

Dog Kisses

By Voss

When a collie woman, butt naked and shorter than your knee, bounds up to your park bench with wrist-bent fists at her shoulders posed like a dog, you're suspicious at the least.

"Name's Kennedy. Play along? It'll be fun!"

But with her enthusiastic encouragement, you hear her out.

"What kind of fun?" you ask, but with a perplexed tilt of her head, playfully grinning around tongue-lolled panting, she's already back in canine character, and you opt for less complex communication. You put your phone away and pat the seat beside you in invitation.

She takes it, leaping up from the path to grab the edge of the bench and swing one thick thigh onto its seat, scrabbling up. Soft curves squish against it and bounce back into place as she moves energetically, hinting at toned muscles under all that weight and fluff in miniature.

The small woman seamlessly transitions from climbing up alongside you to jumping up onto you, and with a start, you let her scale your chest and shoulder to plant one playfully affectionate dog kiss on your cheek.

She gives it a lap with her tiny tongue, beaming brightly at you.

Then, she flops, letting go of you and rotating as she falls right down onto your lap on her back. Large (for her size) breasts settle softly on her chest, but she draws your attention instead, with a point of curled knuckles, to her rounded belly.

She wants rubs.

However unusual this situation may be, her charismatic enthusiasm guides any conflicted feelings you have to keep playing along. Besides, she's cute!

After brushing away the dampness where she licked your cheek, you settle your palm on her belly and give a gentle pet.

She expresses gratitude through her act, closing her eyes, lolling out her tongue, and kicking one leg lightly at the air. When you stop, she looks up at you expectantly and points again, so you laugh and continue scratching her tummy.

She was right. This is pretty fun.

You soon find out, however, that there's much more to it.

Over the next few minutes that you rub her belly, you eventually notice that she fills more of your lap, weighs more on your thighs. She's been growing, and you stop rubbing when she's about half your height.

Again she looks up, but instead of expecting more, she flashes a mischievous grin.

She rolls over and stands on your thighs to meet you eye-to-eye, hands on your shoulders, and she laps once, twice, thrice at your face.

More dog kisses that leave you stunned.

Before you muster up the words to respond, the less-small woman is leaping off of your lap and around the bench, behind you and out of sight. You try to turn and see, but by the time you do, she's already back, now with a tennis ball she got from who-knows-where in her mouth.

Accepting it into your hand, you decide to give her new game a go, and you lob it gently into the air.

She bounds and effortlessly catches it in her mouth, back to you with it in an instant. Trying something more challenging, you toss it harder, and she bolts after it.

Fur and chub ripple and bounce as she runs quick as can be, surprising you as she plows straight through the bushes and out of sight.

When she comes back with the ball in her mouth, she's grown again. The context changes, and you blush at the naked, curvy woman about your height.

She knows it, too, and she drops the ball on the park path to step forward and give another kiss, not the lapping licks of before, but a firm, lip-locking, tongue-tangling, impassioned kiss that pulls you out of your seat when she draws back away, leaving you the one panting.

Then, she's back into her act, dashing away, briefly out of sight, and back again, with a collar on her neck and a leash in her maw.

Still collecting yourself, you ask, "Um, walkies?"

The happy bark and fur-blurring wag of her tail tell you that you guessed right.

You take the leash into your hand and, still blushing, begin to lead her through the park. The doglike woman trots energetically along, sometimes distracted by something and pulling at the leash's limit, always returning to your side after a gentle tug.

People stare.

Then, people gawk, furtive murmurs rising among them as they realize before you do that Kennedy is, again, growing. You turn to see her following behind you at twice your height, and you quickly correct your falter and keep moving before she bowls you over with her pace.

Somehow, the leash lengthens with her, so that even when she's over four times taller—making you as tall to her as she was to you, when you first met—it hangs slack in your hand, for all the good a leash does with a dog that large.

Some of those nearby wisely start to leave.

You stop and stare up at the towering woman, and her act again takes on new connotation. An animal this size, wild and unpredictable, is dangerous enough to set your heart racing. But she's not merely an animal.

And you're the one with the leash, right? "Good dog?" you ask.

She drops to hands and knees, over and around you, casting you in shadow, and she leans down to open her now huge maw. In one smooth motion, her tongue rolls out, presses against your entire torso, and drags up and away.

You're left staggered under a layer of drool.

Before you can collect yourself, the distant melodies of an ice cream truck rend Kennedy's attention from you, and she's back on her feet in a flurry of motion.

Then, you're off yours, as the leash, no matter how long it is, pulls you through the air after her.

Bounding feet crash into the earth as she runs at full speed, and you cling to the leash, refusing to think about falling from this height.

And this height, you notice, rises. Every step carries her further as she grows to stand another four times taller than before.

Out of the park, office tower facades rush by. Finally, you shout, "Heel!" to end the chase, with abrupt success. Momentum carries you into her deep fluff as it carries her into a building.

Her resonant whine echoes through the city as ice cream melodies fade into the distance.

She drags you out of her fur by the leash, pinched between fingers each about as long as you are tall, and she dangles you in front of her face.

Panting from her run, she breathes hot and humid wind against you, deep inhales tugging you, pushing and pulling you as in a storm.

It's overwhelming, and despite how her panting grin shows she's not angry with you, playful as ever, the sight of her enormous teeth stirs primal fear in you.

All the more, when she carries you by the leash over her open maw and drops you in.

In an instant, you're snapped up.

The tongue you felt before is now at your back, pinning you to the slick, solid roof of her mouth. It laps at you and—you can tell—savors you. At some point, the leash is gone, and you're stranded inside as her tongue plays with you, rolling you throughout the canine muzzle.

It's the biggest of her kisses yet, and it's also the longest. You can feel her moving outside, as she moves you around inside. She's still playing, and you imagine what the city's going through, but, in here, you're cushioned against any impact by the soft warmth of her tongue.

You don't know where it goes from here, but you know one thing:

You're glad you played along!