper resting there. She had folded it into a tent, and scrawled on the side facing out were the words 'to my Tanis, from his Laurana', to show she could geek out with the best of them. Tommy grabbed the note and read it, his ears turning an even darker shade of red, and his body tingling from the tip of his nose to the end of his bushy tail. He quickly dropped his latest note off, and rushed out, skipping with glee. The big equine arm that slammed into his chest put an end to his joyful exuberance, however, knocking him flat on his backside.

"Where are you headed in such a hurry, geek? You steal some panties from the girls' locker room?"

Roger the colt leaned down, his stronger paw grabbing the note from between Tommy's clutching fingers, opening it and reading it slowly, snorting. "Ooooh,

a love note from a girl, dweeb? What sort of girl would be interested in a little wimp like you, huh?"

Tommy knew he should stay quiet, he knew he shouldn't rise to the bully's bait. Having been small and intellectual his whole life, he had more than his fair share of experience with bullies like Roger. Something inside, though, some little defiant spark made him speak up, made him take the challenge inherent in Roger's question. "B-brei Bobtail!"

Roger stopped dead, a slow, sly smirk creasing his muzzle. "Bobtail, eh? And you've been passing notes...she probably has no idea who you are, am I right? If she did, there's no way she'd want you, nerd. Besides, what would you want with a big herm anyway, the challenge? Go back to your nerd books, dweeb."

He tossed the crumpled note back to the prone fox, walking off as a plan formed in his mind. The challenge WOULD be worth it...if done correctly.

Tuesday, lunchtime, Brei waited at the library, her lunch sack clutched in her big paw, a light blue skirt and a cute top covering most of her, her hair as ordered and neat as she could get it. She squirmed from paw to paw nervously, wondering if she should have said a specific time, or chosen a less public spot. She watched other students pass by on their way to the cafeteria or the grassy hill behind the gym, none of them headed her way. She hadn't seen Roger since first period, and he hadn't seemed nervous in any way, had just stared like he always did, a smile on his face. No indication he wouldn't be here. A little fox boy came around the far corner of the school, looking especially furtive with his books clutched to his slender chest, while at the same time, her colt strode around the near, grinning from ear to ear as he walked right up to her, bowing and taking her paw to kiss.

"My Laurana, a pleasure to make myself known to you at last..."

Tommy froze, his mouth open in utter shock, his heart turning cold and frozen, dropping into his feet as he watched Roger usurp his goddess. Tears sprang to his eyes, hot and shameful, his lip quivering as he turned and promptly ran, trying to put as much distance between himself and his pain as possible.

Meanwhile Brei squealed happily, unaware of the injustice that had just been perpetrated, blushing and batting her long lashes at the popular colt, willing her body not to respond too incredibly. “Y-yes, it is...I thought it might be you, you’re always staring at me. I just never pegged you as the type to like fantasy.”

Roger smirked, standing up straight and tall, which put him right about boob height on the big lynx. “I can’t help but stare at such a perfect specimen of womanhood, Brei. The only fantasy on my mind right now is you.”

Feeling her heart melt at his well-chosen words, she wrapped her huge arms around him, startling the usually confident equine, and pulled him into a fierce hug, enveloping his muzzle in her enormous chest, much to his enjoyment.

“But I thought you were dating Brandy?”

Roger thought fast. She was a farmgirl, probably very moral, she’d probably freak out if he told her the truth, so he did what he did best. He lied.

“Oh, we broke up. She can’t compare to the REAL love of my life. I’m crazy about you, Brei, I want you to be mine and I yours.”

She really, really should have known better. Despite being fourteen, despite having more hormones running through her than a domestic bovine, despite being utterly addicted to harlequin romance novels, she really should have

seen his bullshit for what it was. Then again, she WAS a fourteen year old girl, hooked on unrealistic romance novels and desperate for love. She bought it, hook, line, and sinker.

“Oh Roger, of course I’ll be your girlfriend!”

The relationship started off fine, Roger stayed in his clique, and she stayed in hers with the wrestling team. He told her it wasn’t that he was embarrassed to be dating a herm, just that his friends would bore her, and he was happy she could do her own thing. She was her own woman, he respected that, he enjoyed how grown up she was. With a smile and a hug, she of course went along with it, even when Brandy continued to sit with HER boyfriend, though he rebuffed her attempts to cuddle, much to the filly’s chagrin.

Their first official date was a hike, Brei toting along enough food for an army which her mother had helped her make. Several times she tried to get him to talk to her about Lord of the Rings, or Dragonlance, or Forgotten Realms, but each time he laughed it off and claimed he would much rather talk about HER. Again, being a fourteen year old girl, she was only too happy to oblige.

“So today at practice, I was wrestling with Fred, and we were practicing escapes. I accidentally stepped on him when I broke out, oh you should have heard him, he kept trying to claim I hadn’t hurt him, but you could see it in his eyes. It was sweet of him to try and spare my feelings, but-“

“I’m not sure I like the idea of my girlfriend wrestling with other men, Brei...do you HAVE to wrestle?”

She stumbled, blinking rapidly and stammering, meeting his eyes, which were so full of confidence, so self-assured. “I...well no...but I like it...it makes me feel good.”

“I thought that was my job, pretty lady.”

She blushed hotly, brushing a strand of hair out of her eyes, her gentle smile lighting up at his compliment. “You think I’m pretty?”

Roger scoffed, running his paw over her lower back, just above the curve of her rump. “Gorgeous, in fact. I’m lucky to have a girlfriend who looks like a model and can bench press a house. If it makes you happy, then I’ll deal, just make sure those boys know you have a real MAN to come home to.”

The blushing worsened, until her cheeks hurt. When they stopped for lunch, she spread a tablecloth on the ground, setting out the many different Tupperware containers she had prepared, before dishing up a plate for Roger, and three times as much for herself.

“Mmm, damn, my girl can COOK! Though you really shouldn’t eat so much, it’ll make you fat.”

She stopped with her fork halfway to her face, looking at the plate before her. It wasn’t any more than her usual, a little less, in fact. Her cheeks darkened in shame, and she began to scrape half of it back into the containers. “Oh...ok, I don’t want you not to like my body.”

Roger smiled, giving her ample butt a pinch that had her squeaking and trying to dodge. “That’s my good girl. Gotta keep that figure, so you look the best you can.”

She nodded, munching on the remainder of her food, trying to ignore the growling of her belly when she was done. Roger finished his food, and helped himself to another portion, smiling and complimenting her cooking. She

noticed he had eaten more than she had, but chose to say nothing, she didn't want to make any issues this early in the relationship.

When he had finished eating, he scooted closer, wrapping an arm as far around her middle as he could, resting his head on one huge swell of her breast. "So here we are, all alone, no one else for miles...are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Brei cocked her head, unsure of his meaning, until she registered his fingers gently stroking over one of her shapely thighs. She went stock-still, her mind in turmoil about how to proceed. On the one hand, she wanted him oh so badly, he had been the object of entirely too many masturbation fantasies for her not to, but on the other, it was their first date, they'd only been going steady for a week now, most of that spent with only momentary embraces in the hallways of school.

His paw moved up, running over her belly and then squeezing firmly on one of her gigantic tits. Her breath hissed through her teeth as she fought down her urges, taking his paw in hers and gently prying it away. "Roger, it's a little early to be...to be going that far. I want to, but...but let's wait until we know each other better."

He immediately sat up straight, a slight creasing of his brows the only sign of his displeasure, but even that was enough to twist a knife in her heart. "Sure, if that's what you want. I just thought you felt the same way about me as I do about you."

Roger rose and started to help pack up the uneaten food, his back to the big feline, his smirk unseen. She was playing right into his hands, he knew how to handle the chaste girls. They were always the easiest to get into bed.

Brei bit her lip, horrified that she'd already screwed up her first relationship. She got up onto her knees and slowly crawled across the tablecloth to her colt, her huge paws grabbing him by the hips and pulling him against her much larger body. "Just because I'm not ready to...to have sex...doesn't mean I can't do ANYTHING, Roger..."

Her fingers found his zipper, unbuckling his pants and zipping them down, her huge paw slipping into his boxers and pulling out his teenage cock. He was a...decent size, she supposed, only having experience with her own. Her fingers wrapped around it, stroking slowly, her enormous breasts pressed against his back, breathing in his scent, the subtle smell of his sweat. She wrinkled her nose...she didn't really approve of how he smelled.

Roger groaned, feeling himself manhandled, his mind reeling a bit, needing to stay in control of the situation. He leaned back against the feline, letting her feel him. He was under the impression he was huge...he wasn't. Huge would be the one behind him, hidden behind floral print. "Mmmmm, oh that's nice...but...but I'll get blue balls if you just stroke me, guys need to be inside a girl to really get off."

She blinked, suspicious, unaware of this fact of biology. She certainly didn't have that problem, her paws always made her feel better, and Alex had never mentioned anything about it. She wasn't sure why Roger would lie to her, though, and she HAD heard her bunny friend refer to blue balls as being something horrible. A lightbulb went off over her head, and she turned him around, starting to run her tongue over his ebony length, treating it how Mrs. Barlow treated hers. It was a little difficult, given his meager size, and her position on her knees. She finally settled for gripping his rump and lifting him up, holding him while she closed her lips around his cock and slurped, sucked, and smacked, trying to remember the bovine's technique. It was difficult, since when her neighbor was going down on her, all she could really think

about was filling the nice cow up, but from Roger's moans, and the way his paws gripped her hair, she must have been doing alright.

Roger was at a loss, dangling in the air, the massive hyperherm sucking his dick. He'd bet his friends he could fuck her, so he knew he had to do it, but her big mouth felt pretty good...and he was getting awful close. His paws grabbed her large, tufted ears, earning a wince and a pained whimper from the cat, those ears awful sensitive, but she didn't want to ruin his experience, bobbing with short, careful strokes, not wanting him to slip out. She could feel her restraints digging HARD into her hips, the straps beginning to strain, threads snapping on the cosmetic areas, her heat rising up to molten levels as she got her first taste of a boy's cock. It was musky, salty...a bit unpleasant, if she was honest. Roger had a smell to him, an acidic taste on her tongue. But the way he was reacting, she couldn't stop. She had to make up for disappointing him, had to make sure her boyfriend never got blue balls.

He held back as long as he could, but in the end, that mouth and tongue were irresistible. Roger yanked on her ears as he came, his body shuddering and spasming, three or four spurts of warm horse semen landing on her tongue, nearly making her gag from the taste. She resolved to take his shots down her throat from then on, so she could give him pleasure, but not have to taste THAT. It was like pure vinegar to her. She kept slurping softly until he was finished shaking, and set him gently on the tablecloth. She tried to be subtle grabbing a water bottle, taking a drink and swishing it about her mouth to remove the unpleasant taste, before leaning in and trying to give him a kiss.

Roger recoiled, putting one paw on her lips and keeping her back. "Hey, baby, no, you just had my dick in your mouth, that's gross. That was great and all, but the only thing that's gonna help is if I get to fuck your pussy. It's only fair, you know, it's your fault I'm so excited. I can't be around that gorgeous body without getting so turned on it hurts." His paws went to her breasts again, and

ashamed by her lapse in judgment trying to kiss him, she allowed it this time. Moaning softly at his touch, she pressed into his smaller paws, her pillowy breasts molding under his fingertips, her nipples growing hard while her cock did the same.

“C’mon babe...what’s it gonna hurt? I even brought a condom, so it’s totally safe. What’s it matter, when we love each other? Just cause we’re still getting to know each other now, doesn’t mean we won’t later. We’re just getting a head start, that’s all.”

She shook her head, valiantly fighting the urges of her body, which was screaming at her to do the very thing he was asking for. Already his cock had grown hard again, and his balls DID look a little bluer than normal...though that might have been a trick of the light. “Roger...I’m just...I don’t want to rush...”

He fondled her breasts more firmly, sure he had her on the back paw now, smiling with mock sincerity. One paw slid down to rest on her rump, “We’re not rushing anything, everyone is doing it. You don’t want to be the only one who’s not, do you?”

Peer pressure, that eternal bitch. She waffled, her brain vainly screeching at her body, trying to fight through the haze of hormones and self-esteem issues, and ultimately failing. She didn’t fight when he lifted her shirt, unfastened the thirteen hooks that held her bra up. Her perfect, white teeth grasped her lip as he leaned in, suckling at a hard nipple, hefting her heavy breasts. She even moved her hips to make it easier for him to unfasten her skirt, letting it fall down her long legs until she was wearing only her restraints, her top around her neck.

“Help me get these off...I want you so badly...” he whispered, fighting with the buckles and fasteners on the special undergarment.

With practiced ease, Brei unclipped her last bastion of modesty, sliding them down her legs, her massive cock bobbing slowly in front of her boyfriend, easily four times his size. Roger recoiled again, managing to make it appear as shock, rather than disgust. She was the size of his THIGH! He thought fast, moving behind her, grabbing her ample rump and squeezing it tightly.

“I want to do you from behind, Brei...this is such a great butt, I want to see it in the air.”

She nodded, her cheeks hot, the breeze doing interesting things to her hermness. She got down on all fours, just like Mrs. Barlow had been, and leaned forward, spreading her legs, trying to get down low enough that Roger could reach. Finally she was able to do a sort of half-split to enable him to stand behind her, his smaller paws on her hips, an unseen devious smirk on his lips. “I promise you won’t regret this, baby...”

She bit her lip before whispering softly, “Take me, my Aragorn...take your elfmaid and make her cream all over your...uh...big cock.”

He paused, about to enter, a mocking little catch in his voice. “Who the fuck is Aragorn? Elfmaid? What are you on about?”

The click in Brei’s mind was almost audible. The author of the many romantic, kind love notes was an unabashed nerd, a lover of all things Tolkien, Lewis, and Gygax. Roger didn’t know who the King of Gondor was. His unkindness, his rude behavior, even his dislike of her herm bits all made perfect sense now, and a small part of herself, long buried, long held in check, roared to the surface.

Just as he was lining up to take her virginity, Brei's gigantic paw firmly clamped around his small cock, squeezing FIRMLY, painfully tight, and she turned slowly, her eyes blazing behind her smeared glasses. She stood very slowly, breathing hard from anger, from rage, and growled deep in her throat at the manipulative little colt. Her paw left his dick and clamped TIGHTLY around his throat, lifting him into the air to be eye to eye. His were frantic, hers were cold. His hooves kicked wildly in midair, the young equine struggling, shocked at the sudden reversal of fortune.

"B-brei...what the fuck..."

"You. Didn't. Write. Those. Notes!" She bit out, her sharp teeth bared, each one the size of his fingers. Her grip tightened, suddenly VERY frightening, despite the pink fur, despite being stark naked.

Roger went rigid, terrified now he'd been found out. His mind worked furiously, trying to think of a way to get out of his current predicament. She didn't give him the chance, instead shaking him like a dog with a rat, feeling the cartilage in his neck crackle and strain.

"You were going to RAPE me, you bastard. You were going to make me think you were the one who had such sweet things to say about me, and get me to fuck you and your tiny little dick. I SUCKED YOU OFF, YOU MISERABLE FUCK!"

He shook, quivering in fear, every primal instinct of his ancestors going into overdrive as an apex predator had him so thoroughly helpless. An ANGRY, and completely justifiably so, apex predator. He tried to speak, she cut him off. He tried to struggle, she prevented it, only staring him down, the rational part of her brain fighting a losing battle to reign in her anger, her violence.

“We are alone, miles from anyone else. No one would ever know what happened to you, remember that, because I will give you ONE chance to get out of this situation in one piece. You are going to tell me who wrote those notes, you have to know, or you wouldn’t have known where and when to meet me. Give me the name, or I swear to God I will rip you apart, you worthless excuse for a living organism.”

Roger instantly pissed himself, the pungent ammonia scent, that prehistoric scent of fear, suddenly joining the other scents of the forest. His air nearly gone from her grip, he managed to gasp out, barely heard, “T-tommy...it was Tommy...took the note off the little nerd, please don’t kill me, I don’t wanna die!”

She growled, dropping him to the ground and turning. He slowly came to his feet, gasping, grasping at his throat. “Th-thank you, Brei, thank you...I promise I-“

Whatever he was about to promise would have to go unrecorded, because before he could get it out, she whirled and threw a punch. She felt the crunch of his jaw, watched with satisfaction as he slumped to the ground unconscious. Then, whistling, she got dressed and packed up the picnic, tossing his clothes in with the detritus of their lunch, before walking back towards home, munching at the food to set her belly to quieting.

“Damn...I AM a pretty good cook, aren’t I? ...wait...I probably should have asked which Tommy...”

After a long, hot shower at home, Brei picked up the phone and called her friend Lucy, sitting on her mattress with her hair wrapped up in a towel, her extra fluffy purple bathrobe wrapped around her still damp fur.

“Hey Lucy, it’s your friendly neighborhood lynx.”

“Strawberry! How’s things? How was your date with Roger?”

“He’s not the one that wrote the notes. I got it out of him right before I clocked him and left him naked in the woods. I’m sure he’ll be fine, there’s not TOO many bears around here. Listen, I need to know who ‘Tommy’ is. He’s the one that actually wrote my love notes. He’s supposedly little and kind of a nerd.”

“...wow, you move quick, dump one boy and already on to your next conquest.”

“Cute...do you know him or not?”

The sparrow paused, obviously thinking, the click click click of her claw on beak transmitting through the phone, while Brei ran her fingers between her fluffy toes, trying to wick some of the water out of her long fur.

“Lemme think...I know a couple Tommys, but they’re not exactly little. I know a couple Thomases, but I’m pretty sure they’re gay. How about I keep my peepers out for anything? I can ask Sierra too, she knows almost everybody.”

“Sure, I’d be grateful for a bird’s eye view.”

“...how long you been waiting to use THAT one?”

“Longer than I care to admit, see you at school tomorrow?”

“Deal, bring candy.”

She got to first period a little early, mostly so she could watch Roger's entrance. He came in limping slightly, a huge bruise spreading from his chin to his forehead, and he didn't even look at her, instead moving quickly to the other side of the room. She smirked, before looking at the list that Lucy had passed her. Several Tommys, Toms, Thomases, even a 'Tad' just in case. Most had been crossed off by either the sparrow or their calico friend, leaving only 3 potentials. She'd managed to eliminate one of the remaining, given that he had better handwriting than she did, and a complete disregard for the works of sci-fi and fantasy.

Next on the list was in this class with her, and she had subtly (as much as it was possible for her to be subtle, scooted her chair close enough to look over his shoulder, watching him scribble notes. Definitely messy, but after comparing to the notes in her pocket, it just wasn't similar enough. Cross one more off the list. She settled in to pay attention to the teacher, they had a quiz on Friday after all.

At lunchtime she went looking for the last name on the list. Tommy Shipton usually sat by himself at lunch, just him and his books. He had messy handwriting, and a thoroughly nerdy look about him, so all the signs were good. She took a circuitous route to the wrestling table, passing by his usual spot to take a look. The little mink was reading from a novel, good sign, but as she smiled at him and came a little closer, he gave her a scornful look.

"Whatcha reading, Tommy?"

"It's Thomas, thank you. And I am reading a treatise on international trade, written by a preeminent specialist in the field. I'd prefer to return to it, if you could take your presence elsewhere."

Okaaaaaaay, strike 3...

She sat down with the wrestlers, munching away on her food, when out of the corner of her eye she noticed a little fox reading what could only be a Player's Handbook. She nudged Fred, gesturing at the boy. "Hey, who's that?"

Fred took a look, shrugging his shoulders. "Not sure, haven't ever talked to him. Why do you ask?"

Brei just shook her head, pondering, "No reason, just hadn't seen him around before. Excuse me, I need to talk to Lucy for a bit."

It was last period before her little sparrow friend caught up with her in the hall, pulling her aside, practically vibrating with excitement.

"Straubs, his name is Tommy! Not even Sierra knows him, which is weird cause he's lived here all his life, I had to get info out of Mr. Stachowski. I even checked his handwriting...whoa boy, this is your man. Matched that last note EXACTLY. So are ya gonna drag him into a closet and make a man out of him?!"

Brei swatted her little friend, sticking out her tongue. "No, for starters the closets aren't big enough for me. Keep this under your hat for now, I don't want to tip him off before I have a chance to surprise him."

The following morning, prior to first period, Brei waited just out of sight near Tommy's locker, patiently watching for the nerdy little fox to arrive. She had dressed for the occasion, her cutest skirt and a shirt that showed off her considerable cleavage just enough. Her restraints were hitched to maximum, expecting some unavoidable growth just from the images running through her head, and she had done her best to style her hair into braids, not that it would last longer than an hour or so before coming undone.

When he appeared at the end of the hallway she held her breath, mentally preparing herself for social interaction, psyching herself up to talk to a boy. She waited for him to open his locker and begin rummaging around inside, before walking up stealthily, stepping right up behind so that she was within inches of pressing her belly against the back of his head. His head came up, sensing someone behind him, and he turned, planting his cute little muzzle firmly into her softly furred tummy.

With a yelp, he sprang backwards, planting his back against his open locker, staring in awe at the huge feline standing before him demurely, smelling strongly of strawberries. His eyes bugged out of his head, frantically looking around for Roger, afraid he was going to get a beating just for accidentally touching the big cat.

“Hi Tommy. Don’t worry, I got the whole story from Roger, right before I knocked him flat for taking advantage of me. I know you wrote the notes, and they were incredibly sweet. I’m sorry I fell for his crap, I hope you’re still interested in me, because you’re REALLY cute.”

The little fox stared, open mouthed, dropping his books on the floor as his knees turned to jello, wobbling and threatening to spill him onto the floor. She reached out to steady him, his body light in her massive paws, easing holding him up despite his weak legs. Smiling, she bent down to collect his books, handing them back to the little fox. “I know you’re shy, so just let me do the talking until you feel comfortable, ok? I’d like to get to know you better, I want you to take me on a date. There’s no expectations, it doesn’t have to be anything extravagant, I just want it to be me and you, and give us time to learn about each other. You can ask me whenever your voice comes back.”

Tommy nodded slowly, doing his best to stop hyperventilating. He only reached this massive, gorgeous feline’s navel, which put him at just the right

height to oogle her bulge and her chest, and given her slightly leaned forward stance, he could barely see her smiling face over the twin swells of those enormous breasts. Her scent was driving him wild, and he was feeling elated that she had discovered the truth, but his nerves had totally deserted him. Almost whimpering, he whispered out quietly, “W-would you l-like to see a movie this S-Saturday?”

“A movie sounds lovely, I’ve never been to one before. Why don’t you pick a good one, and we’ll go Saturday night? Do your parents have a car big enough for me, or should I ask my dad to drop me off?”

Tommy gulped, thinking about telling his parents that he was going on a date with a girl over twice his size. He stammered softly, “I-I’ll pick you u-up, the g-guy is s-supposed to p-pick the g-girl up.”

“Sounds wonderful, honey. Pick me up at 6 on Saturday, you can meet my dad, and then we’ll go see a movie, alright? You don’t need to get dolled up for me, you’re adorable just the way you are.”

Tommy nodded, blushing, his hands shaking until he wrapped them tighter around his books, clenching them to his slender chest, his tail going a mile a minute, almost dusting the locker behind him. “It’s a d-d-date, B-brei.”

She smiled, impulsively grabbing him for a great big hug against her soft tummy, and then straightened his glasses before skipping off for first period, the little fox only remembering after the bell that he was supposed to be in class as well.

Saturday arrived, and it was all she could do to take her time with chores, stacking hundred pound hay bales in the barn, milking cows, and mucking out the stables. As she stood under the shower, scrubbing her fur and gargling into

the shower flow, she was a bundle of nerves, unsure of how to handle the date that night. She hadn't had the best experience with her FIRST date, and definitely didn't want this one to end on a poor note. She resolved that there would be no hanky panky, but perhaps a kiss for the cute boy at the end of the night...followed by a trip to the orchard for her...

She dried her voluminous fur, wrapping her hair in a towel before seeing to all those miniscule, important housekeeping items that women the world over did, carefully applying a coating of dark purple to her plush lips, and lightly brushing her lashes with mascara. Her hair would have to make do with a ponytail, knowing anything she did to it wouldn't last an entire movie, and then she came to the matter of clothing.

Everything she owned was either too frumpy for a date, or too indecent for outdoors. She found an old skirt that she hadn't worn in a year or more, with a good fabric and a great color to go with one of her shirts she liked, but it was far too long, she wanted to show off at least a LITTLE. Getting a sly look on her face, she snuck down the hall to her mother's sewing room, and went to work modifying the skirt.

Tommy arrived exactly at six, his father waiting patiently in the car. When he knocked on the door, Mr. Bobtail answered, his brow raised and a look of classic fatherly disapproval plastered on his face. He took one look at the young fox, shot a nod to the other father in an unspoken code only Dads know, and ushered the boy inside.

"Breianna is still getting ready, why don't you and I have a seat? What are your plans for tonight?" Bob flopped down in his favorite chair, subtly waving off his wife when she came to the kitchen door with a plate of snacks.

Tommy flushed, gently setting down on the couch, nervously rubbing his thighs, looking rather dapper in a pair of nice khakis and a polo shirt. He'd even combed his hair and polished his glasses.

"W-we're going to see a movie, and then get something to e-eat. My d-dad is picking us up at 10pm, is that too late?"

Bob grunted, shaking his head, "Breianna's curfew is midnight, just make sure she's back by then. Now Tommy...it is Tommy, isn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"This is my only daughter...you treat her with respect, and I don't want to hear about you taking liberties with her. Are we understood?"

A loud sigh from the stairs made both man and boy turn, Tommy jumping out of his seat at the sight of his date. Brei had modified her skirt to fall just above her knees, exposing her strong, fluffy calves, billowing lightly around her plush thighs and restrained bulge. She wore a light t-shirt that scooped low to show off the top third of her breasts, the Autobot symbol emblazoned on the front.

"If you're quite through scaring my date, Dad, I should point out that any liberties being taken are more likely to be me than him. Tommy, sweetie, don't let my dad fool you, he is enjoying himself immensely."

Bob grunted noncommittally, clapping Tommy on the shoulder and pushing him towards the door to break his stupor. Emily came running out with her camera, insisting on snapping a few dozen pictures of the happy couple, until Bob firmly put his paw down and bundled her back inside, leaving the two teenagers to bashfully smile at each other while walking to the car. Brei pursed her lips softly when she spotted the compact vehicle they had brought. She gently

nudged Tommy towards the front seat, before going through the difficult process of squeezing her large form into the backseat, taking up the majority of it, the car listing decidedly backwards, but she did manage to get her seatbelt buckled. True she stretched one belt from the wall to the other side, but it worked. They set off for town, and the car lapsed into silence. Brei tapped at her knee, nibbling on her bottom lip, before leaning forward and tapping the younger fox on the shoulder.

“So what movie are we seeing?”

Tommy practically leapt out of his chair at the sudden tap, blushing and squirming in his seat, “Um, I thought we could see Forrest Gump?”

Brei grinned, resting her giant muzzle on the back of his seat, tracing one huge finger over his arm. “You know...Star Trek Generations is playing...wouldn't you rather see that?”

The little fox yelped, looking incredibly sheepish, “Well...it's not really a...a date movie...”

“Isn't any movie we see a 'date' movie? We're on a date, after all. Let's see that one, you can explain everything to me. I've read a lot of the books, but I don't own a TV, so I'm not really 'up' on the show.”

Tommy nodded enthusiastically, relaxing a bit as he listened to her husky voice, his nostrils filling with her sweet, strawberry scent, trying not to focus on just how much of the back seat his date filled up. His dad was similarly trying to keep his eyes on the road, as well as mentally reminding himself over and over of her age, his fingers gently twirling his wedding band.

They arrived at the Cineplex, Tommy exiting the car and opening Brei's door like a gentlefox, the huge lynx very carefully trying to exit the car without ripping her clothing or sacrificing her modesty, unused to wearing a skirt of that length. Somehow she managed it, and after bending in the window to thank Tommy's dad for the ride, she reached down and firmly took his paw, grinning and letting him lead her to the ticket booth.

Tommy paid for two tickets, and after they got popcorn, candy, and soda, the two of them tromped happily into the theatre while Tommy helpfully brought Brei up to speed on Star Trek: The Next Generation. The theatre was pretty packed already, and so they picked a row near the back, where Brei wouldn't be blocking anyone's line of sight. She had to squeeze past a few already seated furs, but none of them complained one bit to have a curvy feline sliding past them. She smiled, listening to Tommy rattle off facts about the Trek franchise, more and more amused at how much he relaxed when talking about his passions.

Just before the movie started, a tallish fur sat down in front of Tommy, blocking his view of the screen. He was too shy and nervous about impressing her to say anything, and settled in to miss most of the show. Brei noticed, however, and with a soft smile, reached over and lifted her date up, plopping him down in her rather expansive lap, where he had a more than clear view of the screen, along with a handy pair of headrests. She leaned down and whispered in his ear, feeling her restraints strain just a wee bit. "Relax, honey, I'll take good care of you. Oh, and...um...don't mind any...swelling. It's sorta unavoidable."

Tommy blushed as red as his fur, but couldn't deny just how comfortable his date's lap was. Munching on popcorn, he nuzzled against her chest, the big feline starting to purr quietly, stopping only when the movie began in earnest. She enjoyed the feel of the much smaller boy occupying her lap, his little butt

rubbing subconsciously against her, the feel of his back against her belly, the way his little head nuzzled against her chest. She almost missed the intro to the movie, so occupied was she with the lovely feelings she was experiencing for the first time.

Tommy, for his part, was beside himself elated at being cuddled by his huge date, as well as getting to enjoy a Sci-fi movie on a DATE! As he sucked on the straw to his Mountain Dew, he decided the only way this could get better was if Brei owned a Slave Leia outfit. Then he wondered if she did...

Following the movie, the two walked across the street to the stripmall, and decided to get some food from McDougall's. Brei steadfastly refused to let Tommy pay for her enormous order, instead giving him a soft kiss on the head and digging the pocketmoney her mom had given her for just this occasion. They sat down, him on the booth side, her in the chair that barely supported her more than ample form.

"That was a really good movie, makes me want to watch the series. I've been trying to convince my Dad to get a TV set, but usually by the time we're done with chores around the farm, we're all ready for bed."

Tommy nodded, almost bouncing in his seat, "Oh it's REALLY good, I like TNG a lot better than the original series where Kirk is from. Though Scotty is awesome, the engineer. Maybe...maybe you could come over, and we could watch it together? My dad taped most of the episodes, we've got a great big collection on VHS."

Brei grinned, leaning across the table to gently rub her nose against his own. "Why Tommy Shasta, are you asking me on a second date? You haven't even gotten your goodnight kiss yet."

“K-kiss? I’m getting a k-kiss?”

“Unless you mess up in the next hour, you bet.”

“Maybe I should just stop talking, then.”

“Oooh, I would advise against it. That might be construed as a mess up.”

She winked at him to let him know she was joking, polishing off the last of her food and leaning back in her chair, stretching and unintentionally giving him an eyeful of massive breasts. “You’re really a sweet guy, Tommy. I’m really glad you wrote me those notes, I’m not used to people thinking I’m pretty. Or at least, not used to people telling me.”

He gaped, but nodded, nibbling mouse-like on one of his fries. “I’m sure lots of people think you’re pretty, Brei, just too scared to say something. I think you’re beautiful, and you’re smart, and you’re a really nice girl.”

“And having boobs bigger than your head doesn’t hurt.”

“Er, ah...yeah, that doesn’t hurt one bit.”

They both laughed, and when Mr. Shasta came into the restaurant, it was with more than a little disappointment that the two of them rose, disposed of their trash, and piled back in the car to head to the Bobtail farm. As they pulled into the driveway, Tommy once again got out and opened her door, waiting for his huge date to exit, before walking her to the front door.

Brei turned to her date and smiled, reaching down to lift him up and hug him, before pressing her enormous muzzle to his own, kissing him soundly, her huge eyes closing, her glasses bumping against his forehead. When she finally

released the liplock, she smiled fondly at him. “I had a lot of fun tonight, Tommy. Next Saturday, it’s my turn to plan the date, alright?”

He blushed hotly, nodding, before his thoughts caught up with him. “W-wait, are you...are you asking ME out on a second date?”

“Yes, yes I am.”

“Can you DO that?!”

“Just did.”

“Then YES!”

She grinned, setting him down and giving his little rump a playful pat towards the car, waving goodbye to Mr. Shasta and watching them drive away. Then she practically sprinted for the orchard, badly needing to let off the pressure of a whole night snuggling and flirting with the cute little fox. She vaguely wished Mrs. Barlow was awake.

Even years later, Brei could not remember anything else that happened the following week, not class, not practice, nothing at all. The one and only thing she remembered was her anticipation and excitement for the follow up date that Saturday. She had decided she was going to take him on a hike, and make a picnic lunch. She recognized the similarity to her disastrous first date with Roger, but was determined to exorcise the demons of that date with one that would put happy memories into her instead. Into the basket went sandwiches, fried chicken, fruit, potato salad, cookies, a whole cake, and two ears of fresh corn. Not to mention lots and lots of fresh strawberries, naturally.

Rather than have either of their parents pick up the other, Brei walked to the trailhead, and Tommy was waiting for her, his bike locked up to a nearby tree. She wore a pair of loose shorts and a t-shirt, he was dressed in almost the same, albeit in a much smaller size. She met him with a great big hug, lifting him off his feet and squeezing him into her massive chest, peppering his head with kisses.

“Hi sweetie! Ready for a nice hike?”

Tommy smiled and nodded, his little arms wrapped around her neck, hugging her right back. She gently set him down and took his paw, hooking the basket with the other, and they set off into the woods. Not much was said, not much needed to be said, they just enjoyed a nice afternoon in each other's' presence out in nature. Brei pointing out various plants and animals to her little boyfriend, Tommy listening raptly, squirming happily as he clutched her gigantic paw in his small one. As the day went by, however, his legs started to burn badly, having difficulty picking up his feet, starting to stumble a little bit. He didn't want to say anything to ruin the moment, but he was starting to hurt.

Brei noticed her little sweetheart slowing down, but it took quite a while for her to realize it was because he was in pain. When she did realize, she reached down and lifted him right off the ground, picking him up and setting him comfortably on her shoulders, the poor boy nearly getting a nosebleed from this height. After a moment of panic, he wrapped his paws softly in her hair, avoiding her ears, and enjoyed the ride. Brei noticed that he seemed to like his legs wrapped around her head VERY much, but decided not to say anything. She did, however, nuzzle a little harder than was strictly G rated.

Around noon they stopped for lunch, Brei setting her passenger down and spreading a tablecloth on the ground, setting out the picnic. Tommy helped

her with the napkins and plates, his eyes getting bigger and bigger as the food just kept emerging from the basket.

“Brei...I think you may have brought too much food.”

She smirked and nodded, patting his little head. “That’s fine, better too much than too little.”

“Well, I suppose it probably takes a lot of food to satisfy your metabolism. Hypers use a lot more energy than normal furs.”

She blinked, raising one brow as she dished up two plates. She noticed him give her a dirty look when she took only a small amount, dutifully piling on more and more until he nodded with a smile. “You know about hypers?”

“Figured I should do some research since my girlfriend is one?”

“Oh...well that’s thoughtful.”

Tommy loudly praised every dish she put in front of him, eating until his tummy hurt. Brei ate more sedately, letting him talk, gush about all manner of different nerdy pursuits. She listened, fascinated, as he told her about his D&D games, his characters. She laughed right along with him when he told her about hilarious moments, and asked for clarification when she lost his train of thought. To date, it was the longest Tommy had spoken in one go with her around, and she just loved to listen to his voice.

Once they were done eating, they continued the hike for a little longer, eventually ending up beside a sparkling mountain lake. Brei set both her boyfriend and the picnic basket down, and took a deep, refreshing breath of the clean air. She smiled, skipping about enjoying the feel of the grass

between her toes, while Tommy was content to just watch. His eyes drifted to the water, and he blushed before calling out to the big lynx.

“Hey Brei...wanna take a dip?”

“I didn’t bring a suit, though.”

“Yeah, I know...”

Brei blushed hard, turning to look at her little fox, who was just as red as she was. She fiddled with the hem of her shirt, her lower lip held tightly between her big teeth.

“Tommy...are you sure?”

He bit his own lip, nodded once, shortly, and ripped off his shirt, unbuckling and taking down his pants in a hurry before he lost his nerve. Brei laughed loudly despite her nervousness at his comical display of eagerness, and couldn’t help but watch as more and more of her cute little fox was unveiled. He was skinny, but skinny in a way that was pleasing to the eyes, not a thinness born of starvation or intention, just...built small. She eyed his tightie whities, the two of them pausing, staring at each other, knowing there would be no going back once that skimpy little garment was removed. He shook with nerves, and with her heart in her throat, Brei reached out with one of her giant paws and placed it gently on his head.

“Um...hold up on that...let me...let me match you first. I...um...I want your eyes locked on me while I get all half nekkid.”

All the blood abruptly left Tommy’s head, those tighties getting a hell of a lot tighter. Brei gently peeled off her t-shirt, folding it carefully, setting it on top

of the basket, her enormous bra straining to hold back the bounty of her chest. She reached behind herself, struggling and straining to get all the hooks undone. She could have swiveled the bra around front to make it easier, but somehow that seemed like it would cheapen the moment. She wanted him to get the full effect of her showing off her tits. When the bra came away, the little fox whimpered loudly, eyeing those incredibly huge, heavy breasts as they wobbled and undulated with gravity, subconsciously licking his dry lips.

“Ooooh, I see someone LIKES his girl’s boobs, eh?”

“L-likes isn’t even close to strong enough...”

She giggled bashfully, fighting to keep SOME of the blood in her body out of her cheeks, and struggled with her shorts. The button was almost submerged in layers of lynx and lynx fluff, and when she finally got it undone, the relief she felt was a little more than she was comfortable admitting to. Down went the zipper, wide went the fly...she bit her lip almost hard enough to draw blood, carefully inching her shorts down, her little white panties bulging extremely with the size of her sheathe, easily the size of her boyfriend’s head. His eyes were as big as saucers as more and more of her was revealed, those shorts hitting the ground and picked up, folded and added to the growing pile on the basket, before she stood, topless, barely clothed, and waited for him to say something.

“Wow.”

“Good start...care to elaborate?”

“You’re...you’re fucking huge.”

She smiled, her heart nearly choking her, waiting for the rejection, waiting for the fear, or the inadequacy, something to ruin the moment. The silence stretched longer and longer, until without a word, Tommy started to slide off his underwear.

Now granted, he was tiny compared to the giant hyperherm in front of him, but for a little fox, he had some decent gear. Definitely enough to get a second look from girls his size, and more than enough to get the job done with them. Brei watched carefully, breathing heavily, watching her boyfriend get naked in front of her for the first time. He was bigger than Roger had been, and she desperately hoped he was big enough to ring her bell, hoped that he'd still want to, once she brought out HER bits. Tommy tossed his skivvies on the pile of her clothes, trying to stand confidently, despite the fact it was a little chilly out.

"God you're adorable, Tommy..."

"I'll take adorable! Adorable foxes get snuggled lots."

"Trust me, baby, you have SO many snuggles in your future. I guess...I guess it's my turn, isn't it?"

She whimpered, shutting her eyes so she didn't have to watch his expression, and tugged her panties off. There was a bit of a struggle to peel them off her balls, and tug them from between her thick thighs, but she got them off and folded them by memory, slowly peeking with one eye.

Tommy's mouth was wide open, his eyes staring at a sheathe that he couldn't even fit his paws around, knowing she wasn't even remotely hard yet, knowing it was going to (if his books were any indication) get a HELL of a lot bigger. Just as she was about to grab her clothes to get dressed again, her heart

broken inside, he darted forward, pressing his tiny paw against that gigantic, fluffy tube, and let out a low whistle.

“Holy shit, Brei...it IS bigger than my head. I mean, I was kinda prepared for it, after feeling it in the movie theater, but...but my god! Daaaaang, your balls are so heavy! I get to snuggle THIS, don't I?”

Brei yelped at the sudden glomping, as well as turning progressively redder as his worders registered. Her sheath was swelling in a hurry under his touch, and it was with more than a little reluctance that she pulled away, kneeling and kissing him solidly, hugging him tight to her chest. “You don't know what it means to me that you like my body, Tommy. Let's go for a swim, ok?”

The little fox nodded happily, the two furs playfully splashing in the lake, enjoying the cool feel of the water against their fur and flesh. After some good, vigorous swimming, Brei cradled her boyfriend against her chest, sitting on the lake bottom, relaxing in the dimming rays of the sun. Her lips and his intertwined, caressing each other for many long minutes, his tiny paws sinking into her tender breastflesh, her huge paw fastened around his cute little butt, her other paw slowly stroking his shaft, enjoying the feel of him twitching against her pads.

“This has been a wonderful day, Tommy...I really like spending time with you.”

“Same, Brei...you're unlike any girl I've ever known, and not just because you're toting more meat than a butcher.”

“Well thank you for that...let me know if I squeeze too hard, ok? I just want to let you know...I don't want to go all the way tonight, but not because I don't REALLY want to do that with you...I just...need some time to prep. I'd like to make you feel good, though, if that's alright.”

“If THIS isn’t feeling good, I shudder to think about what IS.”

She laughed and grinned evilly, nuzzling at his cheek. “Oh you’ll be shuddering, but the good kind. Just relax, honey, let me do the rest. A very nice cow taught me this trick.”

She gently lifted Tommy up, bringing his cock to the same level as her mouth, running her huge tongue slowly over his flesh, teasing, peppering the shaft with little kisses and licks, before taking him into her mouth, sucking slowly and softly. Her eyebrows shot to the sky, noting that his flavor was much, MUCH better than Roger’s, and when a small spurt of precum landed on her tongue, she moaned loud enough to vibrate his little body. Oh he tasted GOOOOOOOD. Her eyes hooded in pleasure, really getting into it now, bobbing her head until her lips surrounded his tip, then tilting once more, rocking back and forth and making sure she made her boyfriend happy.

Tommy grabbed at her hair, clinging for dear life as his brain tried to trickle out his ears. He felt his climax coming way too fast, squirming and struggling, and indeed doing quite a lot of shuddering. He groaned and went rigid, his load erupting onto her tongue and down her throat, the huge lynx happily swallowing down her boy’s seed, smacking her lips when she was done, a pleased smile on her huge face.

“Mmmmm, yeah, you’re getting a lot more of those...you’re fucking delicious.”

“I...eat...a lot of citrus...” he gasped, still clinging tightly to her head, shivering in the suddenly cold lake water.

After giving him time to recover, and her time to calm down, they exited the lake and dried off using the tablecloth, Tommy having to help Brei squeeze

back into her shorts. Setting off for home, Brei once more planted her fox astride her shoulders, her heart absolutely singing with happiness. Tommy wrapped his arms firmly around her huge head, nuzzling and sighing happily. They covered the distance a lot faster than making their way up to the lake, with Brei tromping right along, and it wasn't more than an hour before the trailhead hove into view in the distance.

"So...it's your turn to plan the date next time. I have a meet this Friday, but I'll be back the same night."

"Well...what would you say to coming over and watching Star Trek? My...my parents will be out of town next weekend...and my brothers and sisters are usually out doing stuff during the day...we'd be all alone."

She smiled and nodded, though inwardly she was all butterflies. Alone...at Tommy's house...it wasn't hard to imagine what could happen. Cuddling with Tommy, watching TV, all alone...it sounded lovely, and she said so.

"It's a date, then!"

Brei set her boyfriend down after giving him a long, passionate kiss, hugging him tightly against her much larger body. He gave her a last nuzzle before they parted ways, the little fox trotting back towards town, and Brei walking leisurely towards the farm. Her mind was full of happy thoughts, and her body was floating on endorphins.

The following day, Brei decided to give Danielle a call, figuring she must have some insight into dealing with boys. She dialed the big horseherm's number and flopped in her bed to relax. After several rings, a sleepy sounding voice answered her.

“H-hello? This is nnnghh Danielle.”

“Hi Danielle, this is Brei, how are you?”

“Brei? Oh wow, hey hon, I’m doing great. Just a second, ok? Brian, Brian take five, it’s my friend from Circe, and I can’t talk with you down there.”

There was a muffled sound of protest, followed by the lewdest slurp she’d heard in her life, Brei’s face turning a spectacularly shade of purple as she blushed. “Oh god...is that your boyfriend?”

“One of them.”

“Was he...sucking your...”

“Yeah, it’s his birthday, so I’m giving him a treat. But we can take a break, it’ll be good for his jaw.”

“Oh...um...that’s fucking hot...well, er...I kinda called for advice. See I’ve got a boyfriend now, and he’s the most adorable little fox in the world. I’ve been on a couple dates with him now, and this weekend I’m gonna go over to his place to watch some TV...with his parents gone...”

“Oh...oh my. Brian, get back to work, it’s one of THOSE conversations.”

Brei giggled, “You’re naughty...”

“Yeah, I am. I’m not kidding, Brian. Ok, so what have you done with him so far?” Her words were punctuated with the soft gagging sounds of a boy, and her own soft gasps.

Brei brought her friend up to speed on the last few weeks, including the blowjob she'd given her fox that night. The sounds from the other end of the receiver were growing more and more intense, and she gradually realized her story was making Danielle even hornier.

"Ok...mmm...so it's fucking time? Afraid he won't be able to fit you in?" her loud grunts were making Brei grow in her jammies.

"Actually...I kinda want him inside ME."

The other end of the line went quiet, allowing those lewd suckling noises to be more evident, before Danielle breathed softly, "You're going to want protection."

"Oh I'm sure he has condoms, honey, besides, I'd rather take his load in my mouth...he's delicious."

"No, Brei...protection for YOU. For his furniture's sake."

Following a thoroughly uneventful wrestling meet, in which she did not have a match, and paid nearly no attention to the matches that DID happen, it was the weekend. Brei rushed through her chores at a frantic pace, nearly giving the cows Indian burns in her rush to finish the milking. She flung hay bales at high velocity into the loft, and almost sprinted with the plow, finishing in record time. Then it was into the shower, scrubbing until her fur shone, tweezing, plucking, grooming, and straightening to look her very best, and finally into a loose, comfy set of sweats for her cuddle date.

Her dad had agreed to give her a ride, after the obligatory speech about responsibility and other boring crap, and so she hopped into the bed of the truck as he fired up the engine, and they set off into town at Bob's usual

sedate driving speed. With loud country music blaring from the tape deck, they cruised down the long highway, waving to Mr. Barlow as he was coming the other way.

Arriving at Tommy's house, Brei jumped out and gave her dad a kiss, the older feline telling her he would be back at ten o'clock sharp, and driving off, leaving his only daughter to her date. He had his own date, with a frosty mug at the local watering hole, and the game.

Brei approached the front door, which she was amused to note ended a foot below her head, and knocked quietly with one huge paw. There was a mad, frantic scrambling noise from within, and the door was yanked back, revealing the grinning little fox, wearing shorts and a t-shirt. Brei picked him up into a tight hug, and shut the door behind her. He pointed in the direction of the TV, and she carefully negotiated her way through the house, dodging knickknacks and more furniture than any house should have. Tommy's family had a big screen, and her jaw dropped to see a TV that looked remotely her size.

She set him down, and Tommy pulled her by the paw over to a pile of cushions, which looked as though he had dragged every pillow off every couch in the place. Apparently, he had. She settled herself carefully, propping her huge head against the couch, and gathered her little boyfriend into her lap, wrapping her paws around him, snuggling the little boy into her enormous cleavage.

Tommy started the show, popping in a VHS and starting to explain Star Trek: TNG to her. She barely listened, her thoughts mostly centered on how nicely his body felt in her lap, the fact she'd left her restraints at home, and most of all the two little crinkly squares in her pocket. One huge one for her, one normal sized one for her boyfriend. It had been difficult for her to bravely

walk into the Stop N' Shop and buy condoms, especially to buy 'Neve R' Brake Hyper Condoms: Guaranteed not to pop, even if your date does'

Her paws roamed gently over Tommy's body, stroking his head, his back, his belly, enjoying how nicely he fit between her breasts and her groin, sunk delightfully into the fluff of her belly.

"Are you liking it so far?" he asked, propping himself up on one arm, peering over the twin orbs of her breasts.

"I'm liking many things right now."

He giggled and hopped up at the change in episodes, pausing the TV and going to use the bathroom. Brei took a deep breath as he left her sight, quickly stripping out of her clothes, folding them and laying them on the couch behind her, before rearranging herself into the same position as before, her nude body on full display. When Tommy came back, he froze at the entryway, his eyes roaming slowly over all of his girlfriend.

"Are you liking it so far?" She asked coquettishly.

"Nggrlll..."

"One whimper for yes, two for no."

"Boobs..."

She laughed, hefting her massive, bare tits and nodding. "Yep, and they're all yours...why don't you come over here and enjoy them?"

He practically sprang across the distance to her, somehow leaving several items of clothing behind, and working to lose the rest of them in short order as he nuzzled into her cavernous cleavage.

“You know, sweetie...as nice as a day of TV watching with you sounds, I can think of something I’d like to do much more.”

His head snapped up, and not just because her cock had started to grow, emerging from its sheath and bulging across his legs, getting heavier and heavier. “But...you said you weren’t ready...”

“Well, I wasn’t...but it’s been a whole week, now I’m ready.”

“That doesn’t make a lot of sense, you realize?”

“You’re arguing with your girlfriend wanting to fuck you, you realize?”

“You have a good point, I should shut up now.”

“No, but a little moaning would be nice.”

Brei grabbed him and lifted him until her lips could press against his much smaller ones, running her huge tongue gently over his muzzle, her huge paws finishing the job of stripping him, while stroking his own emerging cock softly and slowly, getting him good and hard.

“Tommy honey...I want you...I want you to be my first, I want to feel this inside me.”

“I’ve never done anything either, Brei...you’ll be my first too.”

“It’s ok, I’ve done YOUR part before, I can give you pointers.”

“Is there video of that, cause...”

She bopped him lightly, reaching into her pants pocket and pulling out the two condoms. His eyes went incredibly wide as he saw the size of the hyper one.

“A little tip from a friend of mine...your parents will thank me for not ruining their house.”

He nodded, and before she could react, he snatched it from her, and tore it open. Grinning, his bushy tail wagging hard, he turned and began to stretch the rubber over her huge length, causing it to get a whole lot huger in a short amount of time. Slowly, carefully he rolled the condom down her shaft, his arms stretched to full extension trying to surround her massive shaft. She tore into the other, and very gently slipped it on to his own cock, squeezing softly, before laying back and spreading her legs.

Immediately, there was a problem. Try as he might, Tommy couldn’t reach her pussy past the enormous orbs of her balls. Although, the sensation of him squirming and wriggling against her kitmakers WAS pretty awesome. She patted him gently and turned onto her front, rising onto all fours. Problem number two...he giggled softly and tapped her thigh.

“Um, Brei...I can’t reach that high.”

She glanced back, noting that indeed, his head barely crested her butt, and there was no way he’d be able to get his cock near her entrance. A light bulb going off over her head, she flipped about so she was facing away from the couch, and he took the hint. He clambered onto the stripped furniture, and

placed both tiny paws on the big round curvature of her rump, more than a little excited that he could not reach both hips at the same time.

“Just take it slow, and get used to me so you can last, sweetie. If you pop fast, we’ll just wait and go again when you can. I just want to make you feel good today.”

He nodded and carefully stretched out onto his tiptoes, leaning into her, one paw guiding himself, the other keeping his balance on that perfect butt. She rested on her elbows, keeping her backside up high for him, and bit her lip softly, feeling him bump around back there, questing for paradise.

“A little to your left, down a little more...little more...right there...”

“Here we go...”

Both young furs moaned loudly as he sank into her, the huge cat shivering at the feeling of the fox’s cock spearing into her. She wasn’t tight for him by a long shot, but she had good muscle, and could squeeze down nice and firmly around him. A lifetime of farmwork had seen her hymen torn years ago, and so as he slid in to the hilt, all she felt was pure pleasure.

Almost immediately, she began to swell, both her cock and her balls, growing from the heightened sense of lust that submerged her brain, her genetics kicking in and telling her it was time to breed, and today she was playing the role of the mother. Tommy began to thrust slow and steady in and out of her, plunging to the hilt again and again, gently pumping. She hit her full hardness, and was suddenly very grateful for Danielle’s advice, a gigantic glob of precum inflating the condom.

Her pussy leaked copiously onto his shaft and lower half, the lewd squishing sounds of male in female soon resounding off the walls, her huge claws digging into the carpet, flexing and clenching, loving how small her felt on top of her, how big he made her feel. She had just enough brain power to acknowledge the irony, given her past, before her growth kicked into high gear, more and more pink flesh filling the condom, stretching it, her balls lifting her higher up, soon causing Tommy's feet to leave the couch completely. Bigger and bigger she grew, crowding out the cushions, her pride filling increasingly large amounts of the room, the purple latex condom getting more and more sloshy on the end of her shaft. Groaning hard, she nuzzled her shaft, closing her lips around her throbbing length lengthwise, suckling and nibbling, her body squirming in delight.

"Brei...you're getting bigger..."

"It happens...do I feel good, Tommy?"

"I've never felt anything better than this in my life! ...can I just stay like this forever?"

"Well that depends, I'm not sure how big I get, and I think your mom would be grumpy if I destroyed the house."

"Next time we do this outdoors..."

She grinned over her shoulder, her legs twinging as they were forced further apart by her massive kitmakers, increasingly large amounts of flesh filling up the living room, her cock finally topping out at nearly the same length as her body, but her balls had no such limit. She heard Tommy gasp, and suddenly felt his body press more firmly to her own, squishing into her wide rump. It

was only when her back also bumped against the ceiling that she knew what had happened, and the mere thought pushed her to the very edge.

“Tommy...I’m gonna cum...”

“Me too, Brei...cum with me, ok?”

“I love you, for the love of god, hold on tight.”

“I love you too...wait, what?”

The beginning of her orgasm was lost in the overload of sensory input, Brei only registering she was cumming when the condom valiantly trying to protect the Shasta house bumped liquidly against the far wall, bloating at a terrifying pace, stretching from wall to wall, furniture buried beneath it, being shoved away from the coupling teenagers. Someone was screaming, and she only gradually realized that it was her. Tommy had grabbed on tight to her fur and was thrusting madly, erratically, the big cat barely able to feel his shaft bucking inside her, listening to his plaintive moans and grunts, coupled with the sound of his butt bouncing off the popcorn ceiling, dust falling on them both.

The condom continued to expand with every shot, her balls shrinking at an equal pace, and before long the two young furs were pressed firmly to the far wall by squeaky purple latex, the giant balloon gently undulating, warm to the touch with the heat of her spunk. Her orgasm trickled off, Tommy climbing carefully forward to sink his little paw into the bubble of goo, his mouth open in awe.

“Do you ALWAYS cum this much?”

Brei giggled softly, blushing, which she thought was silly, given the display of her sexual prowess, “No...only when I REALLY like someone.”

Tommy laughed, snuggling up to his girlfriend, nuzzling at her neck. “Well...I’m glad you like me a ‘room-full’. That was amazing, Brei...you’re amazing.”

She smiled and kissed him gently, passionately, her paws carefully squeezing the condom off her shaft, tying a nice big knot in it to keep from flooding the place, and leaned back, resting against the wall as her body relaxed in the afterglow.

“It was everything I hoped for, Tommy...I’m glad you were my first.”

“I’m glad too. Also I’m glad the condom held...”

“Yeah. That was good...”

*****Present Day*****

They came together with a loud, harmonized squeal of happiness, Brei grabbing the little fox and whirling him about, hugging him tight to her enormous bosom, students scattering left and right. Both grinning like they were teenagers again, she gently set him down, ruffling his salt and pepper hair, and noticed the female, plump fox standing beside him, a kit cradled against one hip.

Tommy made introductions, “Oh, Brei! This is my wife, Susan. Susan, this is Brei!”

The vixen’s eyes grew wide as saucers, looking her up and down, “Oh wow...I know you told me she was big, but...oh honey, you’re a mountain!”

Brei laughed and gently hugged the vixen, being sure not to squish the child. She spotted Athena coming out of the restroom and waved wildly, her wife trotting over, her tail swishing from side to side in puzzlement.

“Sweetie, this is my old boyfriend Tommy, and his wife Susan! Tommy, Susan, this is my wife Athena.”

Both foxes shook Athena’s paw happily, and the group chattered, catching up. Five more young fox children showing up as the conversation went on, earning Tommy a sly smile from the lynx.

“So what brings you to town, Tommy?”

“Oh, we’re having a family reunion, and all of us decided to come see my nephew play.”

Brei had an inkling, and looked out of the side of her eye at Athena. “Your nephew? What’s his name?”

“Steve, he’s a wide receiver.”

Athena blushed hard, having the good grace to look very, very guilty, Brei giggling softly, the two foxes looking confused.

Later on, snuggling together in their bed, Athena drew nonsense symbols on Brei’s belly fur, nuzzling at her wife’s giant breasts, one paw wrapped around her slowly growing cock.

“So that was Tommy, huh?”

“Yup.”

“He’s cute...you fwoomp him?”

“Nah, I was going through a bottoming phase.”

“Mmm, glad that’s over...so...how did it end?”

Brei smiled softly, sighing as Athena slowly teased her massive shaft, her balls already filling most of the bed not taken up by pink or tawny fluff. “That’s a story for another time.”

“Oh that’s bullshit, I wanna know nowwwwwww...”

“Now now, honey, patience is a virtue...”

Athena raised a brow, nipping at her chin and growling softly, “I’ll remember that around hour two of me edging you, dear heart.”

Brei’s eyes blinked slowly, a panicked whimper escaping her throat, before Athena’s head descended on her with an evil cackle.