

Size Matters Not
by Havoc

“The way you overcome shyness is to become so wrapped up in something that you forget to be afraid.”

- Claudia Lady Bird Johnson

“Mmm...Delicious...”

She flicked her tongue around it, savoring the distinctive flavor. The creamy, delicious substance that it held smothered her taste buds. As she let it slide down her throat, she gave a shiver. The pleasure was overwhelming. She could hardly believe that anything, anything at all, could taste as delicious as this. Her fingers tightened around what she held in her hand, and she licked until it gleamed.

Miu did love a good bowl of chocolate pudding.

Drawing her legs up onto the plush couch, the petite anthro Luxray happily dipped her spoon back into the bowl for another bite. If she could, she imagined that she would eat nothing else, but that would have ruined her physique. Miu was trim and short, with a very childish figure though she was decidedly *not* a child. Standing barely four feet tall, with a flat chest and a shy but excitable manner, she would have fit in well in a group of middle schoolers. It didn't help matters much that she preferred wearing tank tops and short shorts, instead of more adult-like clothes. Almost anyone who met and spoke with her either assumed she was a child, or a virgin, or both of these things. The only thing remotely adult about her was a very shapely rear.

In fact, most people were surprised to learn that she had two daughters, twins, both of whom were entering high school. Ashley and Sarah were almost two feet taller than their mother, and more than once each of them had been mistaken for *Miu's* mother. That had become the running joke in the family, and they teased her to no end about it, though all in good fun. Miu knew that her family cared about her.

Right now, that was neither here nor there. It was a pleasant evening and she was in her living room enjoying her favorite treat, dressed in a very comfortable pink tank top and a pair of blue jean shorts. She was all alone, as everyone else had gone out to see a movie. Miu preferred staying at home, not fond of being out among strangers, so she'd not gone with them. That gave her a chance to savor the peace and quiet, on the couch in front of a crackling fire, with chocolate pudding and comfy cushions as her companions.

About to take another bite, Miu paused with the spoon halfway to her mouth. Her rounded ears twitched, as did the tip of her thin, star-pointed tail. She'd thought she'd heard something over the

snapping and hissing of the logs in the fireplace. Quickly, Miu turned her head around, her sharp, red and yellow eyes gazing around the room behind her. Her blue and black fur was standing on end, but she saw nothing. Miu turned back around, looking towards the stairs which led to the second floor of the house, wondering if the noise might have come from upstairs. But she didn't hear anything else. Deciding that she should concern herself with more important matters, Miu looked back down at her pudding, putting the spoon in her mouth.

“Hey, there!”

Her eyes opening wide, Miu slowly looked up. Upside-down, almost close enough that its nose was touching hers, was a large, draconic face covered in yellow fur and sporting a shock of orange fluff on the top of its head. It gazed at her with gleaming blue eyes, pointy ears flapping slightly in amusement.

“I-Incog...!” Miu stammered, dropping her bowl from startled fright. She placed a hand over her heart, pressing herself against the back of the couch. “H-How...How did...You scared Miu...” One of the peculiarities about Miu was that she referred to herself in the third person. She'd begun doing it when she was a young child, and it had stuck with her through adulthood, as had her stutter.

“Well, I was in the neighborhood, so I thought I would drop by for a visit! That's okay, isn't it?” Incog flipped himself over, gliding over Miu's head and settling down on the floor in front of her. Incog was a curious creature known by some as a mana dragon, by others as a flammie. He stood over eight feet tall, twice her height, and had two arms and two legs. Two pairs of feathery wings extended from his back. While most of his body was covered in the same yellow fur as his face, his underbelly was smoother and more dragon-like. Presently, he was wagging his long tail slowly, looking quite pleased with himself for his little joke.

Miu blinked her eyes, still not quite over her fright. Incog was a family friend, and he often dropped by or spent the night. Usually, though, his visits were a little more announced. Miu wasn't exactly displeased to see him, but...well...he did have a peculiar way of teasing her.

“Um...well...yes, o-of course it's okay,” Miu said. She took hold of her tail, wringing it between her hands. “Miu is always happy to have a...a friend over.”

Incog tilted his head to one side, adopting a puzzled expression. “So happy that you decided to spill chocolate pudding all down your front?” He lifted a forelimb, pointing a claw at her. Miu blinked again, puzzled, and looked down at herself.

“O-Oh no...Miu's f-favorite shirt...”

When Miu had dropped her pudding bowl, it had overturned, dumping its contents all over her shirt and onto her shorts. A rather large amount of it had also ended up on her legs, arms, and the bit of

her belly that was exposed. Some of it had even gotten underneath her shirt, somehow. By some marvel of luck, though, none of it had gotten on the couch or on the floor. Miu carefully picked up the now-empty bowl and the spoon and carefully set them on a small table next to the couch, surveying the mess mournfully.

“Th-This is going to stain...Wh-What will Miu do now...?”

At that question, Incog's eyes sparkled. He reared up on his hind legs and flexed the fingers on his forelimbs, looking excited. “Isn't that obvious? The first thing we need to do is get you out of those dirty clothes so we can wash them!”

Miu hung her head, a blush coming to her face. This was exactly the kind of teasing that made her apprehensive whenever Incog came to visit. It seemed that his pastime was inventing ways in which he could try to catch a glimpse of her naked. He had tried everything, from hiding her clothes to trying to peep at her in the shower to attempting to convince her that being covered in fur meant she didn't need to wear anything. Miu always evaded and resisted him, but that just seemed to make him try even harder each time.

A slight tug on her shirt made her jerk her head back up. Miu blushed more as she saw that Incog had approached her, and had his hand on her shirt, trying to pull it up. Shocked, Miu slapped at his hand.

“Wh-What...What are you doing?” she asked. She scooted away from him. “S-Stop trying to take Miu's shirt off!” Sliding off the couch, she stood up, backing away a few paces.

Incog seemed confused by her protest. “What's the matter? You didn't want the pudding to stain your clothes, right?”

“Um...Well...Th-That's right, but...”

“So you need to get those clothes off and in the washing machine really quick, right?”

Miu brought a finger to her mouth, nibbling on one of her short claws. “Ah...Yes...”

“Then it's settled!” Incog said happily. “You need to get your clothes off, right now! I'll even help you!” He advanced towards her, holding his arms out, a gleeful expression on his face. Miu kept backing away, her eyes widening, but he took longer strides than her and was catching up.

“Um...uh...th-that's alright, M-Miu can...can...Eep!” Miu squealed in surprise as she bumped the back of her head against the wall. Incog was right in front of her now, and before she could move away he had one forepaw planted against the wall on either side of her. In the next second he had grabbed her shirt and swiftly tugged it over her head, pulling it off of her. Miu quickly crossed her arms over herself, though she really had no breasts to cover and only succeeded in smearing the pudding on her arms into the fur on her chest.

“There, isn't that better?” Incog said, draping her shirt over one arm. He looked down at her shorts. “Now, let's get those off, too!”

“Um...ah...N-No, that's alright...,” Miu stammered, quickly dropping her hands to grasp the waistband of her shorts. “Th-That's not necessary at all.”

“Not necessary?” Incog stared at her, his eyes as round as saucers. He smiled. “But if you don't take them off, they'll get stained! And those are your favorite shorts, aren't they? You'd never be able to wear them again!”

Looking away from him, the petite Luxray fiddled with her hands, nibbling on her lips nervously. She didn't want to take her clothes off in front of him, but he did have a point. They *were* her favorite clothes, and she *didn't* want them to get stained. If they got stained, she'd never be able to wear them again, just like the flammie had said. She took a deep breath.

“A-Alright...B-But Miu can do it herself...”

Incog watched, his ears flicking, as Miu reached down and unbuttoned her shorts. She pulled the zipper down, then shuffled the waistband over her hips and her plump rear. She caught them before they hit the floor, being careful not to get any bits of spilled pudding on the carpet, and stepped out of them. Studiously refusing to look at his face, Miu handed the shorts to Incog, then clasped her hands in front of her. Waving her tail embarrassedly, she stood there in nothing but a simple pair of pink cotton panties. Her cheeks burned crimson through the dark fur on her face.

“Very good, Miu!” Incog said. He stood there for five long minutes, just staring at her, taking in her nearly-naked, pudding-covered form. Then he turned, lifting off the floor with his wings and drifting off across the living room, heading for a hallway which led to the laundry room. “I'll just throw these in the wash for you, okay?”

“Wait, Miu can...um...” Miu trailed off as Incog disappeared down the hall. “W-Well...Alright...thank you...” She stood there against the wall, twiddling her fingers awkwardly. Miu wanted to go take a bath, but there was a slight problem with that. The pudding that coated her fur had started to drip down her body. If she moved too much, it might cause it to drip faster, and then she'd get it all over her clean carpet. *And...And the maid just cleaned it up today...*

She paused in her thoughts as Incog came back into the room. He came over to her, settling back down on his hind legs on the floor. They just stared at each other for a bit, Incog eying Miu up and down while she tried not to notice him doing so. The tips of her ears were turning red by now, and she was starting to think that it might be a good idea if she risked the pudding getting on the floor when Incog took a step towards her.

“Oh, how rude of me!” he exclaimed. “Here I am, just standing here while you're covered

practically head to toe in chocolate pudding! I bet you'd like to have a bath, wouldn't you?"

Miu nodded, giving a little sigh in relief. If he left her alone so she could have a bath, the Luxray could wash up and get into some clean clothes. "Yes...ah...Miu thinks that would be best."

Incog nodded. "Well, alrighty then! I can help you with that!" Before Miu had a chance to react, Incog extended his long, slippery tongue from his mouth and slurped it along her left shoulder, licking up a big glob of pudding from her fur. He moved his tongue along her collarbone to the right shoulder, his snout pushing her back against the wall as he went.

"W-Wait!" Miu yelped, taken completely by surprise. "Wh-What...What are you doing now?"

"You said you wanted to have a bath. I'm giving you a bath." Incog continued licking, his slobbery tongue going along her arms. To be fair, he was cleaning the sticky, creamy dessert from her rather efficiently. His tongue was grabbing every bit of it, leaving her fur pristine, even if it was a bit damp.

"Yes, but...but...this isn't quite what Miu...ah!" Miu's protest was cut off as the flammie's tongue shifted aim to swipe across her chest. Her back stiffened as he slurped across her flat breasts, though that wasn't the only thing that was stiffening. His tongue dragged roughly across her nipples, and they hardened swiftly. A shiver of pleasure spread unbidden from them.

"There sure is a *lot* of pudding right here," Incog said, smiling. His focused his licking on her nipples, swirling around them over and over again. Miu started making small whimpering sounds, feeling incredibly awkward and yet also growing breathless. Just because she was shy didn't mean she was unresponsive, and her body was responding quite appropriately to his teasing. Before long it was responding in other ways as well, and her legs grew shaky as the crotch of her panties moistened.

"Uh, Incog, you...ah...," Miu stammered as she tried to form some words of objection, but she couldn't find any. Seemingly of its own accord, her back arched out from the wall, pressing her chest more insistently against the flammie's snout. He made a quiet noise of approval, giving her right nipple a light bite, doing the same to the other. Miu gave a sharp squeal each time, her hands resting on his shoulders momentarily before she picked them up again, balling them into fists as she fought to keep down a louder scream. "Th-This is..."

"It's just a bath!" the flammie assured her. "That's all it is, just a good old-fashioned tongue bath!"

He left her nips alone for the moment, licking down her slim belly, picking up sticky globs of chocolate pudding as he went. Miu held her breath as his tongue approached her panties, her body trembling in anticipation as thoughts flashed through her head of it rubbing all over between her legs. But his tongue skipped over it, going to her thighs. She surprised herself with the force of the frustrated

sigh that escaped her lips, and her face flushed as she realized she was enjoying this.

Incog held his forepaws around her waist, keeping her pinned against the wall as his tongue danced around her inner thighs, flirting with touching her crotch but never actually doing it. There wasn't as much pudding on her legs as there had been on her upper body. But then again, pudding wasn't really why he was here, was it? Incog got her legs all nice and sloppy, and then he leaned back, straightening up to his full eight feet of height. His eyes drifted up and down her body, examining his handiwork.

"There, your front looks all nice and squeaky clean!" Incog proclaimed, patting her lightly on the top of the head, ruffling her mane. "Doesn't that feel much better, Miu?" He grinned at her.

Miu shuffled her feet slightly, her face red as a beet. She brought her right hand across her body and rubbed her left arm awkwardly, looking to the side. "U-Um...Well...Y-Yes...Miu supposes it does feel a bit better..." She rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve some of the heat and moisture that had built up underneath her panties.

Incog nodded, and then he suddenly put his hands on her shoulders, turning her around and pushing her up against the wall. "Now the back!"

The Luxray's claws scrabbled at the wall, and she shrieked as she was forced roughly against it. "Wh-What...What are you doing...? Th-There's no pudding on Miu's back..."

"But what kind of bath would it be if you only had one side of you cleaned?" Incog pointed out to her. He put his tongue to the back of her neck, licking up and down, and she shuddered. "I need to finish the job, don't I?"

"Well...a-ah..." Miu bit her lip, her mind hazy with her already heightened state of arousal. She wanted to say no, that she could go and take a bath herself if she felt she needed one. She also knew that if she said that she wanted him to stop, she would be telling a very obvious lie. "F-Fine, but...but just a bath...A-Alright?"

Incog said nothing in response. Instead, he let his tongue do the talking. He licked along her shoulder blades, and her muscles twitched in reflex. Miu flattened herself against the wall, thrusting her rump out towards him. He ignored that for now, instead continuing his charade of giving her a bath. Miu shivered as the tip of his tongue gliding along her spine almost down to her tail. She was whimpering again, now, a tone of desperation to her soft mewls.

The flammie's tongue changed to long, broad, strokes all over her back. As he lashed her with his tongue he rubbed his forepaws down along her sides, resting them on her hips. His large thumbs rubbed over her pantied buttocks, wrinkling the pristine ironed pink fabric. Miu started to purr, her tail wagging. The star-tip bopped Incog in the side of the head, and he huffed slightly in annoyance, though

he didn't let up on his licking. He got back down on all fours, and stared at her plush rear.

"This is in the way," he pronounced, as he hooked one claw from each forepaw in the elastic waistband of her panties. Incog started to pull them down.

"N-No, wait, ah...!" Miu shouted as she felt her rump exposed to air. She moaned as the fabric pulled away from her slick pussy, squeezing her thighs together to try to keep him from getting them off. But it was no use. He was stronger than her, and he dragged her panties all the way down. Incog lifted each of her feet in turn, taking them off. Pausing, keeping one hand at the small of her back to keep her pressed against the wall, he lifted the dampened garment to his snout and took a long, deep sniff.

"I think you enjoy this." Incog snickered, tossing the bit of pink cotton to the side.

"No...No..." Miu shook her head, her halfhearted protests sounding weak even to her ears. There was no denying it. She absolutely was enjoying it.

"Liar," Incog said, snickering again. He hunkered low to the floor, pushing her thighs apart with his forepaws. The flammie pushed his snout between her legs, sniffing deeply. He put his tongue out, dragging the tip of it along her slit with a feather touch. Miu gave a loud moan, her claws digging furrows into the wallpaper with a grating, ripping sound. Incog wrapped his fingers around her thighs, taking hold of each leg in one forepaw. He pulled her stance wider, and leaned back for a moment to have a look at her tiny pussy opened up. "Lovely!"

Miu hissed softly as she felt his tongue press against her slit. He gave her a long, slow lick from her clit up to her tailhole, causing her knees to weaken. She slid down along the wall, and dug in with her claws to keep herself from falling to the floor. His tongue was covering her entire crotch area, bathing her in wet, slobbery saliva. Her formerly well-groomed fur was quite mussed up, now, but she was past the point of caring about that. Every lick sent a sharp wave of pleasure up her spine and all over her body. Before long she was completely wet, both from his tongue and from her pussy's reaction to his licking. She felt hot all over, as though she were in season, and she was finding it difficult to form a complete thought.

Abruptly, Incog stopped licking, and he stood back up, towering over her. Miu, trying to catch her breath, found her legs again and caught her footing. She looked back over her shoulder, wondering why he'd stopped, and her eyes went wide as she saw the reason. Incog was behind her, sporting a throbbing erection. His cock was easily as long as her forearm, and just about as big around. That was a scary proposition for the four-foot tall feline.

"Um...Wh-What...What are you...going to do?" Miu mumbled, her voice quavering.

Incog beat his wings, a wide grin spreading across his face. "What do you think I'm going to do

with it, Miu?” He placed a forepaw on her back, holding her against the wall. With his other paw he took hold of her tail, lifting it up and out of the way as he moved forward. His cock slid up under her pussy and in front of her, between her legs. When his hips connected with her rear, the tip came almost up to her chin.

Miu winced, her heart beating rapidly with a mix of fear and desire. “Th-There’s...There’s no way it’ll fit...M-Miu is too small...” She moaned as he started moving his hips back and forth, grinding his length along her pussy.

“Nonsense! I can feel how wet you are. Trust me, it’ll fit.”

The flammie continued his sawing motion along her pussy. He let her move back from the wall a few inches, and then he moved his paw from her back to the top of her head. He pressed her head down gently, so that with every upward motion of his cock it pushed into her mouth. Miu mewled softly, and her tongue came out to lick at it each time she felt it press past her lips. The Luxray felt like she was going to cum soon, and her breath quickened.

“Alright,” Incog said. “I think we’re ready.” He moved himself back from her, pressing her against the wall once more. He brought the tip of his cock to her pussy, and Miu spread her feet far apart. Pushing his hips forward, Incog parted her lips. Her body resisted the intrusion, and Miu gritted her teeth as he pushed harder.

Then finally, with a wet popping sound, the first few inches of his massive flammie cock slid inside of her.

“Ah...Nyaaa!” Miu screamed, pounding the wall with her fists. She couldn’t hold back, and she came hard around his cock. Her pussy tightened up incredibly, rippling around him and drawing another inch inside. Her whole body was lit up in a fire of pleasure, and she shook with the force of her orgasm. Fluid dripped down her thighs, sliding along her saliva-slickened fur.

Incog waited patiently for her orgasm to subside, petting her mane fondly as she shivered and moaned. When she finally calmed down, he bent over and gave the top of her head a long, slow lick. “Now I *know* that you’re enjoying this, Miu!”

“Y-Yes...,” she murmured, no longer able to offer even the smallest of denials. His cock was bigger than anything she’d ever had inside of her, except when she’d given birth to the twins. It felt wonderful.

The flammie grabbed her around the hips and spun her away from the wall, taking special care to keep his cock firmly in her pussy. He placed her on the floor, keeping her rear propped up by her knees and kneeling behind her. Huffing slightly, he placed his forepaws on the floor a foot in front of her head. Miu shuddered in his shadow, looking up at his draconic underbelly.

“G-...Gently, please...,” the Luxray requested quietly. Her voice was still a bit shaky.

“Gently?” Incog repeated. He laughed. “Where's the fun in that?” He drove his hips forward, plunging his cock deeper into her body. Miu shrieked, her arms shooting out to grab his forepaws, bracing herself. She felt more and more of his member bury itself inside of her pussy, stretching her wider and wider. When he finally hilted himself, Miu gasped, looking underneath herself. She could actually see her belly bulging with his girth. She didn't know how to describe what she was feeling; it was a curious mixture of pleasure and pain.

“I-Incog...T-Too big...,” she moaned. Her rump swayed slightly from side to side, however, betraying how much she was loving this.

“There's no such thing, Miu!” The flammie wiggled his hips along with hers. “Besides, it fit perfectly, just like I said it would.”

“Well...Miu isn't sure about perfect...” She panted softly, trying to grow accustomed to his size. “But...W-Well, it did fit...”

“Glad you agree...”

Drawing his hips back, Incog slowly pulled himself out of her. Her pussy lips hugged his cock tightly, almost refusing to allow it out. Incog grunted softly. He pulled harder, and Miu was dragged a few inches back, only to be pushed forward again when he thrust back inside. Incog started pulling in and out of her faster, her wetness assisting in making the going easier. The flammie's breathing rate increased with his pleasure.

“Miu, you feel really, really good!” Incog said, sighing happily. “I always knew you would!”

“U-Um...Unnnh...” Miu's cheeks were burning with pleasant embarrassment. “Th-Thank you...Um...I-Incog feels...feels nice, too...Ah...”

Incog chuckled, jerking his hips forward particularly hard, driving her into the floor roughly. “Oh? Which part of me feels nice?”

Miu moaned, her cheek fur creating a shock of electricity as it was dragged against the carpet. She bit her lip, pleasure radiating from her pussy as his flammie erection plunged deep into her womb. “D-Don't...Don't make Miu say that...I-It's too naughty...”

“Naughtier than what we're doing right now?” Incog tucked his head underneath his body, nipping at her ear. “Come on, say it. Which part of me feels nice?”

Miu lifted her head up, moaning again, louder. “Y-Your...Your...” She squealed as he thrust deep and started grinding around inside of her, the base of his cock rubbing directly on her clit. “Y-Your...Your cock! Your c-cock feels nice...i-inside of Miu...!” She squeezed her eyes shut tightly as she heard the words coming out of her own mouth, unable to believe that she'd said them. Even if they had

been the absolute truth.

“That's my good girl,” Incog said with a sigh of satisfaction. He went back to fucking her roughly, driving her hips down to the floor. He laid Miu out flat, keeping her legs spread apart as he thrust again and again into her tight, petite pussy. The bit of the small feline's tail that extended from underneath his body was wagging madly, and she was making muffled sounds of pleasure. Incog knew that she would be tight, but he hadn't quite prepared himself for just *how* tight she would be.

After several minutes, Incog could feel that he wasn't going to last too much longer. The soft, small kitty underneath him was far too pleasurable. He raised his head, breathing heavily as his thrusting increased even more in speed.

“Nnnhyaaa...,” Miu moaned, her claws ripping into the carpet. “I-Incog, Miu is...is going to...c-cum again, s-soon...” She squealed in pleasure. Her small body was quivering, rocked by the force of the flammie's thrusting. She felt as though his cock was pushing right up to her throat, and it was throbbing inside of her.

“Good...,” Incog said. He grunted, his thrusts slowing slightly. “Get ready, Miu. Here it comes!”

Miu's eyes stretched wide open as she felt the first blast of the flammie's cum inside of her. His cock swelled to an even larger than before as he pumped his seed into her womb, the hot flood washing deep into her. She screamed in surprised delight, her own body spasming in tandem with his. And it just kept coming, and coming, and coming. Her insides were completely filled, and still there was more. Flammie cum started squirting out of her pussy from around his cock, seeping out onto the carpet and making a mess of Miu's bottom.

Incog sat back on haunches as he continued cumming, putting his forepaws around Miu and holding her on his lap. He kept up his thrusting, bouncing her up and down on his cock as cum flowed out of her. Just as Miu was beginning to think it would never end, the flammie gave a great sigh, and finally his member stopped jerking in her. Miu slumped against him, her energy completely gone, her body spent.

“Incog...That...you...Oh dear...Miu has never...” She couldn't even finish a sentence, she was so weary. Her body was sore, her belly stretched by the cum trapped inside of her womb. She rested a hand on her tummy, feeling the warm bulge. It almost made her look as though she were pregnant again.

“That was great, Miu,” Incog said. He was wagging his dragon tail happily, looking quite pleased with himself. He pulled Miu up, his cock sliding out of her little by little until it came out with a squelching sound. A squirt of cum accompanied the departure. Gently, Incog placed the exhausted feline on the floor, where she lay panting.

“G-Goodness...,” Miu breathed. Her belly was shrinking slowly as flammie cum oozed out of her pussy onto the carpet. “Oh dear...Miu is going to have to clean the floor b-before everyone...c-comes home...”

Incog placed his forepaws on his hips, surveying the area. “Yep, I guess you will! As for me, I need to get going!” He looked down at himself, noticing a smearing of cum on his lap. The flammie picked up Miu's discarded panties and used them to wipe himself off. “I think I'll keep these as a souvenir!” With that, the flammie lifted into the air and started drifting towards the front door to leave.

“O-Oh...Well...Um...At least...At least Miu's clothes should be done washing by now...”

The flammie looked over his shoulder back at her. “Nope! Couldn't figure out that washing machine...Well, bye, Miu! See you next time!” Incog opened the front door and flew out, closing it behind him.

Miu was left alone, her head still spinning, lying on the floor in a puddle of mana dragon cum. She rolled onto her back, looking at the ceiling, and placed a hand over her eyes. She couldn't stop blushing. What a cleaning job she had ahead of her...

“M-Miu needs a bath...”

“Forget your enemies. It's your friends that cause all the problems.”

- Unknown