

Max Deerbourné awoke suddenly from a deep sleep, rudely jarred back to the waking world by a tremendous weight that, in his first, groggy moments, he couldn't identify. He blinked to clear the fuzzy motes out of his field of vision and assayed his surroundings.

He found himself staring at a high, unfamiliar ceiling. Certainly it wasn't his, anyway. He'd recognize the popcorn tiles of his little apartment anywhere, any time of day. No, this plaster was a stranger's. He reached down to push the heavy thing, whatever it was, off himself.

His hands sank into a wall of warm, cream-colored fur.

Oh. Oh yeah.

As his wits returned to him, Max remembered the previous night with crystal clarity, and had to stop himself from gasping as he looked down at his feet. A forearm the size of a motor-scooter lay across his lower half, the man-sized paw at its wrist lying twitching at his side. And on the other end, Max could just make out the shape of his date looming over him like a mountain. She slept peacefully on her side, her vast, muscular form rising and falling with each deep breath. The mattress, which Max could tell was *not* designed to support her, bowed at nearly a forty-five degree angle, funneling him in, closer to her body. She let out a soft sigh and wriggled, the motion of her arm dragging him down against her elbow, pressing him tightly to her impossible heat. As she adjusted, he could feel the sheer weight of her giant body, and felt a flush of heat suffuse his face. Heat also flooded a little further down, and Max gulped. He would have to make sure that didn't get out of hand this early in the morning.

As quietly as he could, the little deer extricated himself from beneath the powerful arm and combat crawled back to the head of the bed. He nestled in the far corner of the pillow and watched her for a while.

Kenny Lupino: Assistant Circulation Attendant at the Marmaduke People's Library, whom Max had admired often from afar, but never could have imagined he would ever see from this angle. By God, she was gorgeous. Her honey-blondé hair fell around her head and shoulders like a wave of gold,

her long-lashed eyes closed serenely, her sloping muzzle with its cute pink nose hanging ever so slightly open. She had changed into a shift before bed, and the delicate silk clung for dear life, stretched tight over her beefy chest and back. Her tail, bushy, exuberant, and as long as a full-sized van, thudded gently against the beleaguered mattress. Max had no idea whatsoever how he had managed to land a night with someone like her.

She stirred, her eyes opening to slits.

“Max?” she whispered. “Did I wake you up?” Instinctively, the wolf reached for him, her fingers encircling his shoulders as she stroked his face with the pad of her thumb. “I didn’t crush you, did I?”

“N-No...” He slid his hand along the back of hers, feeling the sinews tense and release. “I was just looking at you. You’re...you’re really beautiful, Kenny.”

She blushed, suddenly wide awake, and her hand shivered at his touch. “O-Oh, hush! You’re just saying that because we’re in bed together!” She propped herself up on her elbow to look down on him. “That isn’t something you say to someone you’ve only known for a day or two!”

“But I mean it!” He grabbed her tighter. “I...I mean it. I’m glad I got to spend last night with you, Kenny.”

“You make it sound like you’re leaving already.” She softened, seeming to recognize how strongly she had just rebuked him. “Don’t you want to stay for breakfast or something?”

Max crossed his arms and gave her a look. “Only if you’ll let me call you beautiful.”

“Hmph.” She sat up, rubbed her eyes, and leaned ponderously down to plant a kiss on the top of Max’s head. “You drive a hard bargain, mister, but I think I can suffer your compliments over coffee better than laying defenseless in bed.” She crawled past him to get out and righted herself on the carpeted floor, both mattress and floorboards complaining as she looked for her slippers.

Max dodged her wagging tail and carefully lowered himself down beside her. Kenny delicately set her glasses on her nose and padded off to the kitchen, her back ever-so-slightly hunched to avoid

bumping her head on the ceiling. He rejoined her down the hall. She searched through her cupboards, a determined look set on her face.

“You're a vegetarian, right?” she asked.

“Oh, yeah. No meat or cheese for me, thanks.” He hoisted himself into one of the kitchen chairs as lightly and coolly as he could manage. “If you've got any cereal, I could probably do that.”

She whipped around, scandalized. “You want me to serve you *cereal*? Why would I do that? I had a *good* time last night.” Kenny winked at him and then resumed her search. “No, no; I have a couple of things here...”

Max left her to it. He scooted his butt around on the too-large seat and fidgeted, realizing once a twinge of pain hit his thigh muscles how much *work* he had done last night. He hadn't climbed around so much in years, maybe all his life, as last night, and that wasn't even *counting* the sex. Kenny casually slid what looked like a gallon-capacity coffee cup across the table to him, interrupting his body's griping.

“Do you take sugar, handsome?” she asked. “I found what I was looking for, by the way? How do you feel about oatmeal?”

“I mean,” he chuckled, “it's just hot cereal, so...pretty good? I like it?”

The wolf's face fell. “I'm sorry,” she whined. “I didn't prepare for this!” Kenny whirled around and dumped altogether too much oatmeal into an enormous saucepan. “Please understand that I'm trying my best!”

“I told you I *like* cereal!” He offered her an encouraging smile, dragging the heavy mug closer to the corner of the table so that he could sip it. The steam from the vat of liquid forced him to squint. “I usually skip breakfast, anyway, so anything is a treat.”

Kenny pouted, but shortly she took her seat across from him and offered a bathtub's worth of oatmeal, a pat of butter melting on its surface in a yellow puddle. Her plate, on the other hand, was heavy with bacon and eggs. She began shoveling food into her mouth with an indelicacy Max hadn't

yet encountered in their short time together.

“H-Hungry?” he stammered, maneuvering a spoonful of oatmeal into his mouth, his eyes glued to the woman in front of him as she demolished her mountain of food.

She gulped down a mouthful of bacon with a swig of black coffee and took a moment to regain her composure. “You have no idea,” she grunted. “Sorry if I’m a little grumpy this morning. I think I’m having a spurt.”

“A...spurt.”

“Come, now, Max. A growth spurt.” Kenny pointed to the food. “Do you mind if I...?”

“N-No, not at all.”

“Thank you.” She pounced on her plate, finishing it within seconds, and promptly got back up to refill.

“Do these happen often?” Max gave up on the chair and levered himself up onto the table, and sat cross-legged, the coffee cup cradled in his lap. “If it isn’t too personal. Sorry.” He sipped.

Kenny lightly laid her next heavy plate and shook her head with a smile. “It’s...remember that last night when I said I would have to be truthful with you?”

Max nodded.

“Well,” she continued between mouthfuls, “it’s not fair to you to just leave you in the dark about this stuff, so I’m going to try to be candid.” She gestured to his food. “How’s the oatmeal?”

“It’s good.” He made a show of taking a big spoonful. “But I’m probably not going to finish it, though. Did you want some?”

Wordlessly, she snatched up the bowl and slurped it up in seconds. She set it aside, dabbing her muzzle with a napkin. “Anyway...the spurts.” The wolf leaned back in her seat, seemingly caught up in thought, then resumed eating, a little slower and more measured than before. “Probably the best way to think of it, is like an allergy. You’re aware of the size class system?”

“Uh...” Max shrugged. “Kind of? I never had to deal with it very much. It says on my license

that I'm a class A."

Kenny rolled her eyes. "You're very laid-back, you know that? I wish they taught people this stuff in school. Okay." She pushed her plate aside and clasped her massive hands together. "Remember the allergy thing, but...the Size Classification System of the United Republics of Thilastica—SCSURT for short, or just the Classes—is our governments means of providing for our kind's unprecedented body diversity." She pronounced SCSURT as a word, "skizz-urt". "Unlike quadrupedal animals in the wild, there's a tremendous variety of sizes people can come in among sapients like us. I'm certain that you've noticed."

Max nodded. It was impossible to miss the fact that there were people sometimes tens of feet taller than you in the world, especially for someone on the short side like him.

"Well, nobody knows what governs that." She shrugged. "You'd think they'd know more, but I guess medicine is like that sometimes. They used to attribute it to a pituitary gland malfunction, but that research was overturned almost a century ago. They never really had another breakthrough after that. *But* whether we know what causes it or not, it's a fact of life for us, so the government came up with a system to provide for public works and aid.

"It's pretty easy to understand: each class has a minimum and maximum height limit, and one's class goes up a letter for every 1.5 meters of height they possess. So, you're a Class A because you're, what, like 140 centimeters tall or something?"

"135."

"Right. So if you went over 150, you'd be a Class B, and you'd stay there until you hit 3 meters. Does that make sense so far?"

"Okay. What class are you, then?" Max was bad at judging measures by eye alone. He figured it was a skill you needed to cultivate out of necessity. "C?"

"I *was* a C. Until my last spurt about a month ago when I hit 455cm. I'm a D now." She crossed her arms. "And that's the problem right there with my...condition. Normally growth is just a steady

progression up the classes until you hit your peak. It's different for everyone, but something like 75% of everyone falls in either Class A or B. Individuals like me are actually pretty rare, and there's about fifteen *more* classes documented above mine. This city is technically only cleared for classes A through C. I had to apply for a special residence permit last week."

It made sense. A couple of people over Class B came into the Croaker-Lippey shop where Max worked, but even among them, Kenny cut so imposing a figure, she couldn't help but turn heads.

"But my case is weird not just because I'm tall. All you have to do is drive out to Clifford Heights and you can meet all the Class D's you want. It's because of the *nature* of my spurts." She blushed again. "They're sudden, and only happen in times of extreme emotion or stress."

"Like when you're mad?"

"More like when I'm furious...or when I'm embarrassed." She seemed to notice his expression and reached down to stroke his knee with a thick pink-painted claw. "It doesn't happen often, I swear. But then there's sex."

"S-Sex?" Max jumped. That was a sudden tangent. "W-What do you mean?"

Kenny laughed, tilting her heavy head as she looked down on him. "You should feel flattered. It's not *every* partner who can start a spurt with just one night of sex."

"So you're having this...discomfort...because you had a good time last night? You *did* have a good time?"

"Yes, Mr. Deerbourn. I had a fantastic time with you, both in *and* out of the bedroom."

He knitted his brows. "And because of that, you're having an allergic reaction to...feelings. And it's making you grow bigger?"

"I know it sounds weird..."

"No, it's not that." Max squirmed, and in the untimely way these urges always come, felt a stirring in his belly as his underwear tightened around the crotch. He hoped it wasn't too noticeable yet.

"I feel bad. I made you...break out."

“This happens every time I get particularly excited, Max, and good sex is a better reason to trigger one than good ice cream. Don’t sweat it.”

“I’m still sorry.”

“I’ve had them since I was sixteen—and that was hell on wheels, let me tell you. I was a *very* moody teen—so I know how it goes. I’ll...swell. Probably I’m already swelling a little bit.” Kenny shifted uncomfortably in her chair. It creaked under her weight. “Sometimes just a few centimeters, sometimes as much as half a meter in the span of a couple of minutes. I’ll get really, *ravenously* hungry, and then I just have to go about my day as normally as possible. Usually the swelling backs off after a few hours and my permanent growth is relatively small.”

“But there’s always *some* permanent growth.”

“Like, 99% of the time. I’ve averaged about 45 centimeters or so a year in growth since the reactions started. My GP has no idea when, or if, it’ll ever stop, and suggests I be prepared to just keep growing until I die.”

Max took the claw in his hand and kissed her knuckle. “I’m sorry.” He was repeating himself a lot this morning.

“It can be a real headache. The key to mitigating it is to try and stay calm. It’s one of the reasons I like working at the library. It’s very soothing. Good for my nerves. You know, until my last check-up, I’d only grown 20 centimeters, and we’re almost through the year already.”

“Is that good?”

“That’s progress. Kind of.” She pressed her finger gently against his lips, bringing her thumb around to stroke his back. The annoying tightness in his pants grew even tighter with her every caress, and the deer cursed himself. With most people, he had a lot more self-control than this. Thankfully she didn’t seem to notice. “I’m sorry if it freaks you out. I’m...sort of used to people walking out at this point in the conversation.” She shrugged.

“I’m not walking out,” Max answered with a frown. “Why would I? I had a great time last

night, and, well...I'd like to maybe have a great time with you again." He lightly pushed her hand away and trotted across the tabletop to her side. Seated at the table, her face was the perfect height for him to kiss with only a little bit of stretching. He tasted the savor of bacon on her lips—and was surprised to find that he liked the way it tasted. "You don't scare me."

She giggled despite herself and returned his kiss. "You're a funny little man, Max." Kenny let the little deer stroke her muzzle, her sapphire-blue eyes lazily watching him as she played with a lock of her hair. He could tell that she seemed much, much less defensive and on edge, even from just a few minutes ago.

"My doctor tells me," she said slowly, her blush deepening, "that when I have a spurt, I should try to get some exercise."

"Really?" Max kissed the bridge of her nose. "Does it help?"

"*Usually* I go to the gym." The wolf licked her chops nervously. "Lift some weights, you know." The tip of a claw traced his backbone. "Before work."

"Do you want to head out, then?"

"I don't know about that. I was thinking something a little..." She pulled him off her muzzle and tapped his bulge meaningfully with two long nails. "...closer to home. You did offer to stay."

"Oh. Uh." He started to back away, but thought better of it. The game was up. "Sorry."

"You didn't think I'd noticed, huh?"

* * *

Kenny stood up from her chair, noting with a little irritation that her head and shoulders met the ceiling far sooner than they had when she'd first sat down. She was nearly bent double to compensate, despite its being 3 meters from the floor. That meant this was a much stronger spurt than normal. She tried her level best to avoid letting her concern show in her face. Max was brave, surprisingly brave,

but she didn't want to test him *too* hard. He seemed like a sweet man, and he thus far had taken her nonsense in stride.

Keeper qualities, her mother would call those.

She helped him off the table and onto the floor at her feet. His body was such a study in contrasts—his narrow, birdlike chest and shoulders; his fluffy dark hair and kissable snout; his wide, soft hips and thick thighs that tapered to tiny, delicate hooves; and all of it wrapped in a package that she could cradle in her arms without any effort. She watched him trot down the hall to her bedroom, mesmerized by the sway of his backside, then snapped herself out of it, following him as quickly as her diminishing wiggle room allowed.

She shut the door behind them, making sure to stick her ass up as she latched it. She could feel his eyes watching her long tail wagging back and forth over his head, and knew that her growth had ridden the hem of her nightdress up over its base. Her panties strained in agony as she expanded. On a lonelier morning, she would already be dressed in her outsized, elastic gym clothes and waiting the first spurt out before leaving. She tugged at her nightdress, hoping it wouldn't burst any seams.

"Don't get on the bed, Max," she whispered. "I don't think it'll take me as I am right now."

"O-Okay..." She felt his fingers on her bulging thigh. "What do you want me to do, then?"

"I-I'm not sure. I guess you can help me get this stuff off first, huh?" She gestured to the ties holding her underwear to her body. The fabric was so tight, she could feel it digging into her hips. "I've never had sex during a spurt before, so if it's okay, we're just going to take it as slowly as we need to."

Max's fingers froze. "You've never...?"

"What?"

"You were just *telling me* that sex sets it off." His fingers tightened around the cord. "I feel like I should be taking you to a hospital or something, not indulging myself at your expense. I don't want to hurt you."

"Hey, hey, hey." She shifted away to give him some space, but strategically let her tail curl

beside him. It didn't often cooperate, but the willful appendage sometimes showed some mercy to its owner. The deer let it brush up against his side without comment, but he didn't shy away. "I assure you that this won't hurt me, whatever happens. I never said it makes it *worse*. I said it's an activity that can trigger a reaction, but there's a lot of those. Like eating a really good burger or getting *super* embarrassed at the supermarket."

"I don't know if this makes a lot of sense to do, Kenny..."

"Hang on!" She couldn't wait any longer. Kenny paused mid-speech to hastily loosen her underwear before it cut off her circulation completely. As the flaps of cloth fell to the floor, she heaved a sigh of relief, feeling the tingle of blood rushing back to her rear. "There we go. Okay, listen. We can go into more detail in a second—I'll even write something up for you. Would you like that?"

Max stared up at her and said nothing. The puzzlement was clear in his eyes.

"It helps to write things down. But anyway, my doctor recommends physical activity when I have my spurts. It's shown to shorten the length of episodes and to decrease permanent growth. Usually I go to the gym, but I thought that maybe *you*, since you want to get to know me better and I know damn well that you want to have sex—don't you look away!"

"I'm sorry!" Max crossed his arms and pouted. "It's just it's embarrassing to hear it said out loud like that."

"It's okay! I'm sort of dealing with how horny I am right now, too." She swallowed hard and eyed his straining crotch. "But we can have our fun, and then once we're done and cleaned up, I'll go to the gym like normal, and this will pass like my spurts always do."

The little deer nodded. She wrapped her hands around his narrow waist, marveling at how light he was, and hoisted him into her wide lap. She undid the ribbons holding her nightdress in place and worked it over her head. He stared at her naked, slowly-expanding form, open-mouthed, frozen in place, his petite hooves digging into the sensitive flesh of her thighs.

"But I'm not kidding, Max. I am *really* horny right now. Are you going to take those off?"

He nodded again and whipped his shirt off, throwing it to a corner of the room, then yanked at his shorts, pulling them down with difficulty over his pillowy butt and burgeoning crotch, before he managed to free them and kicked them away. He repeated the process with his underwear, but it was already more than clear that he was ready.

Once unencumbered, his cock swung free, more than a full meter in length and almost certainly thicker than his wasp waist. Its shiny, jet black length twitched impatiently. His delicate hands ran along its length, stroking the shaft as if it was an animal to be comforted. Kenny had to stop herself from drooling at the sight of it.

Max probably didn't suffer from the condition that complicated her own life. It was actually quite common for people to possess outsized features like his, a natural byproduct of crossbreeding between individuals of so many different size classes and species. But, explicable or not, it was a fact that she had never seen so magnificent a cock on so adorable a person before. Gently, she opened her lap, letting him climb down onto the floor.

"No need to be gentle this time, handsome." She pushed him toward her, feeling the brush of his thick shaft as her offered passage narrowed, relishing the feeling of him having to squeeze past the widest point of her thighs to reach her.

"I-If it's okay..."

With both hands, he guided himself into her and Kenny was forced to stifle a gasp. She rocked impulsively as he worked his cock back and forth, her ever-lengthening fingers enclosing around his chest, adding her strength to his, making his hips gyrate with an urgency they didn't have the power to perform. His breathy moans came out almost as shrieks, and she could feel the sting of teeth on her knuckle as he bit down.

God, he was so thick. She could feel him stretching her, the knobby head of his penis pounding against her insides with each frantic, slamming insertion. She had almost totally taken over by this point, one hand gripping the base of his cock in a stranglehold while she pushed him into her. With her

other hand, she reached down and squeezed his balls. In the haze of ecstasy, she barely noticed that they seemed much, *much* fuller than she remembered from the night before. In fact, if she was being honest with herself, it was almost as if the dimensions of his member were stretching her—which should have been...

She pulled him free with a scream of pleasure and a gout of precum.

But there was no mistaking it. His cock was bigger. Much bigger than it had been, only a minute or so before.

“Uh...” She weighed it in her hand. It reacted to her touch with another monstrous spasm, dribbling all over her arm. “Max, I think we’re having a complication.”

“Wh—” Through a hormonal haze, he peered over her fingers to see what she was talking about. “It’s...oh my God.” He motioned for her to lower him back down and the wolf obliged, laying him gingerly back onto her lap. Incredulously, he took hold of his own shaft dragging along her leg as best he could, trying and failing to gather its tremendous new girth in his skinny arms. “What’s happened to my dick?”

“Maybe it’s...sympathizing with me?” Kenny spoke from behind her hands, clenched over her mouth in embarrassment. Whatever the chemical explanation, it was a pretty good guess that her own, nearly halted, growth was the underlying cause of his new size. He had to be almost a meter and a half in length by this point, and thick as a battering ram.

“What, like I’m growing because my *penis* knows you’re growing?” He massaged himself, digging his thumbs into the copious flesh of his cock and moaning. “I—*ah*—I don’t know about that, Kenny. That sounds like something you’d r-read about in some kinky porn, not in r-real life.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“I’m so close to coming.” He looked imploringly up to her. “I can barely think. I can’t stand it. I want to come so bad.”

“O-Okay.” She reached down and took hold of his swollen cock. “But I’m going to finish you

like this, okay? I...I don't want to push it too hard, and besides, my own growth seems to have stopped." Gently, she began to stroke the shaft, which twitched appreciatively in sync with her movements.

"But I w-want to m-make you feel good, t-too..."

Kenny bent down and kissed him, her gigantic tongue filling his tiny mouth. "Let's take care of this first, huh?" she whispered. "I think I'll survive."

She slowly built up speed, keeping one hand securely on the base of his dick while she worked. She could feel it still widening beneath her grasp, could only imagine what something this thick and heavy felt like to him while she worked him closer and closer to a climax that his entire little body shuddered for. Max pumped his hips up and down with violent force, and she felt his swollen balls slap against her hand. He was full-on screaming for release at this point.

Suddenly she felt him tense, and knew that it was finally coming. The wolf bent low once more and fitted his enormous cock into her maw just as he began to come. He dug his fingers into her muzzle, scrambling for purchase as he exploded.

And he did *explode*. He unleashed a torrent of cum into her waiting mouth, so much that it flooded her cheeks and burst from her lips with a blast of thick, white fluid. And it just kept coming. She tried her best to suck as much of it out of him and swallow it, but Kenny's mouth was no match for the little deer's prodigious output and eventually she pulled away to breathe. She continued to milk his shaft with her hand, amazed at how much pressure and volume he managed to contain. He came for a full three minutes, his cock spraying the both of them with at least a full five liters of the stuff before the flow eventually weakened and stopped.

His cock had deflated seemingly to its original flaccid dimensions, much to Kenny's relief. Max lay in her lap in a pool of his own semen and gasped for breath.

"J-Just," he whispered, "gimme like, ten minutes. *Fuck.*"

Kenny burst out laughing. "Don't worry about it, big guy. I think you and your little man have

done more than enough this morning.”

“B-But your workout...”

She shushed him. “What we’re going to do, is we’re going to get cleaned up.” She gestured to the absolute mess he had made of her room. “And once we do that, I’m going to treat you to a full breakfast.”

“We already had—”

“You’re going to need it. Trust me.” She lifted the deer up and cradled him in her burly arms. “I’m gonna get a bath running.”

Barely awake, he snuggled into the warmth of her breast. “You want to take a bath together?”

“J-Just for the convenience!” She blushed again, as if he hadn’t just ejaculated all over her body. “If it’s too forward, I can.”

“I’d like that. You’re so nice, Kenny. You’re so pretty.”

“H-Hey...” She stroked his cheek. “You’re pretty. I’m sorry about what just happened, Max. I should have been more careful.”

He kissed her between her breasts. “I had fun.”

“You’re not mad?”

“Nah, but we should probably tell your doctor about this, huh?” He waved his limp dick for emphasis. “Maybe he can give us some advice for next time.”

Kenny felt butterflies in her stomach. “N-Next time.”

“Next time.” Max shifted for comfort. “Like you said, I’ve done enough for now. But we’ll figure out how to make this work. I like you a lot, Kenny Lupino.”

“S-Shut up,” she laughed nervously. “Save it for when you aren’t covered in your own cum, alright?”

As she bathed them, she turned the words over and over in her head, each repetition bringing a new thrill of excitement.

I like you a lot.

I like you a lot.

And she lifted him to her face and kissed him again, passionately, pressing his whole body to her while her tongue explored his mouth and face. When she finally pulled away, leaving both of them panting for breath, she leaned in to his ear and whispered:

“I like you too, Max. I like you, too.”