

Dear Diary

So, Jess suggested that I start writing things down. I think it's mostly so she can read this later, but that doesn't make it a bad idea, necessarily. So here we are.

She's also suggested that I describe myself, which makes me think that she's planning on reading this later and also sharing it with strangers on the internet or something. I swear I'm only doing this to make her happy.

I'm a bat. I'm five foot eight, and not heavy, but leaning on it, and built in a way that might be politely described as aerodynamic: small-shouldered and -hipped and flat-chested. My fur is grey-tan, my eyes golden brown above a long, pointed muzzle. My ears are rounded triangles, framing short-ish hair in a pageboy style that I've bleached to a rusty blonde. I do have piercings – ears and nose, in fact – but I don't keep any rings in them anymore. And I have wings, though evolution has made them all but useless, stretching along my arms. Still, they're nice, black and leathery, even if they make shopping for shirts a pain. I don't have a tail, which makes pants shopping easier, though, if I'm being honest, I think I'd be willing to trade some convenience for one.

If you're wondering how to refer to me, I go by Robin, and I use gender-neutral pronouns.

I'm sure by now Jess is squirming in her seat, waiting for me to get to the good part. If you're not Jess, then I guess you should know that there's a good part coming. I'm going to make her wait longer, though.

Right now, it's Wednesday morning. Yesterday, I had a *date*. With a *boy*. His name is Austen, and he's not really a boy – he's a year older than me – and this isn't our first date. We met in the mail room of my office a month ago. I was trying to find a stamp, he was lost after finishing a job interview (spoiler: he didn't get it). We started chatting, and he ended up inviting me out for coffee.

We had cheap food-truck coffee and sat out under the cold winter sky in Cadman Plaza, watching cars trundle over the bridge. It was a cheap date, but he was job hunting, so it wasn't like I expected him to spring for a five-star restaurant just to get to know me. Cold aside, it was quite nice. Austen's a fox, a couple inches taller and several pounds lighter than me, though his plush, silvery fur gives him about the same profile as mine. His ears are bigger than mine, less rounded, his muzzle sharper, with velvety black fur. He has golden eyes, like the sun and just as warm, and a long, black tail, tipped in white fuzz. We were both wearing grey suits that weren't quite identical.

We chatted about my office, about the park and the passersby, about the coffee, which wasn't too bad. I don't think either of us expected it to go anywhere, but he was cute and charming, and I was, according to him, witty and enchanting. In the end, I asked for his phone number, and he gave it to me.

I called him the next Friday and asked him how the job hunt was going and offered to take him out to lunch. He met me at a little gyro place on Clark Street, and we chatted about our favorite video games and movies we'd like to see. I was late getting back to work.

Last week he called me to tell me that he found a job and did I want to help him celebrate? We went and saw a movie, then he took me to dinner at a place across the river. It was quiet, low-key, the perfect place for someone who hates crowds like I do. They had a grilled fruit sandwich to die for, and this delicious pineapple cider. Austen got salmon steak.

It started to snow while we ate dinner. By the time we finished, it was coming down pretty heavy, and the streets were empty. We stood side-by-side under the restaurant's awning, watching the snow fall. Austen slipped an arm around my middle, and I leaned into his comfortable, fuzzy warmth.

"Can I tempt you with some coffee?" he asked me.

Yes, Jess. Everyone knows it's a line.

I pretended to think about it. "Your place or mine?"

His place was nice. A little too clean, if you get what I mean. His television wasn't as big as mine, but he had way more video games, neatly alphabetized on a shelf under the consoles. I settled on the oversized and overstuffed couch while he made actual coffee. I was not expecting that.

It tasted pretty good, too. I leaned into him as we drank, comfortable in the soft silence. Outside his window, the city was covered in a blanket of snow.

"Now what?" I asked, leaning back to look up at him.

He grinned. "I have an idea," he said. He shifted me to rummage in his pocket and pull out a condom.

A mango flavored condom. Sneaky fox.

I couldn't resist teasing him. "Really?" I asked, voice heavy with sarcasm. He had enough grace to blush.

"It was just a thought. If you don't want to..." He trailed off, probably because I was undoing his belt. "Well, okay, then."

I did my best to suppress a laugh as I turned around to straddle his hips, now tugging on his pants. His arms slid around my waist and he leaned forward to press his lips to mine. He tasted like coffee, but I probably did, too.

I had to shift and wriggle to get his pants off, and he took the opportunity to undo my slacks. This required more squirming and, in the end, he was flat on his back with me on top of him, and the both of us in our underwear. He had, briefly, boxers on, but I was wearing my lacy purple thong. You know, the one that leaves just enough to the imagination. And Austen's

imagination was doing overtime, to judge by the way his sheath was filling out as I got his boxers down.

I shimmied my way down his body, pulling his underwear off with me, until I was straddling his knees and my muzzle was hovering above his now-erect shaft. It was a typical canid shaft, with a pointed tip and the beginning of a knot at the base, and it had just the hint of musk and a light perfume from whatever soap he used. I peeked up at Austen through lidded eyes and was rewarded with the sight of his goofy smile as I snatched the condom.

It was open and on his cock as fast as I could manage, and then I was rubbing his shaft with one paw as I licked at the tip. It did not taste like mango, I'm sorry to say, but the soft groan that came from Austen made up for it. My hand slid down to cup his balls, squeezing them very gently. He was fuzzy down there, not furry, his hair neatly trimmed for my convenience.

I opened up my mouth and took him inside, letting my lips close about halfway down. My tongue ran along the underside of his shaft, drawing another moan out of him. His hand ran through my hair, then settled on the back of my head. With a soft nudge, he encouraged me to take more of him, so I slid down until his head comes perilously close to the back of my throat. I pulled off and then started bobbing up and down, adding a little suction. I closed my eyes and focused on him, giving him a soft moan in return.

He stretched out before me, his hand still resting on my head, his other running over the forearm of the hand I had resting on his thigh and stomach, holding his shirt up. He smelled so good, manly but clean, and felt so hot in my mouth. My breath stirred the fur on his lower stomach, and his tail rubbed against my chest and belly and thighs.

"Robin," he groaned, arcing his back to push his shaft deeper into my muzzle. I took a deep breath and push down, all the way, until my lips were wrapped around his knot. Stealing a peek up at him, I saw his head thrown back, mouth open as he panted with need and lust. I let him rest for a few seconds before pulling all the way off, making him whimper. He gave me a curious look.

I scooted forward until I straddle his hips again, his damp shaft rubbing against my thighs.

"I have a better use for that," I murmured into his ear, tugging my thong to the side and scooting down until he's rubbing against my rear. "If you've got the right equipment."

He nearly fell off the couch in his scramble towards the bedroom. When he came back, bottle of lube in hand, I was bent over the couch, arms on the headrest as I looked back over my shoulder at him. My thong was several feet away, where I'd thrown it. He almost pounced me.

I wriggled back against Austen as he tried to get the lube onto his cock, spilling as much over my butt as he managed to get on himself. Once he got himself properly lubricated, he nudged my legs a little further apart and lined himself up against me. I hissed as he pushed into me, pointed cock spreading my asshole as he slid inside of me. He placed one hand on my hip to

hold me steady, the other grabbing my hand. His fingers intertwined with mine, and I gave his hand a squeeze to let him know I was ready.

Austen slide his arm around my middle and bent over my back as he pushed further. I yelped as his cock worked its way deeper and deeper into my ass, hot and thick and so filling. He stopped when his knot bumped against my rear, and just held me close to him. His muzzle rubbed along my neck, leaving little nips and licks in its wake, as he waited for me to adjust.

I tucked my head down along his and nibbled at his whiskers. "What're you waiting for?" I asked, though the effect was spoiled a little by the way my voice shook. He grinned and sat up, resting his hands on my hips again, then pulled out until just an inch or so was still inside of me. His hand squeezed mine, and then he thrust back into me, making me squeak, which turned into a blush.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He began to piston into me, taking his time and letting me feel every sweet inch of his cock as it filled me, until his knot would hit my anus, drawing another squeak. I laid my head down on the back of the couch and let him take me. Soon his living room was filled with the sound of my moans and his panting.

He kept at it for a good long time until he missed a beat and slid out of me entirely. "Sorry," he murmured.

I winked at him over my shoulder. "It's okay," I told him, already turning around. That adorable confused look appeared on his face again as I pulled him back onto the couch, once again straddling his hips. I reached behind me to guide him back into me and then pushed down hard, taking him up to the knot before he knew what was happening. He inhaled sharply, his hands flying to my waist to hold me there.

My eyes met his, and we shared a smile before I leaned over to kiss him. He didn't taste like coffee anymore. I started working myself up and down on his shaft, panting and whimpering into his muzzle, or else he was into mine. The poor guy was so worked up that it didn't take him long to come with a little howl stifled by my lips. I shuddered against him as he bucked into me, trying so hard to tie us together. He was just too big, though.

He slowed, then stopped, and I settled down on top of him, my head on his chest. I listened to his thunderous heartbeat as he rested his hands on my back, one in the middle and the other on the small.

"Thank you," he murmured into my ear.

I chuckled. "You could thank me more by letting me spend the night. I don't think my legs are working at the moment." That made him laugh, a rich, deep sound. His chest was so fuzzy, it was like laying on a cloud.

"You're more than welcome to stay the night," he said. "But maybe we should shower first."

His shower was a little cramped with the two of us, and he didn't have my brand of shampoo, but we managed. The towel he lent me was massive, and nearly as fuzzy as he was, and I may've taken more time than necessary to dry myself off. Eventually, though, he lead me into his bedroom, which I was happy to see was not nearly so orderly as the living room. The bed was made, though, and he tugged the covers down for me. I suppose it goes without saying that we both neglected to put on clothes after our shower.

Austen settled in next to me, making the springs creak. I settled onto my side, my back to his front, and pulled his arm around me. The bed wasn't all that big, but I suspected we wouldn't need that much of it.

"Hey, Austen?"

"Mm?" he replied.

"You got another condom?" He pushed up onto one elbow to look down at me, confused once again. Poor boy. "And the lube, please."

He flushed but fetched the accoutrements all the same. It took a little coaxing to get him erect, but not too much, and it was fun seeing him squirm. Once he was re-armored and lubed up, I rolled back onto my side, facing away from him, and drew up one leg. I guided him into my rear again, and he took it from there, easing his way into me. Half-erect as he was, his knot didn't present any problem and he was soon bucking into me, his hips bouncing off of mine. He wrapped his arms around me, squeezing me against his chest.

Austen continued to stiffen as he thrust, his knot getting bigger with each push. Soon, it was tugging at my entrance, making me whine softly. I clutched at his wrist and forearm, rolling my hips into his thrusts. He buried his muzzle in the short fur at my neck, suppressing a needy growl.

Then, his knot popped into me and didn't immediately pop out again. I clamped down hard on his shaft, trapping him inside of me. He filled me up in a way I don't think I'd ever experienced before. Locked into me, he growled again, giving my throat a soft nip. His thrusting became faster, harder, and soon I was bouncing against him, making his entire bed jump and shake. Austen shuddered and suddenly pushed forward, as far as he could go, his whole body tensing. I squeezed again, shuddering myself as he came for the second time.

After a moment, he relaxed, though we were still tied and he was still holding me against his chest. He nuzzled along my shoulder and I scooted back into his fluff.

I giggled softly and he lifted his head to blink at me. "Sorry," I said, giving his cheek a little smooch. "Just thinking about how much fun this was."

He smiled and settled back down, heaving a contented sigh. "Mm, it was."

"So, I think I'll keep you."

"Sounds good to me," he muttered, his voice sounding dreamy and far-away.

I turned my head to give him another kiss, somewhat awkwardly. “Goodnight, Austen.”

He smiled, his eyes already closed. “Goodnight, Robin.”

I don’t know when I finally fell asleep, or when he finally softened enough to pull out of me. I do know I woke up this morning feeling warm and contented in a way that hasn’t happened in a good long while, and that my coworkers’ sly grins and winks regarding me showing up to work wearing the same suit two days in a row were totally worth it.

Oh, and we’ve already got a date for next weekend. I’ve already picked out the underwear.