

“Where Most She Satisfies”

Max almost couldn't believe it. He didn't think that things like this happened in the real world. In a daze, he opened the ornate wooden door of the Marmaduke People's Library and shuffled over to the nearest bench, dragging his hooves across the hard tiles of the walkway and heaving himself onto the bench. He fumbled in his pocket and, his fingers shaking, drew out a sheet of ordinary printer paper, folded with ruler-straight creases into a neat square a little larger than his palm. The young buck picked at the root of his antler in annoyance as he noted that his too-small pocket had crushed in one of the corners. Gingerly, he unfolded it, still disbelieving what he read on the inside.

There were a few scant lines, addressed to himself, in a fine and meticulous script like something out of an old penmanship manual, save for the little hearts that dotted the “I's”.

Dear Mr. Mystery Deer, they read, I doubt we have said more than a few scant words to each other during any of your many visits to this establishment, but don't think that I haven't taken notice of your eyes. Watchful eyes, emerald eyes. They're very pretty. And I don't want you to think, Dear Mr. Mystery Deer, that this is some kind of call-out letter for you. You can be sure that if I wanted to chew you out over unwanted attentions, I would. But I do want them. Every day you are not here, I crave them...and it's only today that I've worked up the courage to tell you so.

Max gulped. He knew—of course he knew—who had written the note. It was the girl who worked the circulation desk on weekday afternoons. Kenny was her name; he had no idea what it was short for. Shy and quiet, she had seemed to him, with honey-blond hair framing a strong, lupine face and powerful eyeglasses that magnified her big blue eyes. It seemed that every time he looked up from his reading, he found those eyes staring back, trying so hard to be surreptitious about it. She was very beautiful, in a bookish way that felt most comfortable wearing twill. He never would have expected her to do anything like this in a million years.

Beneath the confession, Kenny had given him the name and street address of a Giraffen restaurant not far from the library, and a time later that night. And, finally, as proof of her identity, Kenny had left a coral-pink lipstick kiss at the bottom of the page, or at least most of one. She hadn't quite been able to fit the corners on a sheet this size, leaving just a broad pink stain that only hinted at the shape of lips, since despite her apparent timidity, Kenny would always be unmistakable. The wolf was more than 12 feet tall, broad-shouldered and heavily muscled, a trait that she seemed to do her best to diminish as she went about her work among the stacks. Max imagined fingers thicker around than his wrist delicately pressing a tiny scrap of paper to her lips and shivered despite himself. Max himself was not tall in any sense of the word. He was a Sika deer, with a middling bit of whitetail mixed in from his mother's side, and in fact, he was short for a Sika, anyway. Stretching his legs out as far as he could, Max just barely cleared four foot five without counting his short antlers. He was a study in compactness, with generously flaring hips and thick, fluffy thighs, and hands that seemed much too big for him. His unassuming, trusting face peeked out from underneath a mop of voluminous black hair, from which emerged the antlers, each one painted a vibrant purple-pink with his favorite polish. He knew he was cute, but he could never have expected the attention of someone like the librarian.

With a wide, unconscious grin, Max folded the sheet back up and carefully replaced it in his pocket. The date wasn't set for another few hours, so it would give him time to go back to his apartment and get himself ready to meet her for the first time, for real.



Meanwhile, Kenny was busy hyperventilating in the library's breakroom. She held a wad of tissues up to her muzzle and shook, while Glenda, an opossum and her desk partner for the evening, delicately patted the nearest slab of muscled shoulder.

"I d-did it!" Kenny hissed. "I gave him the note!"

"Yeah, girl. I figured. I see you wore the lipstick I lent you."

Kenny sniffled and nodded. "Remind me to get you a new one. I used it all up."

"Forget about it." Glenda squeezed her arm encouragingly. "I gotta say, I've never seen you this worked up about a date before. You go on tons of dates."

"Y-Yeah, I guess. But they're only just hookups."

"And this little guy, who you've never *really* spoken to, I'll remind you, is different." Not a question. Glenda rarely phrased her questions as if she wanted them answered. "Somehow different."

"He just seems so nice, Glenda. Always really nice, great taste in reading material..."

"A great ass."

Kenny nodded and honked into the tissues. "And I think he's interested, because I saw him read it and then he turned bright red and, Glenda, it was *so cute* the way he ran out of the building."

"Have I ever told you that it's, like, super weird that you feel compelled to deliver hand-written notes to you prospective fuck buddies? Because it's super weird. No disrespect."

"I can't help it that no one is brave enough to just ask me on a normal date!" Kenny looked at Glenda with pleading eyes, her massive shoulders bunching up defensively under the tasteful cream-white cardigan she wore to draw attention away from her blouse. It was a boring garment, one that had probably been advertised in a doctor's office catalog with key phrases like "roomy", "comfy", and "the perfect fall look for the budget professional". And yet it was early spring in Marmaduke, and the shirt clung to Glenda's colleague like it had been shrunk-wrapped onto her torso. The poor thing was saving for one the next size up in the next few paychecks, but a girl had to do what a girl had to do.

"That's because of your tastes, Kenny. If you dated folks in your own size class, you'd probably get more takers right away."

"They still get intimidated by the muscles, and usually ask for the check when I mention the growth spurts. And all the bodybuilder types turn out to be jerk meatheads."

"Whereas your little toys are always too scared to run. Got it."

"H-Hey! They always have a good time! And I'm always super careful with them."

"And then you cut them off after the first or second date."

"Sorry."

Glenda snorted. “You don't have to apologize to *me*, sweetie. I'm not the one you fuck the brains out of and then ditch because you're afraid of commitment. You know that gecko girl was really stuck on you.”

Kenny nodded again. A stray tear fell on Glenda's head, impacting as if someone had splashed her with a shot glass full of saltwater. She let it pass without comment. “I just don't know what I'm looking for.”

“Well, I want you to promise me that you'll give this one a chance, since you're so worked up about it. Three dates at least, and you let him walk you home. Unless he's a mega creep, in which case I want you to uppercut him over the nearest skyscraper. Got it?”

Kenny laughed. “Yeah. Okay.”

Glenda got up and towed her damp hair on the edge of Kenny's cardigan. “Good. Now, why don't you go home early and get ready for your date. Harry and I will be fine closing this place up on a Wednesday night. I'll punch you out.”

“O-Okay.” Kenny rose alongside her, although she had to duck at almost a 45-degree angle to avoid pushing up the breakroom's drop ceiling. “I'm okay now. I-I'll go home.”

“Knock 'em dead, kid,” Glenda said, slapping her calf in lieu of a back she could reach. “But, you know, don't actually kill him.”

“I know, Glenda. You make that joke every time.”

“That's because it's funny every time. Now get out of here.”



Back at Max's apartment, he had already done his pacing, and downed an entire pot of coffee in the process. He had showered, and he had perfumed, and at present, he was trying to decide what to wear. Max didn't go out much, and he'd never been to this restaurant, but looking it up on the Web, it didn't seem like some fancy formal place, which was a relief. His one suit hung in a forlorn corner of the closet. It had a rip in the shoulder and smelled like mothballs.

Luckily, “cute casual” was Max's default mode, so he already had some good ideas brewing for what to wear. He squeezed a pair of jeans over his hips and tightly rolled the cuffs just over the top of his delicate hooves, donned a knit sweater in deference to the lingering chill (but not a baggy one. He wanted to draw attention to his slim waist), and completed the ensemble, such as it was, with a smart little scarf around his throat. After some deliberation, he applied a little understated makeup to highlight those eyes his surprise admirer had said she liked so much. But in truth, Max knew he was handsome. He didn't need much help to bring out his full potential. He looked good, and hopefully she would think so, too. Now to get his scooter's engine heating and make his way back downtown for the fateful appointment. If he was lucky, Max would be able to slip into a good nearby parking spot before the dinner rush was underway.



Kenny had just gotten this halter top a week ago and already she hated it. *More like hater top*, she thought, inspecting the open back in the mirror with trepidation, her hair piled back over her

shoulder. Rippling musculature strained before her eyes, totally uncovered. Glenda had recommended that she show off her assets just to pique his interest right away, but she had no idea what positive her date would take from what he saw. Her back wasn't any kind of cute, slim, alluring thing. It looked like a cliff face, one famous for claiming the lives of reckless rock climbers. At least the top was black. Black was slimming. But truth be told, despite her gripes, showing herself off like this had always worked before, even if she couldn't help but notice the way her biceps bulged as she tied the strap around the back of her neck. She turned back around to check if the front was crooked. The ruff of thick fur at her clavicle spilled alluringly over the top despite her modest chest (in comparison), and the sleeveless design showed off her burly arms. There was no helping that, so it had better be a positive. She slipped on her favorite ruffled skirt, but frowned at the length. She'd need to get another one soon. It had been almost knee-length when Kenny purchased it two years before, but now the poor thing only came halfway down her wide thighs, and it was nearly an eight foot gap from its hem to the pads of her paws. She wore gym shorts underneath, as a precaution. She piled her hair into a messy bun and adjusted her glasses. Provided you got turned on by muscles, Kenny had to admit she looked like a real knockout. And that was good; she couldn't afford to pull her punches with this one. She had a good feeling about this guy, this Dear Mr. Mystery Deer, despite herself, and she wasn't going to let him go easy.

She glanced down at the clock on the wall. It was nearly time. But no matter. It was trivial for her to just walk there. It was only six blocks away, after all.



The restaurant was easy enough to find. It was called Lepo Luzea, a fact it advertized in neon letters twenty feet up from the pavement for the benefit of the clientele, housed in the largest building on Garfield Street. A cartoon depiction of an alluring giraffe woman winked alongside the words with a come-hither look in her eyes. Maybe that was Lepo. Max got his receipt from the meter and clipped it onto the handlebars of his scooter. Good for an hour and a half. He wheeled the little vehicle to the curb and popped the kickstand, then snapped the parking lock between the spokes of his front wheel and the steering column. Suddenly, just as he was about to go inside and wait, the light from the streetlamp was blotted out, and Max felt a heavy footfall behind him.

"I'm so glad you came," said a soft voice a few yards above his head, "Dear Mr. Mystery Deer."

He turned around to find the librarian bending over him, her hands on her knees, her hair falling like a golden curtain around her pretty face. Max's eyes strayed to the broad expanse of plush fur covering her throat, and then took a long trip down her firm, statuesque legs, stopping finally at a pair of surprisingly small paws. With a start, he realized that he only stood eye-level to her knee. He imagined what it would be like to kiss her, and butterflies stirred in his belly. She offered him a gentle, knowing smile and knelt before him to hold out a hand big enough to close effortlessly around his head. Giddily, he kissed her knuckle with dry lips, feeling the powerful sinews play beneath the fur.

"H-Hello," he stammered. "I w-wouldn't have missed it for the world. And you don't have to call me that. My name is Max. Max Deerbourne."

"Well, hello to you, too, Mr. Max Deerbourne," she said teasingly. "Why don't we go inside and get our table. I made a reservation, so they should be expecting us."

She strode with purpose through the tallest door (out of the three sizes available), ducking apologetically under the frame, and strode up to the counter. Max followed behind her at a run to keep

up with her long strides, watching her bushy tail swish back and forth in eight-foot arcs with every few steps.

In no time at all they were led to their table, a high, imposing slab of wood some seven feet off the floor. Max noticed that a staircase had been built into the side of it, presumably for the convenience of smaller folk like himself. Every place in the restaurant was built on the same scale. The table had the deep mahogany luster of a cheaper wood stained dark and varnished with care. Another, smaller—and much less fancy-looking—table had been set on the parquet tabletop along with a folding chair with a plush red cushion. Probably it had been borrowed from the breakroom at the last minute. Kenny took her seat and patiently waited for him to climb the half-dozen steps to the top. And, looking over to her as he slid his chair out, Max couldn't help but marvel; even in these outsized settings, she made the world look small.

Save for the two of them, the restaurant was pretty empty; it was a Wednesday night, after all, and it seemed like they aimed to serve a fairly niche clientele, given the food and the accommodations. There were plenty of little holes-in-the-wall like it all over Marmaduke, small, quiet places where it was expected that certain people could kick back and feel at home. The nearest occupied table was a half a dozen places down, a little family of ocelots, complete with rambunctious children, but they kept their space. It left them almost totally alone together at their little corner table. Tables. Max scooted his chair up (hoping that the tabletop was scratch-proof) and nervously fiddled with his silverware.

“S-So,” Kenny ventured, clearing her throat into her hand. He glanced up at her. “How...are you?”

“I'm doing great,” Max answered tentatively. “Having dinner with a b-beautiful lady at a new place.” He gestured in front of him. “Got the seat of honor, it seems.”

Kenny giggled at that one. “Well,” she ventured, “we may as well tell each other a bit about ourselves, right?”

“Seeing as we're here having a date and all.”

“Yeah.”

She picked up a tablecloth big enough to function as a poncho and let it drop back to the table.

“H-How about I go first?” Max stammered. “We'll do it back and forth. Like an icebreaker.”

“Sure. Right.”

Max was sweating bullets. It was a tough thing to realize that this was the first date he'd been on in almost ten years, since he was just a kid in high school. It had been easy then. The promise of an awkward session of kissing and touching had been enough for them then—though he reminded himself that he'd only gone on a couple dates with that girl before she called it quits. Now here he was, trying to push a blind date along with someone who, counter to appearances, seemed to be almost unbelievably shy. She looked at him tensely, keeping her wide hands clenched tight in her lap, her wide shoulders hunched. The lines she gave had been at times confident, at times faltering. He'd take it as slowly as he could, try to draw her out of her shell.

“Well, I told you earlier that my name is Max. Uh...my folks live in the city. Dad's an electrician. Mom works in sanitation.” She nodded along with each morsel of info. “I...I work at the

Croaker-Lippey on Forest.”

“Croaker-Lippey? Isn't that a store for reptiles?”

“Reptilian and amphibian outfitter. Mr. Croaker's a nice guy, says I bring warmth to his store. Mostly it's just getting jars of scale cream down for old ladies, but it's a living.”

“Do you have a uniform?”

“Yeah. Blue polo and a green apron. Nothing fancy.”

“I...I bet y-you look cute in it.” She winked cornily.

The occasional backroom flirtation from his coworkers agreed with her assessment. He winked back. “So now you tell me about you. What's Kenny like?”

The wolf was about to answer when the server arrived with their food.

“Txangurro for the lady,” the giraffe said, laying out a gigantic plate of (to Max) unidentifiable meat and vegetables in front of Kenny, “And for the gentleman, some Erreak Tolosa.” delicately, between forefinger and thumb, he lowered a dinner plate laden heavy with a heaping pile of roasted beans, slathered in red sauce. It smelled heavenly. Along with the food, their server set a gigantic pot of steaming tea between them and a glass apiece. Max's looked like a thimble in his apologetic hand, but it would hold at least a pint of liquid. Kenny poured him a cup from the pot with a confidence that spoke to many years of practice. She picked the conversation up where they had left it.

“Now that we have our food,” she said between forkfuls, “I can tell you a bit about myself. My full name's Kendra Lupino. Please call me Kenny like you have been. As you know, I work in the library.” Kenny gave an embarrassed little chuckle. “But anybody who walks in on a day I'm working could tell you that...Um...Dad works in radio. We don't talk. Ever. Lives in Maugrim-Sinclair. Mom moved to Calisota after the separation, and I lived with her for a while. Finished college despite the growth spurts—”

Max cocked his head to the side in question. He gestured lightly to her. “You mean this isn't a recent thing?”

“It's...It's kind of weird,” she said. “And kind of boring?”

“If it makes you uncomfortable, we don't have to talk about it, Kenny.” Max waved his hand as if to shoo the thought away. “I mean, you don't really know me, so if it's personal...”

“No, that's not it. And I guess if you and I are gonna do another one of these, you ought to know sooner rather than later.” She leaned forward conspiratorially, chin in hand, and a lock of golden hair fell over her eyes. The butterflies returned to Max's stomach in an instant. “So, do you really want to know, little man?”

It was all Max could do to nod and hold his breath.

Kenny sighed and looped the hair around her finger, twisting it absently while she talked. “I actually *have* told loads of people. It's one of the first things a lot of folks ask me, about my height. After that, they usually go for a question about basketball. Or rugby. But I don't blame them.” She

studied her table partner with a knowing look. "I'm a wolf, after all, and I'm almost sixteen feet tall."

Max made a point of eating some more of his dinner to give his mouth something to do other than hanging open.

"The growth spurts started a few months after I turned nineteen. I was a little big for a wolf then, about ten feet, but there was nothing odd about it. But then that year alone, I grew two feet. I started to get muscles, too. I was tired all the time, outgrowing my clothes, getting weird looks. I'd say you can sympathize, but if you'll pardon me, I don't think you could, Mr. Deerbourne."

He nodded, just to keep her talking.

"Don't be. I've mostly gotten over the public response to the way I look, and it's really not hard to find at least some people who match me in size, even if I outgrew my apartment last year."

"Were you able to get a new place?"

"Oh, yeah. I live in Elephant Park." She smiled. "Were you gonna offer me your couch for the night?"

Max choked on his beans and Kenny burst into laughter.

"I can tell you find me attractive, Max. But I...I like it. It's a different look than I get from a lot of my other dates..." She seemed to drift off for a moment, but snapped back to the present with a start. "Oh, but I was telling you about the growth spurts. The next spurt was a little more, almost two and a half feet. And now here we are, halfway through the new year, and I stand fifteen feet and seven inches tall. A little behind last year's gains."

"Have you been to a doctor for it? Is it a disease?"

"Yeah, I have, and as for the second question, nobody seems to be able to give me a straight answer. Clearly something is weird, but no one is certain what the cause is, or if it's genuinely harmful. As a precaution, the doctor has me on a high-calorie diet with special allowances on my food card, and I have to go to physical therapy every Sunday. Other than that, they're hoping that the growth will gradually ebb out to nothing."

"Well, that's good news."

"Sure, *but* they think I may have five to ten more years of it to deal with at least." She poked at the food on her plate. "But hey, more to love, right?"

She didn't look upset. More than anything, it looked to Max as if Kenny was tired. Weary of explaining what was right before the eyes, weary of being patient, of being oblique. In a different situation, with a different person, he might have taken her hand, but instead he just smiled encouragingly.

"This is usually the part of the date," Kenny sighed, "when they start making excuses to leave."

"Do you want me to go?" Max asked. "It's only been fifteen minutes since we walked in, and I don't feel like leaving."

She laughed. “That’s a relief. I had a good feeling about you, Max. It’s a little embarrassing, but I wore this to impress you.” Kenny turned a little in her seat, the bench complaining beneath her weight as she showed him the open-backed blouse. The sinews in her back tensed beautifully and she fluttered her eyelids at him, a mock coquette. “A friend of mine bought it for me and said to only ever take it out for serious dates.”

“I-I’m impressed.” He quietly crossed his legs and squirmed a little in his seat, hoping it wasn’t obvious just how impressed he was. “So is that what this is? A serious date?”



Kenny started violently from surprise and heard something beneath her crack. She hadn’t meant to let that one slip so early. And yet, there was something...something almost calming about this little deer. His life was so normal and free of strife. He obviously couldn’t understand what she had been through, what it had been like to go through her entire last three years of college engulfed in a bone-deep tiredness, having to buy new clothes every month, increasingly struggling to cram herself into classrooms. But he didn’t try to empathize. He just hung on and let her vent, even though he was a complete stranger. She was making a complete mess of this date and herself, but Max didn’t seem put off by it.

Kenny had been on many, many dates. It was almost laughable how easy it was to snare the curious with a come-hither look and mild encouragement; there was always some shy, soft patron at work, some jock from the gym, all of them curious what it would be like to fuck her. Questioning if they could handle her, satisfy her. And whenever she told them about the condition—which only seemed fair, after all—without exception, their eyes would dull. They all knew they had made a mistake. Most still wanted the sex, and Kenny had an appetite enough that she would indulge them, but it was always easy to bring them past their limit before she even really felt them. And then in the morning they left, every one.

Maybe he won’t go, Kenny thought to herself as she finished her little plate, mopping sauce up with a crusty roll. *It would be nice to wake up next to someone this time. If it goes that far.* She licked her lips. He was still waiting for her answer. She had to say something. It may as well be the truth.

“Well,” she stammered, “to be honest with you, y-yes. I don’t know why but...I want this to work out. I’m sorry if that sounds too forward. I-I tend to be. Too forward.”

“Oh.” he shuffled beans around on his plate. He was nearly finished with them, it looked like—he’d been shoveling them into his mouth as she talked earlier, and Kenny was a bad judge of how much people of his size class needed to eat. “Am I doing a good job, then? I don’t really go on dates.”

She made up her mind. “You’re doing great,” she said. “I-In fact,” and at this, she shuffled out of her seat and stretched, “what do you say we c-call for a to-go box for your beans and I can...t—” He leaned forward intently as Kenny swallowed hard. “I c-can t-t-take you to m-my place and w-we can just...chill out and watch a movie?”

Kenny was aware of the hot red flush that engulfed her face, but felt a wave of relief when Max’s face broke out into a wide, wide grin.

“I’d like that,” he said gently. The little deer got out of his chair and peered over the edge of the tabletop, then looked back up at her. He tucked one leg behind the other and gave her a shy smile. “Is it

alright if I ask you to help me down? I don't want to use the stairs.”

If it was possible, she got even redder. *A chance to touch him! It was kind of like a hug!*

“O-Okay.” She gulped. “But promise me you'll hang on tight.”

Gently, delicately, she reached out her hands and encircled his narrow waist. She felt his little paintbrush of a tail curl up against the tips of her pinkies, marveling at the small-boned softness of him. Max laid a hand over either of hers and held tight. She lifted him off the table and his legs immediately retracted, like an airplane's landing gear. She was careful to move slowly—so often her dates wanted to be picked up, wanted to test her strength or some such thing, but Kenny knew from experience that her regular movements translated to nauseating speed for little people. She set him down lightly and bent back to her full height.

Max put his hands on his hips and grinned even wider. “I'm surprised you didn't try to grab my butt.”

“Mr. Deerbourn, I am a *lady*. I would never do such a thing.”

“I would have given you permission,” he said with a wink. “Come on, let's blow this joint.”



Some time later, Kenny opened the door to her apartment, carrying Max's scooter under her arm. She had insisted on it, saying it wouldn't be fair for him to have to feed two parking meters in one night. She held the door open for Max, who scooted under her, trying not to make a nuisance of himself, and then lightly set his scooter on the floor as if it were a toy, and locked the deadbolt behind her with a snap.

The apartment was a single room, but owing to the needs of the presumed occupants, that room offered more floor space than some houses. The ceiling vaulted up some twelve feet, not quite high enough for Kenny to stand comfortably beneath it, but certainly better than his place would have done. She padded into the little kitchen nook and began rummaging around in a cabinet.

“Make yourself at home, Max. Do you like popcorn? I'm going to make a bowl.”

Max made a sound to the affirmative and clambered onto the sofa in front of Kenny's large-screen TV. He sank waist-deep into the cushion, his hooves left dangling in the air. Probably should have painted those too, on inspection. In time, the smells and sounds of fresh popcorn wafted his way, and then Kenny walked in front of him, cradling what must have been a 20-gallon bowl, piled high with steaming kernels. She set it beside him on the couch.

“Take however much you want, h-handsome,” she stammered, still failing to be as suave as she wanted to be. “I have to mess around with the movie.”

She got onto her knees in front of the television and started rummaging around a cabinet stacked neatly with movies—DVD's, video tapes, and if Max wasn't mistaken, at least a dozen Laserdiscs—until she found the one she wanted.

“It's called *Anthony & Cleopatra*,” she gushed, carefully feeding a video tape into the VCR, then shimmying back onto the couch to reclaim the popcorn, a grin on her face—the widest she had yet

worn that evening. “It's considered *the* adaptation of Snakespeare's masterpiece, bar none. It's one of my favorite movies. H-Have you seen it before?”

“I, uh, usually don't seek out the classics. We just read *Hamlet* in high school.”

“Oh, that one's alright, but *A & C*, as we call it in the biz, is just so zany. You know, for a tragedy.”

They settled in and the opening credits rolled. It was in black and white, and the sound on the tape was warbly and distorted; clearly this was a well-loved copy from a master. The title card faded in over an image of a handsome alligator (who Max presumed would be playing Anthony), and the film began properly.

But to be honest, it was kind of boring. Certainly it probably had some historical appeal, and was a film of firsts, but Max preferred movies that were a little faster-paced. And in color. Suddenly, Kenny jammed a battering ram of an elbow into his side to get his attention.

“Ooh, here she comes! It's Cleocatra!”

A slinky old Hollywoof siren came storming in from offstage and flung herself onto a pile of cushions. A sphinx cat, her straight, dark hair framing the sharp, striking angles of her face in a classic shot that Max had probably seen on a poster or two.

“You seek to declaw me, Anthony,” she snapped at the alligator, who immediately launched into a soliloquy that Max blanked out on about halfway through.

Kenny giggled. “You might laugh, but I wanted to be Cleocatra when I was a kid.” Max looked up at her and was surprised to see her blushing. “I-I still think she's really hot.”

“I think you're very attractive,” he said, meaning for it to be under his breath.

“What?”

He took a deep breath and then pressed his body into her side, laying his head on the curve of Kenny's wide hip. “I said you're already hot.” He laid his hand on the side of her lap and stroked. “Do you think we could pick this one up again on our next date?”

Kenny laughed and pushed him gently away, then got up to stop the tape. She set aside the bowl of popcorn—which she had demolished almost single handed—and re-assumed her seat next to him, feigning coolness. “Alright, Mr. Impatience,” she whispered. “I get it. The halter top was a good idea. But don't think you're getting this for free; there's gonna be a quiz on what we've seen so far.” Kenny allowed him to nestle back against her side. He felt a claw's tender caress along his cheek. “...Did you have anything in mind?”



Max stood, letting his hand trail up the curve of her ass. He could feel her wagging tail thudding against the couch's opposite side. Standing, his snout was about level with her brawny shoulder. He pressed tenderly into the mound of muscle and inhaled her perfume. Cinnamon and sugar, and underneath, the wolf's own musky scent, unmistakable.

“C-Can I kiss you?”

She scooted further down the couch to give herself room and bent lower until she had the deer at eye level, then gently removed her glasses. Her pink nose brushed his and he felt the moist heat of her powerful breath. It smelled like hot buttered popcorn. The beautiful sapphire of her eyes stunned him, kicking that heat, ever-present from the moment she had met him at the restaurant, into overdrive, and Max felt his shorts tighten painfully.

Slowly, tentatively, he leaned in for the kiss, and Kenny lazily closed her eyes, as if she was indulging him. He pressed his lips to hers and felt the difference between them. She could easily hold his whole snout in her mouth—his whole head even—and Max wasn't even sure that Kenny would feel it. But he would make this a kiss to remember, anyway. He stroked her muzzle and pushed insistently. The giant wolf chuckled at his efforts and brought her hands up behind him to press him even closer.

Then she opened her mouth and pushed her tongue into his. There was so, so much, all of filling his mouth fuller and fuller with each impossible inch. She lifted Max off the couch as if he weighed nothing, one hand cupping his ass while the other kept him firmly locked to her lips, and lay on her back, forcing her gigantic tongue into his mouth until it strained his jaw. When she finally withdrew, she laid Max to rest in the ruff of thick, heavy fur that covered her shoulders. He left a trail of wet, messy kisses up and down her tree trunk of a neck while she stroked his back with a languid claw.

“Did you like that?” she asked.

“I...loved it.” He nibbled her earlobe and was rewarded with a moan that shook him bone-deep.

“D-Do you want to do more?”

“Please.”

She leaned forward and untied the strap of her top, letting it fall as she got on her elbows. Her breasts peeked out from underneath the ruff, the coral-pink areolae and nipples already firm. Muscle bunched and shifted with each small motion she made. It was like watching fire. Max let himself slide into her lap and latched onto a nipple to suck. He was rewarded with another long, encouraging moan. His fingers dragged along her six pack, and hers teased his ass and thighs. She let one drag along his crotch, between his legs. He didn't have much time left to get his jeans off, from the constricting tightness he felt.

“You're so hard, Max,” Kenny groaned, trying to keep her long tongue from lolling out of her mouth. “Do you want to fuck me that badly?”

Max released the nipple with a *pop* and nuzzled the breast with his blunt snout. It would have been small on a different woman, but the tissue was elevated by her pectoral muscles, and anyway even her small breasts were as large as his whole head. He breathed a muffled “yes” into her, already working his sweater out of his waistband and yanking it off. She took it and cast it aside like a doll's clothes. He snapped the fly loose from his jeans and was about to pull them down when he stopped. Hesitated.

“Promise me,” he breathed, “you'll keep an open mind.”

“Max?”

"Please just promise." He looked up into her confused eyes with as serious an expression as he could muster. The girl shrugged and caressed his face.

"That sounds like my line, anyway, boy. Alright, I promise."

"Okay. Here goes."

Max looped his thumbs under the waistband of his jeans and underwear and then, in one fluid, practiced motion, he slid them down to his hooves, letting his cock spring free. He wrapped his fingers around the base and shifted from hoof to hoof, waiting for her to comment on it. He knew she would.

Kenny's breath caught in her throat as she stared, open-mouthed, at him. His penis would have been enormous on a man three size classes above his, and as it was, the little deer was greatly outmatched by the monstrous hard-on that swayed between his legs. She had no great eye for measurements, but it was easily almost three feet in length, proudly freeing its dark, shining span from its sheath and tangle of pubic hair, the girth of it forcing his thighs apart as it hung, dangling in the open air. His balls swayed around his knees, the skin tight with how full they had become. The little deer wobbled, unbalanced and smiled apologetically; probably he had needed to make this reveal more than a few times.

"What the hell?" She leaned closer. Max felt her hot breath on the swollen tip, causing the member to twitch involuntarily. "Did you take something? I hope you didn't take something because you were worried—"

"I didn't take anything, Kenny. That's just what it's like all the time." He threw his hands up. "You can see you're not the only person here with a growing problem."

"I guess so, huh?"

He looked away. "I know it's weird. Is...Is it okay?"

"Okay??" She crouched low so that they were eye-to-eye again. "How *dare* you hide something this amazing from me, Mr. Deerbourn? Not to be rude, but I've never seen a cock this big on someone...like you, and only a few that were bigger generally." She lifted a trembling hand. "M-May I touch it?"

"I mean, I guess so. I was hoping you would."

Gingerly, the wolf wrapped her fingers around the shaft. It was just a little bigger around than a two-liter soda bottle at the widest point, the skin stretched impossibly taut, the steady pulse of blood jumping under her touch. Max whimpered as she stroked it, her fingers lingering on the head.

"I'm going to play with this for a while," she said, leaning forward and planting a kiss on his chest. "I hope you don't mind?"

She dragged her tongue along the shaft, planted a sloppy kiss on the head, and let Max's cock slide into her muzzle. She'd never been able to give a proper blowjob before. Her preference for small, cute partners tended to leave them somewhat mismatched, equipment-wise, and usually Kenny just let them thrust between her lips while she applied gentle pressure. It was adorable, and she had a great time, but this was a whole other level. She held Max down and vigorously stroked him with teeth and tongue, his hot, thick cock filling her mouth. He covered his mouth to muffle the little squeaks of

ecstasy that escaped, bucking into her mouth, his demure hooves scrambling for purchase on her meaty shoulders. It was very cute, but soon she felt a familiar shudder, and Max's breaths came in shorter and shorter gasps.

"I'm gonna—"

Kenny suddenly yanked the cock out of her mouth and tightened her finger and thumb around the base in a vice-grip. "You'll do no such thing," she whispered while Max writhed under the pressure. "Not yet, boy. Not until I've had you inside me for real. Okay?"

The deer nodded assent. "O-Okay."

"Good boy." She locked lips with him in another passionate tongue-kiss, forcing her way into his mouth and filling him with herself again. After their lips parted, she leaned back on the couch, swinging a leg the thickness of a tractor trailer over his head with a whoosh of air, trapping his tiny body between her massive thighs.

"I-I'm on BC," he murmured, edging closer to her crotch, planting kisses on the ample flesh that surrounded him as he went. "If you want, I can come inside."

"I do."

She guided him inside her with gentle urging, taking his lithe body in her hands and pulling him in. He felt her contract around him, her wet heat wrapping tightly around his cock. He mounted her thighs and slid himself in and out of her slowly, then gaining speed as the pleasure overcame him. She bit her clenched fist, her muscular thighs rippling with exertion as she fought to keep herself from gyrating under him. Max had never had a partner before with whom he could use his member to the fullest extent, always having to depend on the caress of a hand or a tongue to bring him to climax, always fretting about the mess, about how much it would hurt, about how to explain his enormous cock to his partners. It was a large part of why he had given up dating, only allowing for one-night-stands now and again, always feeling that same embarrassment. But with Kenny there was none of that. She could take him—she *wanted* to take him. She wanted more and more, her hunger pushing him to thrust faster and faster with each moan of pleasure.

Suddenly she sat up, getting herself onto her knees, her huge, powerful body, the body she was so embarrassed by, that made every cautious move an unspoken apology, poised over the little stag, looming over him. She was a sculpture in stone. She was as vulnerable as a paper crane. She was so beautiful, and her sad eyes the color of the sea looked down on him so tenderly.

"I'm going to finish this," she whispered. "I-I want you to come in me, Max."

She dropped herself on top of him, burying him to the hilt inside her, the sheer weight of her body crushing him down into the cushion. She worked her hips like a hydraulic press, tenderly holding herself back to keep a little breathing room for her partner, her pussy clenched tight along the whole three-foot length of his quivering cock. Max felt his swollen balls clench and dug his fingers into the walls of muscle that surrounded him, able to let out only a high, whistling whine to warn her.

"Good boy!" she shrieked, her voice gone breathy and tight, "Do it! I want it!"

He came. As always, he produced a great volume of cum, blasting it out of his oversized member in agonizingly powerful spurts that seemed to yank his whole body inside out with their force.

Kenny kept bouncing on him throughout, letting thick ropes of cum escape and splatter him, her, and her unfortunate, groaning couch. She pulled out and he was still going, sending a jet of his jissom nearly six feet in the air, where it landed in her ruff. She scooped some up with a finger and slid it into her mouth, sucking on the digit. After a minute or so, the flow of fluids lost its power, ebbed, and dwindled to a dribble, then nothing. His cock and balls shrank back into the sheath and Max curled up against her thigh, planting kiss after kiss. She picked him up and set him on her chest, lightly stroking his slim back, her fingers lingering on the curve of his ass.

“Finish,” she muttered, “good lady; the bright day is done, and we are for the dark.”

He chuckled sleepily. “That’s pretty dramatic for a post-fuck declaration. What was it?”

“Nothing,” Kenny sighed. “It’s just a line from the movie.” She lapped his face gently. “Hey, Max?”

“Mm?”

“Earlier you said...we could finish the movie on our *next* date.”

“Uh-huh.” He nuzzled into her neck.

“Did...did you mean it?”

Max sat up to look her in the eyes, however blearily.

“Of course I did. I had a great time.” He looped a lock of her blonde hair between his fingers. “Didn’t you?”

“Are you kidding? I’m still having one. I didn’t want to stop.”

He laughed. “Give me fifteen minutes and a drink of water, huh?” Max kissed her cheek. “And then, we can plan that next date. I like you a lot, Kenny.”

“I-I like you, too.” She turned her head to lean into the kiss. “How about you stay the night, and then we get breakfast.”

“So long as you can make room for me.”

“Oh, hush, you.”

