

20 Charisma

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When he was younger, Milkie thought working at a game store would be the most amazing job ever. Of course, this was back when he was renting games for his old Super Nintendo console, so he was just a tyke at best. He'd walk into that store every weekend with the allowance his mother gave to him and rent whatever looked good – that bears repeating: whatever *looked* good. He didn't look up games, he didn't care about reviews; he just rented games for the sake of it. He'd toddle on up to the counter, pay all by himself, and practically skip home to slap that sucker into his console to play until his mother yelled at him to stop. Those were the days.

Of course, back then he never imagined that someone could be unhappy with their job. The mere idea that someone could have worked under crummy conditions and was disgruntled for it was foreign to him. To a child, people worked because... well just because! It wasn't anything he had to worry about, because he was always told he wouldn't need to get a job until he grew up. It seemed so far off at the time...

Before he knew it he was all grown up standing behind the counter at a games store owned and operated by his identical twin. It was called Mouse pad in a fit of creativity, and he was the manager. And there he stood, leaning on the counter with nothing of interest to do. No one told him as a kid that working meant getting up, slapping on a uniform that made you look stupid, and then going and standing for four or five hours, then sitting for half an hour, and then standing for another three and a half. No one told him that working in a store that sold videogames meant doing inventory and running serial numbers through the computer system as if he were a robot.

He never would have guessed that learning his ABC's would be useful stocking shelves in alphabetical order; and he'd never, ever seen an employee cleaning as a kid, yet he had to wipe down glass displays for miniature models and trading card packets at least three times a day. Who would have thought that house-cleaning became an important part of the workplace, vacuuming floors and scrubbing the employee bathroom as was expected of him? All that saying nothing about having to actually *manage* the store – it seemed every snoot-nosed teenager he hired hardly expected any of those responsibilities he was so familiar with.

They were just like him, in a way.

But Milkie had no patience for people who didn't learn quickly. Milkette, his twin (actual female duplicate, in we're being honest), was always so cross with him for firing people he thought were just no good. But they just didn't adjust to the reality that even if a job wasn't what you thought it'd be you must work hard regardless. It all served to mount yet more stress on a job that he remembered thinking would be great. Reality was harsh when you got older, like he had. Suddenly you start seeing worse in thing, and often times it became difficult to see just what he enjoyed about his job... aside from the obvious paycheck.

People came into the store, some don't even buy anything; they'd mess up the shelves or displays, have a

bit of fun, tell each other incorrect things about upcoming games, and then they'd just leave. But every so often, Milkie would get someone in the store that was a joy to serve – someone who was either well-versed in all things geek-chic, or at least bearing a legitimate curiosity that he loved to sate. When it came time to question why he did what he did, all he had to do was think back to when he met Andria.

As soon as she walked into the store, Milkie noticed her. She was gorgeous, far beyond even what would be considered a normal 'nerdy girl' cute. Andria was practically a model – she had some long, good-looking legs that gave her a fair bit of height to compliment the lush curves she had filling out her clothes. The first time she came in, she was wearing a skirt and jacket combo. The jacket was open, the magenta top beneath was thin and loosely fitted to her jutting breasts... of which Milkie estimated to be a g-cup. Her blue skirt was a modest length, but still hugged her body snugly and showed her off. Such a beautiful form was only emphasized by her fur colour. Most tigers were orange with black stripes and a white underbelly, whereas she was blue instead of orange, with long brunette hair and hazel-green eyes.

She looked almost lost as she entered the store, and Milkie knew just watching her beautiful self that the day was going to be much less boring. At least he'd be able to tell people he met a beautiful woman, if nothing else. So, as he would with anyone who looked so out of place, he'd wait to let her look around before speaking up.

"Hey, can I help you find anything?" He asked.

Andria, who he didn't know was her name at the time, looked up at him like a deer caught in headlights. "Oh! Yes, um... Okay, so I heard this store sells rule books for table games?" She began, and Milkie nodded her along.

"Table games...? Oh! Oh, yeah, we have a few rulebooks. Mostly we have Dungeons and Dragons, fourth edition, but maybe one third edition too," Milkie explained, "We also sell Pathfinder books and Vampire: The Masquerade. But if we don't have what you're looking for, we offer a service to order in the books you want."

"Really? You can do that?" The woman asked.

Milkie nodded, "It's all part of the... uh... Mouse Pad service?" He didn't quite know where he was going with that one.

For a moment Andria assumed the role of confused customer, struck by a poor sales pitch, but she quickly recalled what she needed in particular and steered things in the right direction. "I'm just looking for that first one, Dungeons and Dragons," She told Milkie, "I have some friends who are playing a game of it and I'm playing too but I don't know the rules or anything."

Milkie smiled at her as politely as could be, "Oh, well, sure! Is it fourth edition though? Do you know?"

"Um... no," Andria admitted as she approached the counter, "I don't know. But... the rules can't be that different, right?"

Milkie thought about it, and then turned from the counter to his display set up behind him. There, numerous books and games lined the shelves, out of customers' reach to keep them in good condition. Taking one of the Dungeons and Dragons 4th Edition books from the shelf, he turned back to the counter and set it down for Andria's inspection. "I don't know for sure," He said, "I don't play a lot of Dungeons and Dragons myself, though I'd love to do it. It's just that no one I know can DM to save their lives."

Andria had opened the book and was flipping through it, but her ears were lifted attentively. "DM?" She repeated, "What's that?"

Milkie looked up at her. She was rather tall compared to him, as he only stood just over five feet tall. She had to be well around six feet, maybe more. "DM means 'Dungeon Master.' It's basically the person who runs the game," He explained, "You're really new to this stuff, huh?"

Andria looked down at the bespectacled little mouse, and she nodded. "Yes, honestly," She answered, "I've never done anything like this before."

As Milkie thought over how to explain things, he adjusted the collar on his uniform's shirt. "Ever play RPG games?" He asked, "Like, on video game consoles."

"Oh yes," Andria nodded.

"Well, it's a lot like that. You make a character who has stats just like in those games, and a class, and particular feats and skills," He explained as she leaned on the counter, eyeing the book, "And you, and usually a few other players, form a party and fight monsters and stuff."

Andria looked puzzled. She cocked a brow and tilted her head, and Milkie recognized the look. He expected her following words in an instant, "And... this is just with paper? Why?"

Milkie hated that question, because he could only answer with a crooked grin and a vague statement: "It's an acquired taste."

"But it also takes imagination. Honestly I think it relies a lot on your DM, and that's why I never play," He continued, "My friends just can't paint a picture in your mind. But it's not so bad, really. At least you're giving it a chance, right?"

"This is just so much for something that should seem so easy," She said, looking distraught as she flipped through the pages in the book, "This is crazy... I don't understand any of this stuff."

She looked up at the mouse again, her eyes lingering on him for a moment as he seemed to puzzle over how to make the sale to her. She barely got to look at him from her angle, especially since he was stuck behind a counter, but to her he seemed to know plenty about the subject... or at least more than her. So she asked, "Could you help me?"

“I’m sorry?”

“Could you help me,” She repeated, “Could you... teach me?”

Milkie hadn’t expected a question like that out of nowhere... But getting a good look at her again, he couldn’t say no! He agreed readily to help her and introduced himself, a gesture she returned by telling him her name was Andria. Before Milkie could take the logical progression of opening the book right there and going over a few things with her however, she took control of the situation and asked him to meet her somewhere when she had more time. Despite being a little blindsided, Milkie agreed, and the tiger girl jot down a few things on some receipt paper for his reference after buying the book. Then she was gone, just like that.

It was a strange sort of development, he had to admit. But when he looked at the paper, he understood her sudden fluster. It had her name, her phone number, and her address on it... and a little heart. Immediately Milkie looked down at himself, wondering if she was maybe just playing with him. He didn’t think he looked like anything special – a short mouse with earthy, brown tones of fur bearing a tanned underbelly, with big glasses and blue eyes. Having been stuck behind the counter, there seemed to be no way she could see his body, which was admittedly nice-looking even to him. He had the masculine features to obviously be a boy, but a full lushness below the waist that impressed plenty.

... So why did Andria basically ask him out?

... And had she really? Milkie pondered it throughout the rest of the day. It seemed almost naïve to invite a total stranger to her home, but she’d done so anyway... His mind reeled with the implications, but when he called her to clarify just what she meant; she insisted he was only going to arrive at her home to show her the basics. She apparently had some character sheets she printed off that afternoon and Milkie was supposed to help her build a character. That sure seemed simple enough, and she seemed genuine in her task... but still, the mouse couldn’t help but feel like she had to have some sort of motive towards inviting him. Either that or he was trying to rationalize his sub-conscious desire to have a girl as good-looking as Andria be attracted to him, but what guy would admit to that?

Whatever the case was, Milkie arrived at Andria’s modest home and rung the bell. He dressed somewhere between “charming date” and “casual Friday.” He wanted to be sure that if Andria wasn’t hitting on him, he wasn’t over-dressed, and if she was, he looked ready to play the part. That said, he’d thrown on one of his finest short-sleeve shirts. He fancied the ones with the folded, business-shirt collars and buttons. It was maroon, which stood out against his black jeans nicely enough. It beat just wearing one of his old t-shirts, that’s for sure! Given the nature of his visit though – and his big, round glasses – he almost felt far too nerdy to come off as handsome. In a way, he was safe!

Andria looked the same, of course. She didn’t really have to change from the skirt and top combo she wore earlier in the day – the only difference lied in that she wasn’t wearing her jacket anymore. The best part about that was that her spaghetti strap magenta top just seemed to make her breasts look all the larger and more prominent. It really was a wonder how her jacket was so slimming, and yet he hadn’t even noticed before. He tried not to stare as

she welcomed him and invited him inside. Getting into a girl's house always made it easier for Milkie, because he was able to curiously observe his surroundings instead of gawking. Her one-level home may not have been the most exciting prospect, and she obviously lived alone, but it was well-decorated. It certainly had that feminine touch.

"So, what is this all about?" Andria asked, "I'm a little excited, I can't wait to have my own character."

"It may be a less exciting process than you think," Milkie grinned, slipping his feet free of his shoes. Andria had already made her way towards her living room, hips swinging and tail swaying in counter-tempo before she sat herself down on the couch and pat the seat next to her. Milkie followed of course, and once settled opened her rule book.

"Well, let's start by picking... the race of your character," Milkie said, "Then we'll pick their class."

"Right," Andria nodded.

They went through the motions. As Milkie flipped forwards and backwards through scores of pages in the D&D rule book, Andria seemed to sit closer and closer to him. Soon, she was leaning on his shoulder, her breasts pressed against his arm, though her attention seemed focused on the book as Milkie guided her through the process. Getting the basic information was easy, and soon Andria had the makings of an Eladrin Wizard named Kaea. From there they moved on to the stats, and Milkie explained each one in turn.

"... And then there's Charisma," He said, his eyes moving from the pages for a moment to Andria's chest as it crowded against him. He'd been feeling rather uncomfortable for the past several minutes – his pants were tightened around the crotch as his arousal had developed into a full-on erection. Thankfully she hadn't seemed to notice... But she was purring, breathing slowly, and her tail had brushed over his back on more than one occasion. Her hands, which rested on his shoulder, kind of squeezed and kneaded him. Ultimately, he was a bit red in the cheeks and more than a little nervous.

"Charisma... so the way they talk?" Her voice was so soft, and her breath tickled the fur on his face.

"Well not just that," He said, "It's how persuasive your character is, and physically attractive."

"Oooh..." Andria purred, "I hope that comes out really high. I want her to be gorgeous."

Milkie laughed and said, "Well we can always hope."

Andria left her seat then, standing as Milkie reached for the dice they had been using to roll for her stats. "I'll be back," She said, "I just have to use the bathroom."

"Oh, uh, okay," Milkie said, "Sure."

And so she left, leaving Milkie on his own to relax after a long bout of sexual tension provided by the very... cuddly Andria. He didn't fault her for it, struggling to make reasonable connections in his mind. Maybe she

was just friendly, and was the sort of girl who was a little fuzzy on the whole personal space thing. She wouldn't be the first girl he'd met like that, so it all made sense in the end. Still, he could smell a lingering scent of perfume in the air even after she'd left. It was a nice smell, and she was a nice girl... a warm girl... and so soft...

"Okay, I'm back," Her soft voice spoke.

"Right then, ready to roll for these- - Oh dear mother of God."

And there she stood, the tall, shapely blue tigress having stripped down to nothing more than a pink baby doll chemise and a matching, lacy thong. The straps over her shoulders were rather tight as her prominent bosom filled the cups of the garment to near overflowing, creating cleavage a man could have lost himself in for days. A cute, pink satin bow rested front and center on her chest, and from there the sheer fabric parted to either side down the middle, creating a breezy, loose-fitting and revealing number. Her lacy underwear was somewhat sheer as well, but the embroidery was a solid pink and a delightful pattern. There was so much of her revealed, but just enough covered to be immensely tantalizing.

Milkie stared, slack-jawed and red in the face. She approached him, and he leaned back as she drew closer until she casually slipped into his lap. Pressing her larger body to his, she embraced him and surrounded his cute little face in the warmth of her chest. She was purring, making her chest rumble and vibrate and making that distinct, feline sound while he tail danced behind her. She wasn't even blushing, and he knew because his big, blue eyes stared up at her the entire time. Milkie tried to gauge how serious she was, to see if it was some kind of trick being pulled on him, but found nothing to assume any ill intent. Her eyes were almost predatory, staring with smoldering seduction into his.

"I really am going to have to apologize," Andria purred, hugging her arms around the mouse's shoulders to bury his face against her, "It's been a... lonely time for me, and I can hardly look at a mouse like you without wanting to lick my lips. Maybe it's just a species thing? Because I want to just eat you up."

She pressed in with her hips, pushing her superior weight down upon him. He could feel her grinding against him, mashing their loins together, cloth layers of separation be damned – and it felt hot. Mingling with the scent of her perfume was the strong scent of a woman's arousal... stronger than it had a right to be, anyway. Her actions, her words, the scents, the feelings, they all expressed a deep-rooted arousal that needed to be sated, and the mouse happened to be her mark. The shock of it all and the implications of future delight rocked Milkie to his core, and the mouse felt a strange, pleasurable tensing throughout his whole body – though the strongest point of it was centered on his loins and the uncomfortably swollen erection that bore upwards against the welcoming warmth of Andria's own covered arousal.

Andria would quickly discover that she had nothing to apologize for. Her blatant seduction was all Milkie needed to be spurred into action, and his arms came up and around her middle in a flash. His hands sought out her curvy backside, squeezing the blue fur and lacy underwear about as gently as a drunken sailor. He kissed her breasts, and rubbed his muzzle between them, even going so far as to run his tongue along her cleavage as he fell right into the rhythm of their impromptu love-making. The tigress had a hard time holding back her moans as every

touch sent shivers up her spine, making her erected nipples tingle and her pussy drool in an almost Pavlovian manner. It didn't take much of the lusty man-handling to start making the wait unbearable, so she was the one to pry away from him, to give them enough space between one another that they could continue.

Her fingers worked quickly to unfasten the button and draw down the zipper of his jeans, after which she unceremoniously reached in to tug down his underwear and free his stiff cock. She grabbed hold of it and took a moment to admire its size. For a mouse, he was definitely packing; Andria was confident that he'd stoke her fires just the way she hoped someone as cute-looking as him could. She was eager to see how he'd perform, so she skipped any foreplay she may have had in mind to get right to the main event. Rising a little, she held Milkie's erection in one hand and used her other to push her thong aside and expose her waiting, hungry puss – then she lowered herself, allowing him to sink inside.

Andria couldn't hold back a moan of satisfaction as she rooted the horny mouse inside of her. The feeling of his manhood buried so deep inside of her was as relieving as it was pleasurable; she *needed* it. Her hands found his shoulders, grasping firmly so when she began to move her hips and bounce in his lap, she was stable and her shifting weight wasn't completely uncontrolled. Milkie felt the ebbing flow of pleasure spread throughout his loins as she began to move, the squeezing confines of Andria's hungry depths caressing his stiff cock beautifully, and could only hold on for the ride with a firm grab to her hips. Fortunately she was more than willing to take the lead.

Andria's pace was hardly casual. She rocked her body to raise herself up and plunge back down and each resulting smack of her bottom against the mouse was deeply satisfying. Her grip on his shoulders was a desperate squeeze, and she moaned in chorus for some time before she gently bit down on one of Milkie's rounded ears to silence them. Every moan she made past that point was a muffled down over a mouthful of fur and flesh that vibrated the mouse's big, sensitive ear and made him tingle all the way down the back of his neck. Coupled with the erotic bliss of their joining, the experience was almost inebriating; to say nothing of how smothered he felt.

For a moment Andria froze, her body tensing up, a shuddering running through her body, and a pleased mewling whimper sounding from her throat as she came. She remained still for just a short while with Milkie's cock embedded as deep into her as it could be, but after the brief respite of tingling eruptions and hip-gyrations, she carried on with a renewed vigor. She parted her lips, releasing Milkie's ear, and moaned to announce her satisfaction, striking a second orgasm in just a few deep plunges of the mouse's stiff, hot cock. "S-So good...!" The tigress squeaked in strained euphoria, "S... So deep!"

"Come on, more...!" Andria growled as she cupped Milkie's muzzle and lifted his head to look into his eyes. Hers was a look of need and passion, her eyes sharp and demanding. Milkie was breathless, though would find no rest as Andria closed in for another kiss. Their lips met and mingled, and her tongue clumsily sought his as she continued to voice her desires, "More, more!"

It wasn't as if Milkie had a choice in the matter, but if he had the result wouldn't have been any different. Andria continued to riding with wet, lewd slurps and squishes sounded between them as her juices slickened the whole process into a sloppy mess. She continued to ride to orgasms as quickly as she could, knowing she needed

more than a few to feel completely satisfied; but what of the mouse beneath her? Poor Milkie had been holding on and holding back. Several times he felt as if held reached his limit, but her constant pauses to enjoy her own releases made certain that he held on just that little bit longer. After what felt like minutes however, he just couldn't anymore. It was all building up to a rushing climax he had no hope of announcing to her. He just... let it go.

It seemed a surprise to her. The sudden rush of warmth, she knew the feeling, knowing that his cum was washing her insides out... and it seemed none too sparingly. It felt wonderfully excessive to the point where she figured allowing him to release inside of her might have been a bad idea. But with him filling her so rapidly, and the feeling of his swollen shaft twitching and throbbing inside of her, she was too far gone to take a step back. Hugging herself to him, and parting their kiss to allow them both to breathe, she trembled in the sensations wrought by his release. Milkie, too, was stunned, tense, and let out guttural moans of pleasure. It was a moment that came and went, but not without filling the blue tigress to such extents that their joined sexes were washed in white, sticky filth that dripped and drooled onto and off of the couch.

Once the moment passed, they rested, panting for breath. Andria smiled, mostly to herself, having enjoyed their brief rutting rather much... She thought she had to say something sweet, something sexy, or at the least bit clever. Instead, she simply said, "So that's a high charisma then?" It sounded so much cleverer when she thought it up, but saying it aloud just felt silly – and the fact that Milkie sort of laughed didn't help. Still, he went right along with it and smiled up to her in nothing less than mirth.

"A natural twenty," He said.

Andria smiled at that. Then her smile faded, and she furrowed her brow, "What does *that* mean?"

"Hah...!" Milkie chuckled once again, "Uh, don't worry... When I feel like I can move my legs, I'll show you."