

Over The Counter

A Short Story By: C. H. Marlow

Damn it! Just say something. Why can't you just say something? He's right there, no one's around, it's a perfect opportunity. Just walk up to his register and introduce yourself.

Hey, I'm Theo. No. *Hi, I've been watching you.* God no! *Hello Clark, wanna go see a movie?* Noooo... If I call him by his name he'll think I'm a stalker... Well I am kinda; does following someone on *Pawbook* constitute stalker-ish behaviour? No, no it's perfectly normal—even though we only ever talk when I see him at work, and he's basically obligated to talk to me... Fuck, why does this have to be so hard? If I was a predator I could just walk up to him, it wouldn't be weird... But I'm just a dull plain Jane rabbit. A maned wolf as handsome as Clark would never be interested in me. Damn it, you're doing it again! Stop it, stop the death spiral, just get your shit and go home.

I tucked the little box of granola bars under my arm and stood in the aisle, thinking, staring at the floor. Justin doesn't know what he's talking about, he's a deer, he's never dated a predator. *Just say hi*, he said. Yeah, that'd be like me telling him to, *just say hi*, to a wolf.

I made for the front of the grocery store after spending far too long standing round in various aisles, probably looking like I was either lost or high.

I knew what shift Clark would be working for the next two weeks, because he had complained about having to get up so early on *Pawbook*. His friends were sympathetic, in that sort of nonchalant half-assed kind of way that people so often are online. I had wanted to comment, say something sympathetic, but everything I typed out just ended up sounding as disingenuous—or worse—than his friends. Not to mention that it would be awkward getting some random comment from a rabbit he didn't know. I didn't want to come across as creepy.

Yet here I was out at eight in the morning on a Tuesday...for no other real reason than to see Clark.

So I dragged my feet by the rows and rows of unmanned registers, until finally seeing the light on at #4.

As soon as I got passed the drink chiller at the end-cap of the register, I saw him, it was Clark.

I quickly scanned the above numbers, but only #4 was lit. What the hell did you expect? Who does their shopping at 8 AM on a Tuesday? For all I knew Clark and I were the only ones in the whole building. Suddenly the idea of being alone with him made my anxiety swell. If I was careful, I could return the granola bars and just slip out unnoticed. But wouldn't that look suspicious? What if he thought I was shoplifting? What if he got bored and followed me around the store. Fuck, now that's some real horror level shit.

Clark was looking at his phone, his tall slim figure leaned up against the bulky cash register, that noticeable rainbow pin still plucked neatly on his green uniform.

That's how I knew, well I knew there was a chance he was gay... He could be bi and prefer woman. He could just be wearing the pin to support a friend. Maybe he had a gay sibling?

Ahh, why couldn't he just specify his orientation on *Pawbook*, that would make all of this so much easier.

Suddenly the maned wolf chuckled, he must have seen something funny on his phone, but the action caused him to glance up, and he spotted me...spotted me just standing there like an idiot at the end of his line.

Being a diligent employee, Clark pocketed his phone and stood up straight. When I didn't move he looked over.

"Sorry about that," Clark said, touching his massive radar shaped ears. "I didn't hear you come up." He smiled. "That's quite a skill, being able to sneak up me." His voice was coy and soft, almost melodic.

It was all in good faith, but I couldn't help but feel a little uneasy. I forced my feet to move, not wanting to appear like some neurotic mess—even though that's exactly how I felt.

I set the box of granola bars down on the conveyor, and stepped over to the debit pin-pad out of habit. At least I was moving.

Standing that close I got a whiff of Clark's scent, it was as I remembered it: exotic, musky, and covered by a sweet/spicy body spray. In that moment it all somehow felt worth it.

I heard a beep, and snapped back to reality. The maned wolf had scanned my item and was looking at me.

"Oh, cash," I said, rummaging around in my jean pockets for change.

"I'd do sixty-nine," Clark said.

I froze. What the hell did he just say?

Clark raised an eyebrow. "Two sixty-nine?"

I must have misheard him, God damn horny brain playing tricks on me.

So I retrieved four dollars in change and offered it. Clark held out a paw and I let the coins fall, one slipped through his fingers rolled down the counter and fell to the floor with a clang.

Without missing a beat, Clark leaned over the counter, getting closer to me than ever before. He used his abnormal height—he had to be something like 190cm tall (6’3)—leaned down and snapped up the coin. As he came back up his muzzle brushed my midsection and I involuntarily shivered. He punched in the amount and began counting out my change.

I found myself excited, getting hard even just by that little touch, so I grabbed the box of granola bars and made to leave; I didn’t want Clark seeing me pop a boner, not like that, not there.

I just said, “Keep the change.” And shuffled out.

Clark called out to me, “But I...” He trailed off.

#

Back home I added my newly acquired box of granola bars in with the other three unopened boxes. How long was I going to do this nonsense?

I loafed around my apartment trying to kill time. It was may day off, and I had no clue what to do. Justin—my roommate—was at work, so I couldn't hang out with him. So off to *Pawbook* it was.

I checked my page, there were a few notifications waiting for me, but I reflexively went to Clark's page.

There was a single recent post, it read: *Slow day at work, so board*. See dummy, you could have brightened his day, or least been a distraction.

So I checked my notifications, and I'd gotten a few likes on something. It was a song I shared the other day, among the likes were the usual suspect, Justin, my sister...and Clark. Whoa ok, wait. If he liked the song I posted, there was a good chance he'd viewed my profile... Which meant he knew what I looked like since I have pictures of myself up there...

I wanted to physically slam my head through my desk, but I managed to resist. Now what the hell was I supposed to do? Next time I saw him there would be no hiding, or anonymity, he knew who I was, knew everything I had shared on *Pawbook*—which was quite a lot.

Ok why not send him a message? He's probably still at work not having a good time. So without thinking I pulled up *Pawmessage* and typed: *Hey so you like Digitaltech? They're like one of my favourite bands*. Instinctively I hit enter...and it was done, the message was sent, there was no taking it back. It didn't really settle in until I saw the, *Clark is Typing*, notice. I waited, breath held and mind racing.

After a few minutes Clark responded: *Yeah, listened to their newest album, thanks to you ;)*

My heart fluttered. This was it, this was my in, something simple we could connect on.

I typed back: *Glad you liked it. What's your favourite band?* An easy question.

But no answer came. I waited, watched the screen, pleaded with the little notification dots to start blinking again. An uneasy pit of dread began to form in my gut. But then I remembered,

Clark was probably still at work, possibly on his way home. He wasn't likely ignoring me, just busy, yeah busy—people get busy, can't always respond right away, that's normal.

I took a deep breath, and grabbed one of the dozens of granola bars I had inadvertently stockpiled. I'd just have to be patient...Clark was bound to answer me at some point.

Hours went by, I got bored and put on a movie. It wasn't until about the fourth or fifth granola bar that I realized I was stress eating (a bad habit of mine).

I went back to my laptop and there was a response waiting for me.

Clark: *Was that you at the store this morning?*

Shit... Well I can't lie. What would he think of me then? So I typed back: *Yeah*. And that's all I could muster.

The words, *Clark is typing* flashed on the chat window, and I rubbed the brown fur on my arm.

Clark: *I thought you looked familiar. Have we met before? Oh and hey, you forgot your change, we aren't allow to accept tips ;)*

A tip? I hadn't thought of it that way. I typed back: *No, we haven't met before, well not outside Freshmart. Sorry about the change thing. I was in a rush.*

Clark: *Ah, well next time I see you we'll settle the balance ;)*

He didn't seem bothered by the fact that some random customer of his had added him on social media, and was now chatting him up. And he assumed there would be a next time... Maybe he noticed me before today? Maybe he knew I'd be back—to see him.

I felt the conversation slipping through my paws, so I typed: *I like your pin*. And again hit enter before thinking, cursing myself almost immediately after.

Clark: *Oh? ;)*

Was he playing dumb, or playing coy? So I typed: *Yeah, it's nice. I have a wristband I sometimes wear.*

Clark: *Cool, I got mine at Pride last year. It was my first time. Were you there?*

Well that answers that, he's in the club.

Theo: *No, my roommate-* I stopped, deleting the last word. *No, my friend wanted me to go, but I was too nervous. Maybe next year.*

I'd go to Pride if I got to go with someone like Clark, if I could bring my partner I'd feel more comfortable, less alone and out of place. I wasn't apposed to going with Justin and his friends the previous year, it just felt weird; I didn't wanna go and get salty from seeing all the happy open couples having fun—that'd just bum out and ruin it for Justin. So I stayed home, had a whole bottle of wine to myself, and even though I didn't care about sports, I ended up watching the hokey game that was on.

Clark: *It was fun.*

Well great, now he thinks I'm a coward and a party pooper.

Clark: *It was a little overwhelming, there were so many different species there. Lol I must have looked so out of place, because nobody talked to me.*

Suddenly I felt hurt—hurt on Clark's behalf. *How* could a literal hoard of gay dudes not be interested in him? He was tall, fit, well groomed—gorgeous, a heartthrob if I've ever seen one.

Theo: *How? I mean I would have talked to you.*

Clark: *:P I don't know, there weren't a lot of maned wolves there. Maybe they thought I was some freakishly tall fox or something, and it weirded them out XD*

Theo: *Well I don't know how anyone could ignore you.*

That was a tad more forward than I had intended it to be.

Clark: *Really? ;)*

Ok Theo think, you can answer this without making it weird, be subtle.

Theo: *I mean, have you looked in a mirror?*

Not very subtle.

Clark: *Aw, well thanks. you're cute. :P*

He thinks I'm cute? Shit he thinks I'm cute!

Theo: *Thanks, don't get complements like that often from predators.*

Clark: *Predator? I guess, technically, but the carnivores don't really view us as equals.*

Maned wolves have a very balanced diet, if you didn't know.

That struck a cord.

Theo: *You mean like discrimination? And I knew about the diet thing.*

Clark: *I wouldn't call it that, it's not that bad. We just don't really fit in anywhere, we're not closely related to either foxes or wolves. So I think the native canids don't know what to make of us. Not like maned wolves have been in the north for long either.*

Theo: *That must be hard.*

I knew what it was like not to fit in with foxes and wolves.

Clark: *Oh no, don't get me wrong, I love it here, I grew up here. I think I made it sound a lot worse than it actually is. Sorry XD*

Theo: *It's ok. So anyone special in your life?*

Clark: *lol no, single AF.*

Theo: *Same...*

Clark: *What about your friend? The one you went to Pride with?*

Theo: *Justin? God no. I mean...he's fine, but he's just a friend.*

Clark: *You two never, y'know? ;)*

This was going in a direction I hadn't anticipated.

Theo: *No... Well...there was this one time.*

Should I be telling him this?

Clark: *Do tell?*

Theo: *Well it's not a big deal. We sometimes paw each other off. And I blew him once. Ok it was twice, but that was a long time ago.*

Clark: *I would have liked to see that. ;) Got any pics?*

Whoa... This is much more than I expected.

Theo: *No sorry.*

Clark: *Aw, well that's ok. Wanna see something from me? ;)*

My fingers couldn't type fast enough.

Theo: *Yes. You know, if you're comfortable with it.*

A picture file came across the chat window. I clicked expand, and there in all his glory was a full body picture of Clark in a very revealing pair of tight firetruck-red briefs.

Clark: *I do in fact have a mirror. :3*

I felt like I should return the courtesy. I had some suggestive pictures of myself from back when I was more serious about online dating, so I pulled them up, picked the best one and sent it.

Clark: *Wow, I like the pose <3*

The picture I chose was of my back—more precisely to show off my butt (my best quality as far as I’m concerned). I was relieved he liked it.

Clark: *Say, you doing anything this weekend?*

Oh my God... Did he want a date? Was this really happening?

Theo: *I’m free. :)*

Clark: *What do you say, I come over to your place and we hang?*

My place? Well ok, not a traditional date, but a chance for us to get to know one another.

Theo: *Sure...but I should tell you, that friend of mine, Justin. He’s also my roommate.*

Clark: *You have your own room right?*

Theo: *Of course.*

Clark: *Cool. ;)*

And that was that. We made small talk for a while and finalized our plans, he was set to come over Friday night at six.

#

I dreaded telling Justin, as I knew he’d razz the hell out of me about it, but come Thursday night he knew something was up, because I went on a cleaning frenzy.

Justin's ass was parked on the couch watching TV, and I was going over the place with a duster. "Your parents coming over this weekend or something?" He asked. I paused, pondered fibbing, but decided against it.

"No, I'm having a friend over," I said, and continued dusting the TV stand.

"Oh, who? Is it that skunk again, or the mouse, he was kinda cute, eh?"

"No, it's a new friend."

"Ooh? A sexy new friend, or just one of your movie geek buddies?"

I moved on to dusting the bookshelf. "No, it's Clark."

"Wait...the grocery store guy? The maned wolf?"

"Yep."

"So you finally asked him out?"

"Not exactly," I turned to face the deer, "we're just gonna hang out, get to know one another."

"Dude," Justin sipped his beer, "you can *hang out* at a coffee shop. Who's idea was it for him to come here?"

I frowned. "His, but-"

"I knew it! He ain't coming over to play video games. He wants to bone!" The deer chuckled. "And you know what, I say go for it. You've been drooling after him long enough."

I furrowed my brow and put a paw on my hip. "It's not like that."

"Sure sure. You ain't gotta hide this stuff from me, it's totally cool. I'll leave you guys alone."

I relaxed a bit, my annoyance fading. "Well, thanks."

Justin smirked. “You just gotta share the deets when it’s over.”

I rolled my eyes. “No.”

“Oh come on! I tell you stuff.”

And it went on like that for the rest of the evening, Justin trying to pry details out of me, and me mostly rebuffing him. Eventually he got bored, or distracted and let it drop. Friday was just around the corner, and I really had no idea what to expect. Everything I knew about Clark came from his *Pawbook* page, I mean hell, I didn’t even know if we’d get along for sure. We’d only had time for brief conversations since finalizing our plans, but they were pleasant, and I wasn’t getting any bad vibes. For once in my life, I felt somewhat confident.

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I was pacing. I’d done everything to prepare, but I was still nervous. Clark was set to arrive any minute, and after some prodding Justin agreed to keep mostly to his room for the evening.

I’d picked out a comfortable sky-blue t-shirt and light-brown cargo shorts; I didn’t want things to feel stuffy or too formal, we were just hanging out after all. I’d planned for us to watch a movie, having picked out a handful of my favourites and even picking up some microwave popcorn. If Clark wasn’t into movies, I wasn’t really sure what we’d do, I didn’t want to just sit around and play video games. Maybe we’d go for a nice walk down to the park or-

There was a knock at the door. I padded over and opened it.

As expected it was Clark, but he was dressed—well he was dressed like he was ready for a night on the town, not a casual evening. He wore an open pink buttoned dress shirt over a white tank top, and he had on crisp white slacks and a thick leather belt with silver buckle. His fur was brushed neatly and he even smelled different, like he was wearing cologne—not that he needed it, his natural scent wasn't overpowering or unpleasant, at least not to me.

“Hi,” he said, his voice was smooth and the word came out like dripping honey, slow and sweet. I shivered; somehow he had managed to make himself even more attractive, a feat I thought not possible.

Clark closed in before I could respond, wrapping his long arms around me and pulling me into an embrace. My nose pressed into his firm chest, and I felt a sneeze stirring, I tried to stifle it.

“I'm a hugger, not a shaker,” Clark said.

I shot a paw to my muzzle and let out a sneeze. Clark let me go. “Sorry about that,” I said.

He gave a little chuckle and tilted his head. “Even your sneezes are cute.” He smiled, and his big green eyes beamed at me.

I could have stood there, just staring at him for eternity, mesmerized, but my anxious brain kicked in. “Wanna watch a movie?” I asked. “I ah, I've got popcorn.”

Clark rubbed his chin. “Hmm, movies mean couch cuddles, so count me in.”

I showed him to the living room and he flicked his tail (much like a fox might) as he explored the apartment and got his bearings.

“Where's your deer roomie?” He asked, sniffing the air.

“Oh he’s here,” I responded, “in his room, promised to keep to himself.”

“Nice guy.”

Clark sat down on the sofa and perused the half dozen DVDs I’d left out on the coffee table.

“I’ve got more movies in my room if none of those look good,” I reassured.

“Hm, I don’t know any of these,” Clark said. “I’ll let you pick.”

I wiggled my whiskers and my ears moved along with them. “I know,” I said, picking out one of the DVDs. I moved to the TV stand and popped the disk in; it was only once I stood up did I realize that I had just given Clark a front row seat to my booty—it was unintentional I swear. I turned around and Clark was looking more relaxed. “Popcorn? Oh and I’ve got soda, or a beer if you’d like?”

Clark sat up. “Soda’s too sugary for me, wouldn’t mind that beer though.”

I gave him a stilted thumbs up and made for the kitchen. I threw the popcorn packet in the microwave and grabbed two tall cans of beer.

Back in the living room Clark was staring at our TV remote, a puzzled look on his muzzle.

“Oh,” I set the beers down, “It’s this one.” I picked up the other remote control and hit play.

“Ah, thanks,” Clark said, as he took one can and leaned back in the sofa.

I took a seat next to him and we cracked our cans open. I heard a *Hmm*, from Clark as he sampled the brew.

“Not bad,” he said. “This is an eastern import, right? Never seen it before.”

“Heh yeah, they only sell it at our local store and at one place down town,” I said.

“Neat.” Clark took a swig. “I mostly just buy whatever’s cheap or on sale.”

We settled in as the previews finished and the movie began. Everything felt comfortable, I retrieved the popcorn when it was ready, and we shared greedy handfuls until there were only unpopped kernels left. Then Clark wrapped an arm around me.

“This ok?” He asked, and I nodded.

I leaned into his soft chest and we stayed like that for nearly half the movie. At some point though Clark got up and asked, “Bathroom?”

“Oh just down the hall and on the left,” I said.

Clark made off and suddenly I felt very alone. Time felt like it was dragging on. I waited as long as I could before getting up to check on him.

In the hallway I notice the bathroom door wide open, I peeked in, no Clark. Where did he go? I moved to my room across the hall and peered in. There was Clark standing by my movie shelves just staring at them. I walked in. “Hey,” I said, and the maned wolf jumped. “Sorry, is everything alright?”

“Oh yeah,” Clark said. “Sorry for snooping; I wanted to see your movie collection, it’s very impressive.”

“Oh,” I walked over, “guess I should have offered to show you my room, huh?”

“Oh, no it’s fine I...sorry I tend to wander.” His ears lilted, and his tail went still.

“I’m not mad.” I put a paw on his arm. He perked up and stepped in close, before I knew what was happening our muzzles were together and we were in a kiss. My brain panicked, but

my body screamed—yes—and I remained still. Clark pulled back and set his paws on my hips, staring me dead in the eyes.

“Let’s have some fun,” he said.

I stuttered, “I-I’m not sure-”

Clark dipped a paw down my pants and rubbed my rump, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“This is what you want isn’t it?”

I swallowed. I’d been lusting after him for weeks and now here he was throwing himself at me, and I was having second thoughts. Things were moving so fast, but I know I might never get another opportunity like this.

“Yes,” I said, and Clark hummed a gentle tone as he pulled me in close.

I heard the clink of metal and Clark’s pants were on the floor (guess he really needed the belt). He was wearing those same firetruck- red briefs from the photo he’d shared, the visible outline of his hard cock stirred feelings of dizziness in me. “Let’s get comfortable,” he said, taking off his shirt and stepping out of his pants.

We got undressed and united again in each others arms, his warm stiffness pressed firmly on my stomach. “Are you, y’know, ready?” He asked, as he squeezed my ass.

I nodded. “Good,” he said, the honeyed tone came back to his voice, and he led me to the bed.

I retrieved a bottle of lube from under my bed and handed it to him. Clark smirked and seemed to make a mental note of how full the bottle was.

I got on all fours as the maned wolf got behind me. I heard the bottle pop open and Clark whispering the word, *cold*, as he slicked himself up. Then I felt the wet chill hit my rear as he

dutifully prepped me. As he did so, he snuck a finger in, I wasn't expecting it and had to immediately take a breath and unclenched. After a little playing he stuck a second finger in, this time actively trying to stretch me. "You don't do this often, do you?" He asked.

"No," I took a breath, "not recently."

Clark pulled his fingers out, and hummed in pleasure. "If it hurts, tell me, I'll slow down," he said. Then I felt the intense heat of his member on my rear, it was a blazing contrast to the chilly lube, and I welcomed it. His tip popped in with a little pressure, and my body tensed as he pushed. I took a deep breath and heard Clark mutter, "Fuck you're tight." I didn't want to disappoint him so I bit my lip and powered through the initial discomfort. To his credit each time I tensed up he slowed or even stopped.

Eventually though he was all the way in, and gently thrusting. He was indeed a big boy, bigger than any I had ever taken before. I was weirdly proud of myself, and the pleasure was my reward.

Clark leaned down, looming over me as his pace picked up. He started grunting and moaning softly, my arms shook and I let them go, my upper body falling to the cool embrace of my sheets. I kept my ass stuck nice and high for Clark. My cock was rock hard, long strands of excited pre, no longer dripping but gently flowing from my tip.

Clark started humping faster and faster, and I occasionally felt his knot stretch me as he thrust forward. He was hitting all the right spots inside me, I knew all it would take is a little touch and I'd burst; I restrained myself though, I wanted the waves of pleasure to go on as long as possible.

Haa, fuu-fuck dude I'm gonna, I'm gonna.

I knew where he was going with that and I grabbed my cock and started stroking. Clark let out a gasping moan—almost like he was the one getting fucked—and he jolted forward. I felt the heat and pressure hit my insides and that was all it took to push me over the edge. A few good strokes later and I was shooting all over my sheets. Clark jerked and grunted a few good times making sure he got ever drop inside me. I was shaky, dizzy, overwhelmed by the pulsing heat buried in my ass and the intensely exotic musk of maned wolf that filled the air.

Clark shivered and we panted there together for a minute. Then with an embarrassing *shlorp* sound he pulled out. I felt his mess immediately dribble down my backside, but I couldn't be bothered, I could wash my sheets later.

I laid on my side avoiding my own mess, and Clark did the same facing me. We just sort of sat there for a while, not saying anything, just enjoying the feeling. Then my stomach growled and Clark smirked.

“Oh yeah that’s right,” he said, getting up and rummaging in his pants pockets. He came back over to the bed. “Hold out your paws.”

I did so, and he dropped a few coins, I counted the sum, it was a dollar and thirty-one cents. Why was he giving my this?

Clark smiled. “It’s your change silly, for the granola bars.”

#

END

About The Author

C. H. Marlow is an aspiring furry fiction writer living in Ontario Canada. He has no formal training or education in creative writing, and is entirely self taught. His dream is to bring his stories to a wider audience, to touch all the emotional cornerstones fiction is capable of, and of course to entertain. In his spare time he enjoys tinkering with computers, having barbecues, and reading a wide variety of books. If you want to know more or just say hello you can follow him on Twitter [@CHMarlow1](#)

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