

## ***Photo Finishing***

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Samuel gently knelt down to focus his camera, the long lens whirring quietly as he adjusted the focus. He had been using his XJ-1 FotoMax for so long now that it was second nature to him, the viewfinder being as natural to him as his own eyes. He smiled wistfully as he brought the city scene into focus, the high speed of his digital shutter bringing crisp, clear pictures into the view screen. He did his best to capture the natural beauty that was inside the hustle and bustle of the fast-moving cars and swiftly moving pedestrians. He had not chosen his apartment for the view, but after seeing the view of the river he had from the balcony, he was all too eager to overlook peeling paint and a small insect problem. After all, it wasn't like he was going to find someplace extremely nice to live with his budget anyway, what with his being a student and all. He had lived in plenty of dives and hovels, and as such he was just glad to be somewhere with a roof, no leaks, and decent water pressure. He could go to school for air conditioning and he had long since gotten used to the joys and sorrow inherent in using space heaters.

Samuel was an engineering student, an unusual occupation for one of his species, but the mouse was used to being surrounded by foxes, weasels and other more "clever" predators that tended to dominate the hard sciences. Some of his best friends were carnivores, and though his lack of stature was sometimes an annoyance, he was only very rarely intimidated by someone purely because they were bigger than him. After all, he was brilliant with figures and had a real eye detail, both very important factors when it came to engineering. And his small hands had, more than once, ended up being a lifesaver when it came to building a fighting robot or an ultra-fuel efficient vehicle. Only he was tiny enough to fit into certain places to make repairs, and his minimal weight ended up giving them a 30 lbs advantage over the competition during the annual Solar Derby.

Engineering was his career, but photography was his passion, as evidenced by the fact that he rarely appeared in club or team photos, as he was always on the opposite end of the camera. Though he wasn't above portraits and snapshots, his real love was landscapes and panoramas. He took great pleasure in capturing beautiful vistas, especially in the late afternoon and near to sunset, although his scrawny body and decidedly un-athletic form meant that climbing mountains and stairs was usually more trouble than it was worth. Still, the tallest buildings in town had public elevators, and one even had an observation deck, though he couldn't take much in the way of pictures through the chain link fence. Last year he had attempted

to sneak in a crane/periscope machine he had built which allowed him to lift his camera over the top of the fence, but the security guards took a dim view of him trying to sneak in a very long and very thin box. He hadn't realized until it was too late that it looked much too much like a concealed sniper rifle, though fortunately the chief of security was understanding and didn't even ban him from the building, though such a ban was certainly within his rights. Still, he'd slowly begun shifting his focus more towards nature scenes closer to home, something made all the easier by the small park located next to the river outside his window.

The river running through town was largely an artificial thing, the result of a concerted effort to redirect all the local waterways through a single point. He had seen photos and read reports on how it had been dredged and how the many creeks, streams and rain spouts had all been directed into a single existing river, whose banks were then built up and carefully sent through town. The main bridge across was a symphony of steel and wire, an aging suspension behemoth built in the 1930s, but most of the other bridges were more mundane, simple concrete and rebar crossings over a lazy river with high banks. Still, Samuel found plenty to photograph in the way of small ships, fishermen and, in the summer, girls who were letting the sun gently caress their fur. He would never admit it, but the whole reason he'd bought the lens he was now using was to take advantage of such views. He was extraordinarily shy around females, his mouth turning to mush every time he tried to approach them in anything but a professional manner. Photographing from a distance, however, was much less embarrassing. Though more than a little voyeuristic, he justified the practice to himself by going out of his way to avoid being creepy about it. Rather than simply snapping quick-and-dirty photographs of blowing skirts and camel toe, he did his best to use his unique position above them to photograph the girls looking beautiful. Indeed, those he'd dared show to friends had earned him high praise, as they looked almost as ideal as those found in professional photography magazines, though Samuel always claimed it was because he had touched up the photographs digitally after he took them.

Still, he had put some of his finer prints up on his wall, and he was especially fond of one mouse girl who he regularly saw walking to and from her job at a nearby coffee shop. He had admired her from afar for quite some time now, and even knew her name: Elizabeth, though of course she only went by "Liz" all the times he'd seen her. Her casual beauty, accented by modified and enhanced clothes from the thrift store and local indie stores, made him think she was just the sort of girl he wanted, deep down inside. She even knew how to dismantle, clean, and reassemble the espresso machine in under an hour, letting Samuel know that Liz was not without a technical passion similar to his own. He was just frustrated that he could never get up the bravery necessary to talk to her, outside of ordering a coffee, often complemented with a muffin or other small treat. Before he started heading down to Common Grounds in order to

buy from her, he had hated the taste of coffee, but after a few weeks of trying he had managed to find a blend that he almost couldn't do without. He hoped that she appreciated how nice he was to her, how he always tipped despite his tiny budget, and how much he loved her baked goods. But he knew that his natural shyness prevented her from getting to know him, or even more than slightly noticing him. In three years of watching her from afar, they had barely gotten past a first name basis. Other than the weather, they pretty much only talked about coffee and baked goods, even though Samuel knew that they had very similar likes and dislikes when it came to everything from music to movies, based on what he could overhear between Liz and her coworkers.

As if to drive home the point of his shyness, Samuel saw Liz walking out of Common Grounds on her way to the park's picnic tables, something she often did on beautiful afternoons like this one. Since her biggest rushes were in the morning, and the coffee shop didn't close until six, Liz had plenty of time to herself in the afternoon. Much of this was consumed with preparing baked goods and taking inventory in preparation for the next day's work, but her boss routinely let her take an early sack lunch out to the park, especially since she tended to come in so early, and customers were so few in the late afternoon. This was when Samuel had done most of his photographing of her, loving how the orange light of the setting sun played off her soft gray fur. Samuel's own fur was much more orange in color, and in the light of the setting sun he looked more like dirty orange juice than anything beautiful and soft. But Liz was different, and though he knew it was a bit creepy, he enjoyed capturing her beauty from afar.

Though he was certain Liz couldn't see him, Samuel was still somewhat shy and reserved as he carefully put his viewfinder back to his eye and slowly began to zoom in and focus on Liz's reclining form. Conscious of her diet, and of the unnecessary calories she gobbled up whenever she was testing the day's donuts and muffins, she ate a very small lunch, consisting of little more than milk, cheese and a fresh apple. As such, by the time that Samuel managed to set up and focus his camera, she was already finished with her meal, tossing a paper bag into a nearby garbage can with a look of satisfaction on her face. She leaned back into the sun as he adjusted his lenses, the long telephoto apparatus making her appear as though he were mere feet from her face, as opposed to a full block and a half away.

At first, Liz seemed quite content to watch the various small watercraft make their way down the river. Too shallow for any sort of commercial or industrial boats, most of them were for fishing or sailing, along with a few large flat-bottom boats used by families who wanted a day out on the water. Still, they were worth watching most of the time, and Samuel had managed to feature them in many of his photos. For now, however, he quickly snapped a few pictures of Liz's face, doing his best to capture the gentle weight of her hair as it brushed past her face. This was interrupted as Liz grabbed her

cell phone out of her face, and much to his dismay, she answered it with her left hand, blocking most of her face from his view. He sighed, watching closely, but now feeling suddenly guilty, as he often did when photographing her from afar. Photographing someone without their consent was more than a little creepy and inappropriate, and if he ever did talk to her, having a big pile of photos wasn't exactly going to endear him to her.

However, before his guilt drove him to put away his camera, Liz hung up and then turned towards him. He couldn't believe it, and he pulled away from his viewfinder, frantically looking down to see what friend or distraction had caught her eye. But as he returned his gaze to the camera, he was convinced that she was in fact staring directly at him, her eyes locking on his even through the distance of the lens. Her look was more coy than angry, as though she had discovered something that she only pretended not to like, but it was more than enough to make Samuel want to put away his camera. Still, he couldn't exactly turn his eyes away, not when he could see the soft glint of the sun reflected off of her glasses into his eyes, or the way that her cheeks dimpled slightly as she smiled up at him.

Enraptured by what he saw, he continued to stare down at Elizabeth, his breath now coming in sharp, ragged pants. She had clearly noticed him, and knew that he was watching her. But far from fleeing or putting her hand over her face, she was instead adjusting her position. At first, Samuel thought that she was just trying to get a bit more comfortable, but as she moved, he quickly realized that she had something a bit dirtier in mind. As he watched, she unbuttoned the first, then she second button on her shirt, letting her chest heave against her bra for a moment before she playfully uncrossed her legs and leaned back. Slowly, his hands shaking, Samuel tilted his lens downward, his heart almost exploding at what he thought he might see.

Considering his nerdy habits, Samuel was no stranger to anime and hentai. As such, he fully expected when he panned down to see a pair of white or pink cotton panties beneath Liz's plaid leather skirt, which would result in him getting a nosebleed and then passing out, hopefully not sending his camera crashing to the street below. Neither the panties nor the loss of consciousness were to be found, however, though when he saw Liz's soft, pink pussy glistening in the sunlight he half wished he would pass out from embarrassment. Outside of porn he'd never seen a vagina before, and the fact that she was showing it to him so flagrantly was not only a surprise, it was shocking and unexpected enough to make his knees weak. He broke out in a sweat as he realized he had a massive, almost painful erection in his pants, and that his breath was ragged and broken. He had snapped a few pictures without even thinking about it, and as they popped into the preview window, he realized that she was curling her finger at him, enticing him to come closer. He gulped. He couldn't say no, but really, could he summon enough bravery to make it down those steps and across that street? As it was, he wanted to dash back

into his bedroom and rub one out to what he already had, and then never go into Common Grounds again, for fear of having Liz point out what a pervert he was.

But on a deep, base level, there was no way that he could say no. While he wasn't a virgin, his only sexual contact with women had been drunken and embarrassing. Getting pinned and humped by a drunken fat marmot after his prom wasn't something to brag about, neither was the summer he spent with that nymphomaniac beaver with the bondage fetish. What he'd always longed for was a girl he could have sex with on his own terms, and who was near enough to him in species and hobbies that the pillow talk wouldn't be too awkward or confusing. Having a girl who could save him from his own horrible cooking or his frustrating loneliness would also be nice, but mostly he just wanted to have a sexual encounter that didn't end with him or the girl crying about something.

Gulping a bit, he made his way to the stairs, slowly at first, but then more rapidly. By the time he made it to the ground floor, he was running full tilt, and it was only a quick eye and a fast dodge that kept him from leaping out into traffic. Still, he ran as he jaywalked, only realizing how out of breath he was when he reached the far side. Not used to physical exertion, his knees were shuddering from effort as he staggered towards where Liz was sitting, collapsing as soon as he made it to a park bench across the path from her. His breathing came in ragged pants, and he began to wonder if his doctor's decision to forgo the emergency inhaler once he graduated from college might have been premature.

Liz was sitting and smiling at him, her shirt buttoned back up, her legs crossed. Still, she looked every bit sexy, and after what Samuel had seen, more than a bit slutty. "You know, most girls would have called the cops when they found out you were discreetly photographing them from your balcony," said Liz. "But I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, and while I won't turn down an apology, I really am fine with it. You should have asked permission, but you're definitely not the first boy to lust over me from afar, and at least you've been pretty cute about it. Don't think I haven't noticed the tips, or that your friends haven't let me know about those photos in your bedroom."

Samuel's face was red, a deep mixture brought about both from his running and his embarrassment. It was clear enough that Liz was largely cool with his voyeurism, which was more than a bit of a surprise. Not that it was completely out of left field, especially seeing as she had just been showing him her tits and pussy, but it wasn't entirely something he expected out of any girl, especially one so sweet and cute as Liz. He stumbled a bit with his lips, trying to say something, but no words came out. Rather than get frustrated, Liz just walked across the way, sitting next to him on the bench and kissing his cheek. He shied away at first, and then kissed her back, staring down at his shoes. "Ttthanks...I've always admired you from afar, I just...I'm so shy. I'm sorry I took those photos of you without asking or anything; it's just I kind of felt like I needed to, or

something. I don't know. You just look so beautiful, the way the sun and wind plays with your hair and fur."

Liz grinned and hopped back over to the table where she'd been sitting, and struck a casual pose. "I'm glad you think so, I take pride in my appearance. I used to be a model, back when I was wafer thin and thought that nudity could take the place of fashion sense," said Liz. "So, you going to snap a photo, or am I just going to sit here and enjoy the sunset for another thirty minutes? I gotta head home when it's dark, some of the street lights are out and it gets hard to see after about seven..."

Samuel nodded and picked up his camera, his hands fumbling at first, and then finding purchase on the familiar plastic. There was something comforting and familiar in the camera, something that let him maintain his focus even though he was extremely nervous. Seeing Liz through the viewfinder made him more comfortable, and soon he was able to snap a few photographs, even going so far as to remove the telephoto lens and get in close, standing only a couple feet away from her.

Liz adjusted her position slowly, shifting from one stock pose to another, her past employment as a model serving her well in terms of showing off her beautiful form. As he continued snapping photographs, however, the poses became increasingly risqué, and as Samuel soon realized that Liz was not only not wearing any panties, she had slipped her tail underneath her skirt, allowing her to lift and sway the back of it at will. He gulped as he saw her sex, puffed and inviting, perfectly framed by the viewfinder. That didn't stop him from taking a photograph, but it was so close he could almost reach out and touch it. He considered doing so, even. But somehow, he felt he wasn't ready, and in any event Liz clearly wanted to lead. As such, he was quite content to follow.

"So how about you come back to my place, and set the camera aside for awhile?" said Liz, grinning and moving over as she lowered her tail and allowed her skirt to be a bit more modest. It was all Samuel could do to nod and gulp as she grabbed his hand, slowly leading him out of the park.

Though Liz's apartment was quite near the park, the sun had set by the time they arrived at her front door. Though some hand holding and polite conversation, Samuel had regained most of his composure, and was even getting to know and enjoy Liz's company. As he had suspected, they had a lot in common, and though it was clear they were about to get humping, Liz was careful not to tease him too much or bring up the throbbing boner in his pants, lest he lose his nerve again. Clearly, she was pretty used to virgins and shut ins, and was able to handle him without dropping, so to speak. She was not forceful in the way that she led him into her apartment and then her bedroom, but she was certainly insistent, making certain he didn't back out regardless of what his nerves and his stomach might be telling him.

At long last he found himself sitting with her on the bed, his hands in her lap. She gently rubbed up and down his back, lifting off his shirt and then pulling him in for a kiss. He had kissed several girls over the course of his life, but they had all been either sloppy and drunk or quick and sweet. Liz was determined to make it last, to take her time, and as such she applied her tongue thickly and thoroughly to his. He felt his hands wandering up her body, and before he realized what he was doing, he began to grope and fondle her chest, her breasts soft and yielding to the touch. He expected her to stop him, but instead she grabbed his hand, encouraging and guiding him to grope and fondle all the more. He panted in her mouth, his body overwhelmed by feeling as he felt her warmth surge through his fingers. Slowly, her nipples were growing hard, and he could feel them through the shirt. Years of sexual repression and abstinence were welling up inside him, and he gasped as he felt his passion rise with hers. He couldn't believe how aroused he was, or how much he wanted what she had to offer.

Liz slowly broke the intimacy, but only to ditch her shirt, along with the rest of her clothes. Samuel gasped at the soft, gentle beauty of her body, and the way her soft curves gently complemented her svelte body. She was of light build and modest breasts, but this only enhanced her "girl next door" look. Her body held the sort of casual attractiveness of a girl who knows she's attractive and believes her self confidence to be enough. There was no plastic or trimming here, and outside of a good diet, it was clear her looks were purely a matter of genetics and healthy habits. Samuel couldn't resist putting his hands on her, his fingers slowly tracing through her fur again and again. As she lay down, she could feel her hands tugging down his pants, reaching into his boxer shorts and fondling his length. As soon as she wrapped one, then both of her hands around it, she stopped, grinning widely.

"My, someone's been hiding a big secret, hasn't he?" said Liz, giggling and kissing Samuel on the cheek. "Jeez, what with the engineering degree and the name 'Samuel' I expected you to be modest at best." Samuel blushed. He didn't exactly go slinging it around, but he had the sort of enormous shaft that put him inches above all but the biggest of his friends. It was almost comically above the proportions of the rest of his body, and had been the primary reason he'd gotten sex from horny, drunken females at many of his college parties. Sluts couldn't resist a monster of his size, and though it got in the way at times, and he had to buy special condoms from an online retailer, he was pretty damned proud of the thing.

Grinning and laying back on the bed, he let Liz crawl over him and tug off his shoes, pants and boxers. She was awed and thrilled to see his enormous shaft, and almost as soon as he was fully undressed, she began licking and slurping up and down it, getting it slick and firm in her hands. Samuel had no difficulty getting hard, unlike many of the big guys he'd heard of, and Liz was soon playing with his enormous length excitedly. She slurped and nipped on it gently at

first, then began to work more and more of it into her muzzle, sucking and slurping it eagerly.

Samuel would have been content merely to lie there on the bed, but Liz wasn't about to let him stay out of the action entirely. As soon as she was ready, she flipped around, placing her wet, eager sex right in Samuel's face. Though he wasn't exactly experienced, it didn't take an engineering degree to figure out what she wanted him to do in general, and so he dug into her slit with great gusto. Licking and slurping eagerly, he dug his tongue in with great gusto, loving the warmth and the flavor of Liz's sex. He nibbled with his teeth, most especially his big incisors, working her folds and clit softly. Down below he could feel Liz eagerly working on his shaft, shoving it as deep as she dared. She spread her thighs wide and pressed down, letting Samuel know that he was giving her precisely what she wanted. He continued working on her with great gusto, using his tongue to give long, deep laps while his fingers came up and pinched her clit, working it gently but with confidence and firmness. Though he wasn't much in the way of experience, he had more than enough enthusiasm, as well as a habit of paying attention to detail. Every moan, whimper and caress that Liz fed him let him know what she did and didn't like, and while he knew he could certainly do better, he was doing quite well with her. All he'd need was lots of practice, and already he could tell that she was going to give him the opportunity.

Once she was suitably sloppy and prepped, Liz eagerly turned back around, her hands resting on the bed just above Samuel's shoulders. He reached down and gripped his shaft lightly, panting a bit as he locked eyes with Liz. She grinned fiendishly, her tail whipping back and forth in excitement. She lowered herself slowly, rubbing a bit until his shaft found purchase, and then sinking down all the way to the hilt. Samuel groaned, amazed that she would even consider such a feat, much less attempt and succeed at it. He had never gone all the way into any girl, and while Liz was a bit bigger than him, she was still decidedly petite. It seemed more like she would split in two, or rather that he would hit a hard bottom, as opposed to simply sinking in slowly and easily.

Not that he was complaining. He had never felt a girl so tight, so wet or so eager. The sensation was beyond words, not that he'd dare try and describe such a thing anyway. He groaned, resting his hands on the small of Liz's back, panting and whimpering. She grinned and kissed his cheek, grinding on his enormous shaft a bit. "I know what you're thinking, and I'm a bit of a size queen. My last boyfriend was a horse, to be honest; if you were any smaller I wouldn't be as...Comfortable."

Samuel laughed and pushed back, working his shaft inside of her a bit more. They continued to grind on one another at first, and then shifted to genuine humping, their bodies moving more or less in sync with one another as they bounced and shoved back and forth on the bed. Liz squeezed and pushed, Samuel ground and shoved back. It was



almost a contest, or a game, with each loving the sensation and force brought out by the other.

Seizing the initiative, Samuel slipped down his hands from her back and began pinching and twisting Liz's nipples, working her small, pert breasts eagerly in his hands. He was as gentle as he could be, although he did see her wince once or twice. Still, she clearly had no intention of stopping him, and as he worked himself furiously on her chest, so she worked his shaft aggressively with her sex. It was almost too much for him to bear, and he knew well that she would get him cumming in short order if she kept going as she was now. He just hoped that she didn't mind if he was a bit more premature than the other boys she might have been with.

Much to his surprise, however, it was Liz who went off first, surprising him by grabbing his hands and bracing herself on them as a powerful orgasm ripped through her lower body. The whole room seemed to shudder as she threw her head back and cried out in pleasure, her eyes half-lidded as her tail whipped around wildly. Samuel presumed that he'd soon be shooting deep inside her, but Liz didn't give him the chance. Popping off suddenly, she grinned and put her back to his chest, rubbing him furiously between her thighs. What with all the sensation, not to mention the view he could get from over her shoulder, he was soon cumming like a fountain, laying down long tracks of white sticky across Liz's stomach and chest. Though her breath was coming in ragged pants, she still giggled and licked at the mess, scooping up some with her fingers and swallowing it. "I'm on the pill, but why risk it?" said Liz. "Besides, I love the flavor."

"That was...Wonderful," said Samuel, his chest warm and pressured by Liz's soft body. His head was still swimming in orgasm, and the rush had left him a little dizzy. It was a pleasant sort of dizzy, though, such as he got after a particularly vigorous carnival ride, or that time he'd managed to get the school's solar-powered go-kart up to 50 MPH going down a steep hill.

"Good, because I wanna do it again," said Liz, rolling over and kissing Samuel on the chin. "Not right now, of course. I want the next one on film! Like I said, I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, and I've always wanted a photograph of what it looks like down there right when I hit the highest moment of my peak. I hope your camera has a remote trigger, and that you don't mind trying again and again until I get just the shot I want..."