

Seconds ticked on, and your heart was racing.

Final period and the bell had already rung. Sure, it was just study hall, but that wasn't the point. Homework and tests didn't come close to causing this kind of anxiety spike.

It was the day before the dance, and you still had someone to pick out from the crowd...

You chewed the inside of your cheek as your gaze swept back and forth across the collection of colorful creatures you called your classmates. Next to you sat a flame-maned lion, his lime-green eyes wide and entirely focused on you.

"Well, dude?" he asked, a teasing purr in his voice.

"*What?*" you fired back in return, trying not to sound as apprehensive as you felt.

His smirk widened, showing off more of his pointed fangs as he scooted closer to the edge of his chair closest to you. "You know what!" He gestured out across the classroom, his letter jacket's sleeve pulling back to reveal more of his tan-furred forearm. "As your *best friend in the world*, I figured you'd clue me in by now."

Subconsciously, your eyes drifted. They slid past Zetterburn's broad shoulder, catching on a distinctly verdant-shaded student. He was busily hunched over his desk, elbow propped over the edge of it. His forearm rippled, thick muscle swelling, veins subtly webbing under his forest-colored fur as his backpack bobbed up and down in his grip.

Your momentary lapse of attention caught Zett's as well, his head turning over his shoulder in a wide arc to see what you were looking at. He clutched the edge of his desk, bracing himself as he whipped his attention back to you with enough speed to cause whiplash.

"Wait. *WHAT?*"

"*Sh-SHH-!*" you hissed at him, desperately gesturing for the lion to lower his voice. You could tell that he was fighting not to throw his head over his shoulder just to get another look at the juniper giant sitting two seats over.

"You're serious??" he asked in hushed tones, comically covering the side of his broad muzzle with a padded hand.

"First of all," you hissed back, keeping your voice low, "I didn't say anything! Second: I haven't decided yet!"

He shook his head, his bushy crimson mane swaying in a delayed reaction around it. "Oh, no! I saw that look!" The lion took a deep breath, hunching further forward—far enough that his desk lifted onto only two of its legs as he balanced himself.

"You're in *loooove~*."

The drawn-out, barely concealed whisper caught a few curious glances from nearby. You could feel your cheeks heating up, going so far as to tug the hem of your shirt over your nose to try and hide it.

"Aw, yeah! This just straight up proves it," he continued speaking, his crimson brows bobbing suggestively. "And before you try denying it, I've been watching you two all day! You've been making excuses to talk to the guy during class and in the hall."

You tried to think of a response, but it caught in your throat. The heat radiating from your cheeks was unbearable, and you were sure it was visible from orbit.

"You better make a move; the dance is *today*," he said, his grin still plastered across his leonine muzzle.

You undoubtedly didn't have to be told twice. Your spiking anxiety was already reminder enough.

"You gonna ask him? Or are you chickening out?" You didn't like the smug tone he was using. His eyes were lidded, and he leaned far over his desk and into your space.

It was tempting to bop him right in that big nose of his.

"HA-HA!" He laughed—loud enough to turn a few heads. "I'm just yankin' your chain, dude!" He gave a wave with the back of his paw, still giving you his reassuring smile. "Go on, man! You got this! I totally ship you two."

You weren't expecting that last bit. It certainly didn't help with my anxiety, but at least you had someone in your corner. A glance at the clock showed that it was less than five minutes until the final bell.

You gulped, a tremble shaking your legs as you attempted to un-wedge yourself from the combination table and desk; the legs squeaked, screeching as they wobbled. Zett gave you a thumbs-up and a charismatic wink as you shambled past him, slinging your pack over your back.

Just a few chairs over was the emerald-green wolf. He was still curling, grunting with every heft of his backpack.

What was in there? Rocks?

The closer you got, the more you could see the definition in his bulging limb. Thick tendons swelled, his forearm rippling every time he clenched thick fingers. His bicep was straining against his sleeve, the torn red fabric pulled taut around those split peaks.

Your mouth went dry.

This guy was the biggest man on campus; nobody else came close to the size he was packing. As far as you knew, he lived in the gym, subsisting off of nothing but creatine powder and crushed supplements.

Why did you think you had a chance with this guy?

Sure, his smile wasn't as sparkling as Zetterburn's, but it was enough to melt just about any girl—and guy—he flashed those fangs at.

Your heart nearly stopped when you realized his crimson gaze was focused on you. He had stopped lifting, the bag dipped low to the floor with that meaty limb outstretched.

"69."

You blinked, your mouth opening and closing, your brain refusing to respond appropriately.

"The creatine number, heh," he said with a snicker, flashing a wolfish grin, bushy tail giving a slow flick behind him. The canine tilted his head back, grin widening as he looked you over, noticing how you were staring at him—particularly that pumped limb. "Come to watch the *emerald Adonis* sneak in a few reps before school's out? Can't say I blame you."

"Well, uh..." Your throat threatened to close as your mouth turned to cotton. You fought against it, trying to swallow before speaking. "Wanted...to see if you wanted to go to the dance..." you muttered, forcing at least most of the words out as those striking eyes watched you.

The silence was unbearable. You could feel the sweat bead over your forehead, threatening to roll.

Sylvanos blinked a few times. The bag dropped to the floor, the heavy thud combined with the sounds enough to clue in that there really *were* rocks inside. He reached up, pinching his cheek between padded fingers, giving it a little wobble as he tugged.

"Is this real life, or did I finally OD on creatine?" he asked, sounding absolutely mystified; his eyes had gone wide as he stared at you like an expectant puppy. "Do..." he stammered, suddenly sounding as nervous as you felt. "Do you really wanna go to the dance with me?"

You were so shocked that the words couldn't come out now. Instead, you bobbed your head up and down, nodding feverishly.

"Do you remember in freshman year? I was an awkward, scrawny puppy with bad acne and an anterior pelvic tilt?" His tail was wagging now, beating back and forth, the base of it banging against the metal pipings leading to the back of his desk chair. "And how, over the years, I became more and more absurdly jacked? To the point that people feared my *bulging muscles* would blow up all over the place?"

Before you could answer, the wolf raised a clawed finger.

"First off, that can't happen. And second, it's so that...*senpai would notice me*." Despite how dorky the line was, the purr in his voice with the delivery sold it as your heart fluttered. You probably would have toppled over if you weren't sitting on the edge of the nearby desk.

"I just wanted all along...for you to notice me."

You stared at him, mind threatening to blank as you blinked a few times before saying, "Wait...you got *yolked* for me?"

"It's true!" The heavy beating of his tail implied it wasn't a lie. "All those *ham bops* and *glute drops* were just so you'd pay attention." He paused, closing his eyes before taking a breath. "So...in short..."

He leaned his head back, his massive arms hiking up into the air as he hit a double bicep pose that split his sleeves clean open. "LET'S *DANCE, BABY!*~" The sudden boom of his voice was enough to startle the chattering class into momentary silence.

Despite the embarrassment of it all, you didn't mind.

"Yeah, I'd like that."

The verdant wolf beamed from ear to ear, showing off all his gleaming white pointed fangs. Even through the bravado and the bulk, you could tell he was blushing just as much as you.

"Man, I could pinch myself!"

You shorted, a laugh bubbling out of you. "You already did?"

His laugh was adorable as he closed his eyes, his smile turning goofy as he stuck out his tongue. "Hah! Yeah, I guess I did!"

"Also, are those...rocks in your backpack?"

He blinked, swiveling his gaze to the listing bag propped against the leg of his desk. "Oh, this? Yeah!" The zipper pulled open noisily, revealing several smooth stones stacked to the brim.

"Where...?"

"Outside! They got a ton of rocks just sittin' around!" He pulled the bag closed before flashing you a charismatic thumbs-up. "Hey, you can't blame me for taking advantage of free weights!"

"Where..." you started, your brows scrunching. "How do you carry your books?"

"Aw, that's easy, dude!" He lifted the pile up, gripping them with his free hand, giving his other arm a teasing pump. "Just carry them in my other arm! That's why I got two of 'em after all!"

The ring of the bell disrupted the conversation. The students flocked to the door in a wave, eager to get out of school and on to the weekend. It left both of you behind, the oversized wolf looming over you as he stood. He was a good head taller than you, your eyes level with the middle of his bulging chest.

"So, *uh...*" He paused, nervously glancing at me as the inside of his ears warmed. "You got any *plans* before the dance, my dude?"

"Not really; why?" you asked, your head tilted as you regarded the green giant.

"Do *yaaaa...*" He cleared his throat, shifting from one foot to the other. "You wanna come to the gym with me, dude?"

You blinked at the sudden change in topic, your brow arching. "You seriously want to work out? Before the dance?"

"Course, dude! Always early enough to get your lift on! Besides, I gotta get a good pump going if I wanna impress my *date* on the dancefloor." He bounced his brows comically, his tongue poking out once more. "And besides, is it really a dance if you aren't busting out of your suit, bro?"

"Aren't suit rentals really expensive, though?"

"Good thing I don't get one!~" He laughed again, his booming voice threatening to rattle the windows. It was kind of flattering that you were the only one around to hear it as if it were meant only for you. "Still, the invite's open, dude! But...uh, I can understand if you don't wanna go."

The hesitation in his voice was adorable—especially coupled with his drooping ears and tail. Two things about this wolf were true: first, he was the biggest and beefiest guy you know, and two, he was one of the most expressive as well; happy, sad, or angry, it was as clear as day what he was feeling at first glance.

"I don't usually work out, but...sure! I can go for a day." You laughed, rubbing the back of your head as you got up from the edge of the desk. "It can't kill me, right?"

His smile warped a sparkle in his eye making you nervous. "Well, *my* routine probably would. But that's okay!" He leaned in, his nose only inches from your own, warm air wafting over your face. You could still smell the leftovers from lunch on his breath, but you tried not to focus on the slightly unsightly scent. "I got a feeling you're here to watch the green giant do his thing~."

You gulped, the space between you and him shrinking, his pecs jutting out the front of his shirt like round shelves. "I know you've been watching these *bouncin' bi's*. So, why not give 'em the home-field advantage?"

Watching him switch from sweet to cocky was dizzying, and the faint tang of masculine musk radiating off him didn't help. Speaking of watching, it wasn't until you blinked that you noticed that he was at the other end of the classroom, his bulging limb waving at you as he tucked himself halfway around the doorframe.

"I'll meet you over there! Gonna get some cardio in with a few laps around the school!" The giddiness in his voice was palpable, his big body practically quaking.

"Well, okay," you said with a small laugh, awkwardly getting off the table's edge with your bag hiked over your shoulder. You only made it a foot outside the door before you were interrupted by a familiar voice.

"Well, that went over well."

Zett was leaning against the nearby lockers, broad shoulders threatening to collapse the flimsy metal. He looked pleased with himself, those thick leonine fangs showing as his tufted tail lazily flicked.

"Shouldn't you be headed home?" you asked, tone flat as you gave the lion a look.

He pulled off the locker, the metal squealing in respite as the subtle dent popped back into place. "You know that my place is only a walk away. Besides..." He leaned closer, looming over you—something that you noticed a lot of the guys in this school did. "I wanna see the *fireworks~*"

Your breath caught in your throat as you choked on it, coughing. "*Wh-wha...*?"

"Hey-hey, I'm not a peeping tom, if that's what you think!" the lion said quickly, stuffing his hands deep into his varsity jacket pockets. "I just wanna see if this is the real deal, y'know? That this guy is good for you."

You cocked your head regarding the awkward feline. "Didn't you know him when you were just a kid? I thought you were childhood friends with him too."

His expression grew awkward, the flame-mane lion outwardly cringing. "Well...I did? He moved out before middle school and only came back at the start of high, so..." He shrugged his shoulders, recomposing his expression as he stood to his full, imposing height. "I dunno, people can change."

He was right about that. Even though you'd only known him for a few short years, the transformation Sylvanos went through was dramatic. You remembered him trying to catch your attention, his voice awkwardly breaking as he'd try to move into your tight-knit friend group of Zetter and Forsburn. Of course, the latter fell away in recent years thanks to a rift between brothers, but you digress.

"Yeah... He did flip pretty hard, huh?"

The lion brushed a hand through his mane, smoothing some of it back as he said, "Yeah. I mean, I've always been a big meathead. But this scrawny wolf comes along and balloons bigger than me in just a few years? Something's up." He exhaled through his padded nostrils, gaze dropping. "But I'm bringin' down the mood. I mean, I told you that I ship the two of you—and I mean it."

"*H-Hey-!*" you said with a laugh, one of those giant hands wrapping around your head, ruffling your hair.

"I dunno, I'm not smart, dude. You're the guy who helped me with all my homework since middle school." His hand retracted from your face, letting you see a rare, raw, sympathetic smile from the familiar flame-lion. "You would know better than me. You got a brain between those ears. Mine is probably missing a few pieces from all the knocks I've taken on the field, *haha!*"

You weren't exactly sure how to respond to that other than a cringe-filled smile.

"Well, I've held you up long enough, *loverboy*," he said with a wink, punching your shoulder as he stepped around you. "See you at the dance?"

"Yeah," you said, rubbing your shoulder before flashing your best friend a thumbs up. "Yeah, I'll see you there!" You watched as he sauntered off, hips swaying, bag lazily held over his broad back with a padded thumb. While Zett didn't have the same rippling bod that Sylvanos rocked, he still nicely filled out his oversized jacket with wide lats and burly shoulders.

As you marched to the gym, you exhale softly, trying to settle the nervous roil in your stomach. It was at the other end of the school, several halls passing you by as you skipped past a vending machine or two.

*Blech*, all vitamin water.

The big push for health had left the machines with a pitiful array of non-existent options. While everyone else had groaned about it the moment the menu changed, Sylvanos didn't seem to mind—not that it was a surprise. Between protein shakes, he was usually downing a fair amount of water.

Why do you remember that? Because of the way some of those droplets would dribble down his chin and splatter over his bulging chest. Besides a few cheerleaders, you knew he was the next in line to win a wet t-shirt contest, hands down. It's a shame the ice bucket challenge went out of style before Sylvanos got a turn.

The sudden strain in the front of your shorts didn't do you any favors as you walked. Adjusting yourself was difficult; a few passing students gave you strange looks as you passed, leaving you mortified.

Into the gymnasium you went, the door clattering shut behind you, echoing in the ample open space. You expected to see a coach or at least a few stray basketballs, but the place was immaculately clean and full of people. It seemed that just about everyone was getting ready for the dance; there was no time for after-school shenanigans when your love and social life were at stake.

The actual gym was at the back, nestled in a far corner that may as well have been divorced from the rest of the school. You had only been there a handful of times, but you remember the musky, industrial-esq environment well.

The door clattered as you pushed it open, poking your head in. Fluorescent lights burned above, hanging between metal rafters. Several workout machines were strewn about; this place had it all, from treadmills to squat racks. Weights most likely heavier than yourself lined the nearby shelf, reflected in the mirror that stretched most of the far wall. The entrance to the lockers and showers was in the back, shared by a counterpart door in the gymnasium.

A flash of green caught your attention. Out of the lockers strolled the familiar verdant wolf. His crimson gaze quickly snapped to you, a wide grin across his muzzle. His arms swung wide, biceps grazing against the lats that tented and stretched out the sides of his crimson shirt. It

didn't look like he bothered to change, something that caught your attention considering his intention to work out.

"Hey! I was wonderin' when you were going to show up!" Sylvanos clasped your shoulder with a meaty mitt, dense tendons visibly bulging over the back of that grabber. "I...thought you might have skipped out," he said with a nervous laugh. You noticed his thumb sliding along your shoulder, the padded digit working in a small, affectionate circle that made your heart flutter.

You asked bluntly, perhaps oblivious, "Why would I do that?"

His confident smile grew sheepish as he let out a low chuckle. "N-No reason. Just...uh, nervous, I guess!" He shifted from one foot to the other, the strapped sandals straining to contain feet equally as brawny as his huge hands.

Again, he switched from that nervous persona to full-blown bravado as he scampered over to a nearby bench. "You wanna help spot me, bro? I don't usually have guys helping me out here. Probably too scared of my daunting delts or something." After loading up the bar with enough weight to crush a man, he dropped onto his back, broad shoulders and meaty lats hanging far over the edges as he adjusted himself.

You noticed that there was something else in particular on display. The spread of his meaty thighs revealed a rather...prominent bulge between those mighty trunks. It was a fair-sized lump taking up residence in the crotch of his tan shorts, the front of it sticking out a little more than you remembered.

You had to wonder, was he feeling the same way as you? Pent up and nervous?

"Sure," you answered—perhaps a little too quickly as you rounded to the back of the bench. "Anything I need to do for you, or?"

"Nah, dude! Just keep your hands on either side of the bar while I *blast these bis~*."

You did what you were told, gripping your hands on the bar. You could feel the heat rise around your neck as his large hands brushed yours, making them look child-sized in comparison.

"Alright... *Hooo...*" he took a breath, his bulging pecs pushing out, stretching his shirt, revealing more of his clover-colored cleavage. He let out a low groan as he pushed the bar up, his fingers squeezing around it, tendons swelling out the back of his hands. His biceps flexed, jumping to attention as webbed veins crawled up his heavily muscled limbs.

You hadn't thought about it before, but he was like a bodybuilder. He had the sheer mass of one and was well on his way with the conditioning. It was a shock that coaches weren't jumping over themselves to get the juniper giant on their teams.

Maybe that's what he wanted to do as a career outside of high school? You felt a bit of regret that you hadn't asked him these questions before—especially considering he had started down this path to impress you.

The noise he made was incredibly distracting. Deep, almost sexual grunts rumbled out of the wolf with every heave and thrust of the weighted bar. It strained, wobbling a little every time he snapped his mammoth arms up into the air. One rep became two, and so on as he kept going and going... His body responded well to the pump, pecs shredding up, banded muscle surfacing and bulging out further as his biceps ballooned, triceps wrapping around the other side as they pushed the remnants of his busted sleeves aside.

With a clang, the crowded bar came down to rest on the perch. Sylvanos laughed; it was breathy, the wolf still catching his second wind as his pumped arms dropped to his side, dangling over the edges of the bench.

"*Maaannn...* I haven't had a pump like that in ages. Guess I'm just jazzed up today!" He flicked you an upside-down glance with those beautiful red eyes. "How's it lookin', dude? Am I *stage-ready* yet?~"

You would have responded immediately if your mouth wasn't dry and your brain lagging behind. "*Uuhh...*" you droned awkwardly, eyes fixed on the whole package that was your date for the dance.

He blinked a few times, the wolf looking unsure with your lengthy pause. "Do...you not think so? Or is it too much?" his tone was suddenly authentic, and you quickly realized the wolf had misinterpreted your intentions.

"N-No! It's never too much, really!" you blurted without thinking.

He processed your words, staring at you as the gears visibly turned. Once they clicked into place, a wolfish sneer pulled across his muzzle. With a cocky flourish, he pulled his arms up, draping them over the bar to show off the intricate carving of banded muscle that made up his pillar-like forearms.

"Hey, I know I've joked about you feeling up my muscles, but..." He waved a finger at you slowly—seductively even—beckoning you closer. "You wanna touch 'em, dude?" His voice was low, speaking so only you could hear—not that it mattered since the school seemed deserted entirely by now.

If you didn't have a boner before, you certainly do now. He had a hungry look to him, one that matched his wolverine features perfectly.

"Sh-shouldn't you, uh..." you wheezed, tugging at the edge of your collar. "D-Don't you need to finish your workout first?"

He contemplated your suggestion, and to your surprise, he didn't seem disappointed this time. He got up, hopping to his feet before flashing you a smirk. "*Yeaaah...* I get it now. You don't want just a sampling; you want the *whole beef buffet*~" He licked over his lips, the sloppy sound making you go weak in the knees as it hit your ears. "Yeah... I bet you've been wanting this, too, huh? Not surprising you want to wait a little longer."

Surprisingly, he headed towards the lockers instead of one of the several machines, subverting your expectations. "Wait—where are you going? You don't want to keep working out?"

"Nah, I do! I just wanna get something first—something I've been saving for a special moment." The bulky wolf vanished around the corner, the door swinging shut behind him, flapping a few times before settling closed.

You were left in silence, only broken by the sound of a whirring fan and buzzing lights. Taking the extra time, you adjusted yourself, hands diving into the front of your shorts to ensure the fabric wasn't pinching off your half-mast boner.

Sylvanos' return was heralded by thumping footsteps, the wolf heard before he was seen. "Back!" he called out excitedly, pushing his shoulder through the door roughly before swaggering through the gym like he owned the place.

"You didn't change clothes?" you asked, bringing to life the question on your mind from earlier. "Most guys switch out before they work out, right?"

"Hey," he started, dropping onto the bench, meaty thighs straddling around it. "First off, I'm not most guys. Figured the *massive pecs* would clue you into that." He popped the cap of what looked like a protein shake, the murk brown liquid sloshing as he tilted the bottle, taking a generous swig. The canine's Adam's apple bobbed as he chugged, letting out a short gasp before wiping across his obsidian lower lip with a furred forearm.

You remembered the smattering of conversations you had earlier in the day: from Sylvanos' attempts to get you to try one of his "homemade" protein shakes to Etalus asking if you could snag him some.

"Besides, I know how much my *masculine musk* attracts the girls—and *guys*~."

You coughed under your breath, desperate to get off the topic as you said, "I know I asked earlier, but...what exactly is in that?"

"*Mmhh*?" He grunted, cheeks bulging with the stuff before taking a hard gulp. "Oh, this? Uuhh... Y'know! Just *brotien*~"

Your face straightened as you stared at the sloshing concoction. "It's not full of your cum—"

"Dude, *no*!" he interrupted, some of the stuff sloshing as he waved his hands to dispel your half-spoken accusation. "Naw, it's...uh... Y'know, *proprietary ingredients*!~"

"It's something illegal, isn't it?" you finally asked, keeping your voice low. The fact that Sylvanos's ears pinned back was enough of an answer for you.

"Y-Yeah..." he muttered, surprising you with the sudden admittance. "Do you know how hard it was for me to get this big?" He gestured to himself, thickly padded palms sweeping across his bulging barrel chest. "I was a scrawny lil weakling, man. I was twiggy and nerdy, and I got my

shit kicked for most of my life." He gave the bottle in his hand a pointed shake. "*This* changed everything."

"Your *roid-gulp*?" you asked, taking a page from the verdant wolf's vocabulary. Sylvanos snickered, his mood lightening as his tail started to wag behind him.

"Yeah, I guess you could call it that. It wasn't long until my anemic lil self started picking up on some pretty sweet gains." He took another gulp, angling his arm up high; his bicep bulged as he purposely flexed, showing off the deep divide in the split, vein-webbed heads. "Just a few short years, and I'm the biggest guy in school. Pretty sweet gig, huh?"

"Yeah, I mean, you really kinda ballooned, didn't you?" You scooted next to the wolf, sitting beside him, practically getting engulfed by his shadow. He was several times your size; you could use him like a muscled mattress if you were inclined.

"Hell yeah, man! And it's not just the gains—I like hittin' the gym! It lets me get all that pent-up frustration out!"

"You mean besides punting other guys in lockers?" you asked, a bit of pointed snark tailing your words.

He peeked over his pecs, giving you an amused look as he said, "Hey, listen. I only *parked* those people in lockers for a bit. Only until they learned their lesson."

"And that lesson being...?" you asked, reaching out a hand, gently stroking over Sylvanos' heavily muscled trunk for a thigh. Quads bulged out the tanned fabric of his cargo shorts, the garment squeezing taut around teardrop-shaped muscle like a second skin.

Sylvanos let out a soft '*wharf*' of noise, the sensual contact not getting lost on him as he gave his ankle a little twist to make his quads dance. "The lesson is not to screw with you."

"*Me*?" you asked, your hand lifting from his thigh.

You noticed his own mitt pressed over yours, palming it back down to his leg. "Yeah, *you*. I saw how those bullies tried to screw with you. Pissed me off; reminded me how I used to be treated when I was scrawny."

"But, Zett—"

"He's a good guy," he interrupted, "Too good, dude. He wouldn't beat anyone up unless he caught them in mid-swing on you." He shrugged his boulder shoulders casually, the rips in his shirt growing deeper as they spread across his bulky chest. "*Me*, on the other hand?" he sneered, clenching his free fist, making his arm explode with webbed veins. "I've got an *express ticket* to lockerdom for anyone who fucks with you."

His fingers laced with yours, forcing yours apart so wide that it was almost painful. "Why do you think I want you to try this stuff out? I know you don't wanna get as *yolked* as yours truly, but..."

He smiled gently, his thumb squeezing in as his meaty mitt engulfed yours. "Figured it'd be cool to see you occasionally give a knuckle sandwich to a few hungry guys."

"I can't tell if you want me to get buff or become a delivery driver," you said with a soft chuckle. You blinked as you noticed him leaning in, the wolf's intense gaze fixed on yours.

"Whatever floats your boat, bro. I just know that I wanna ride your rapids~"

His warm breath caressed your cheek, padded nose gently grazing it. It was like he was trying to decide how far to go with his ministrations, his tongue experimentally lapping between his lips, the tip slipping out before eventually caressing your cheek. You could hear the faintest canine whines coming from him, stuck deep in his throat.

You could tell he wanted this, his fingers squeezing yours as he looped around, pressing his lips to yours. His bound ponytail bobbed as he tilted his shoulder, twisting his hand around to cup your cheek, bringing you deeper into his kiss. The wolf's lips were soft—softer than you expected, the jet black flesh gently caressing across your lips as you two quietly kissed.

Sylvanos' paddled tongue peeked out—just enough to ask permission to enter. You gladly gave it, your lips parting enough for it to slip inside. The wolf's eyes closed as he let out a muted, needy moan. The floor subtly shook as he got off the bench, dropping to his knees to sit in front of you properly—bringing your sitting height more in line with his. You could hear the scratching of his tail swinging back and forth, brushing over the cement floor as he kissed you.

It felt like minutes before he finally came up for breath, the both of you panting as the kiss broke wetly. He was flushed, a pink blush tinting his cheeks and the insides of his ears. A goofy smile was spread over his muzzle, the corners of it nearly reaching his eyes. "I've wanted to do that..." he spoke, his voice low and breathy, "for so long."

Groping around, you eventually found his other hand, clasping them together. You leaned forward, nuzzling your nose against his before speaking low, "Why don't you do it again?"

He let out a sharp whine, paddled tongue dropping out between his lower fangs as he scooted closer, pushing his bulging chest against yours, tucking it under your chin. You got a good dose of his masculine musk, an earthy scent permeating the forest-green wolf. The second time he kissed you was much rougher, his muzzle tilting to lock with your mouth as his tongue dove in deep.

"I could do this all day..." he muttered, huffing softly, breaking the kiss just enough for his lips to graze against yours as he talked. "Man...and I thought hittin' those *glute slams* gave me the high of my life." He nuzzled along your cheek, kissing over your neck before the green giant buried his face into the crook.

A quick look over Sylvanos' shoulders showed you that the place was just as empty as it started. Devious ideas began to fill your subconscious, and you knew that the risk could be high...

The wolf seemed to be picking up on your thoughts, his pointed ears lifting like a set of telepathic antennae. "Man... I..." He cleared his throat as he got up slowly—something that filled you with disappointment as that radiating heat and natural musk pulled away from you. "Nah, I wanna do this right."

"*Do it right?*" you repeated, tilting your head, looking up at the wolf as he crossed his arms over his chest. Aware of it or not, it only made him more attractive as his torso nearly doubled in size, muscle fighting for space as his pecs banged against biceps.

"I wanna get *huge* for you, dude," he said with a low huff, "Become a real muscle boulder for my babe." From the new angle, you could tell that he was hard as a rock. An endowment that would make most men blush was trapped against his inner thigh under his shorts. "Let...let me finish my workout. I wanna get *pumped* before you put those hands of yours all over me."

"You're *already* huge," you quickly reminded him—not that you were against seeing *more* Sylvanos in the near future.

"But I could be *bigger*," he replied breathily, clearly aroused as his voice churned from that densely corded neck of his. "I *want* to get bigger—for you."

Okay. This was getting incredibly hot—and it wasn't just you. His body was practically steaming, all that bulk radiating with heat as a few beads of sweat rolled down his perfectly jutting pecs.

He sauntered over to the nearby squat rack. The wolf didn't waste time as he loaded it with as much weight as he could. It was to the point where you were worried that the bar would snap clean in half. Like when he bench pressed, he kept up with rep after rep, the wolf growling and huffing as he lifted. His quads flexed, thickening up, straining his shorts. You perked up as you heard the sounds of fabric starting to tear, seams popping.

The insides of his shorts started to tear open, revealing more of his dark-green-furred flesh.

"*FFfuuckkk...*" he hissed under his breath, spreading his stance wider, feet flexing against straining sandals. "Yeah...fuck, that's the kinda pump I'm after."

You had to wonder—was this to do with the shake he had just downed? You'd seen him get his pump on before, but it was never this...*gratuitous*. You might have found it grotesque if you weren't so into it. Veins as thick as your fingers snaked over those quads, webbing in particularly along the insides of them, more of the branching roots revealed as his shorts split open.

A quick look down found that even his sandals struggled to hold on. The first lace snapped, then the second as his soles slid out of their confinement. The groans grew louder from the wolf, his body shaking as his lower body was pushed to its limit. He let out a roar, the wolf shoving the weight back up one last time, the bar bouncing over his broad shoulders, threatening to break as he racked the weights.

His chest bobbed, heaving as he came off of his pump-induced high. His shorts were tatters hanging from overblown quads. The wolf's ass had burst free, verdant green glutes flexing into

rippling croissants. Underwear was pulled tight, white fabric tucked between those globes, vanishing into the void between banded buns.

"Do..." You could barely speak, throat constricting. He had to have the largest legs you'd ever seen in your life; his quads were like tree trunks, shifting and rippling with every slight movement. "Do you usually get *this* pumped when you work out?"

"No way, man!" he said with a breathy laugh. He leaned forward, peeking over his pecs at his overblown thighs. He gave the overblown beef a little jiggle, slapping their edges before suddenly tensing. Wobbling muscle came to a standstill, going from loose and limber to pure diamond as his pelt subtly creaked. "Fuck, look at me! I'm a fuckin' *sasquats!*~"

The line did nothing to dim the dramatic show before you, the verdant behemoth still bigger than life—and now very much without pants.

"Yeah, that's usually why I don't switch workout clothes, dude! When I get a good lift going, I end up tearing 'em, so I just keep a spare outfit in the lockers." He looked over himself, twisting his heavily muscled back to look at his jutting, dimpled ass. "...Though I don't think I'm gonna fit until I get off this *malicious* high."

You had no idea how he twisted dorky gym-speak into something attractive, but he made it work. The wolf stepped out of his burst sandals, wide padded feet slapping the floor as he walked. Tendons bulged over the back of those stomps as subtle splotches of sweat were left behind as footprints.

He didn't stop until he reached the weight rack. Thumbing through them, the wolf snatched the last set off of the rack; both dumbbells combined looked heavier than you—not that you could get a clear look at the numbers thanks to Sylvanos swinging them around. His arms whipped out of either side, the wolf mimicking a terrifyingly beefy bird as he hefted those weights up into the air.

Sweat flicked as he continued his pump, groaning and grunting from the strain, a deep growl thrumming in the back of his throat. He was counting, numbers going into the double digits, threatening to hit triple as he continued to heft his limbs. His shirt was strained, the crimson fabric pulling to the point it was a second skin over the wolf's body, molded to his heavy bulk.

Like last time, you could hear the telltale sound of splitting seams. The sides of his shirt gave out, swollen lats shoving their way out like meaty wings as his enormous delts rippled and pumped. "Nnffg... Just gotta take care of this shirt next...!" He grunted, peeking one eye open to watch your reaction. "Can't let some puny scraps contain the *Emerald Adonis!*~"

And just like that, it burst off of him. The elastic of his shirt snapped like rubber bands as scraps fell to the floor, raining down in a sweat-slicked mess, joining the remains of his shorts.

You half-expected him to triumphantly drop the weights on the floor once he hit his final rep. Instead, he slid them back onto the rack with a surprising amount of care and grace. He let out a

satisfied sigh as he turned; it was like a living wall spinning on the spot, a forest-covered mountain range deciding to pinwheel.

You watched in awe as he raised his arms, clenching his fists and holding them out wide. "Look at this *wingspan*, bro!" he said with a booming, self-inflated laugh. "I'm about to take off!~" His lats jumped, spreading wide as he lifted his arms, showing how much meat was packed onto his brawny torso as it rippled with every errant twitch.

Your eyes roved over his body, taking in every inch of the muscular bulk that comprised it: all the mass he's spent years forging—just for you.

He was almost entirely naked. The only thing keeping him modest was a pair of stark white underwear; even then, it was a stretch. The band wrapped around either side of his lower obliques pinched between them and his meaty glutes and thighs. The pouch was threatening to overflow, a patch of lighter green trailing down and wrapping around the barely exposed base of his veiny shaft.

Veins were particularly webbed over his lower abdominals, stretching out like roots as they traveled down his thighs and up his torso. He had to be the most muscular person you'd ever seen in your life. There was no doubt in your mind that if he hopped onto a stage like this, he would crush the competition without a second thought.

"C'mere," he said in a low, husky voice, those lidded crimson eyes burning with passion as they stared at you. You noticed he had to peek above his pecs to see you now. You couldn't deny his request, feeling compelled by the sweat-slicked giant as one foot shambled in front of the other. Your fingers splayed as you reached out, and just before it could impact against one of those boulder-esq pecs...

You heard a sharp cough.

Sylvanos nearly jumped out of his fur. He stumbled a step back, slipping on some of the sweat dribbling off him, his broad back smashing into the nearby weight rack, sending a few dumbbells tumbling and rolling.

"*Charming*," a suave female voice called out.

A familiar panther was leaning against a treadmill at the far end of the gym. Her elbow was propped on the handlebar, a water bottle gripped in her hand. She didn't look impressed, violet-red eyes watching the both of you with thinly veiled displeasure.

"We *uuhhh*... We're just—*uurrr*..."

You'd never seen Sylvanos at a loss for words like this before. His face had practically turned red, contrasting his olive-colored fur. The wolf's large hands immediately darted between his thighs, large padded palms thankfully enough to cover up his modesty.

A small smile broke out over Clairen's face as she tilted her hips to one side. She wore proper workout gear, a pair of blue lycra shorts, and a white tank top snugly fit over her toned body. "I'm

not going to rat you out if that's what you're panicking over." She popped the cap of her water bottle, taking a swing before hopping onto the treadmill properly.

"Y-You aren't...?" Sylvanos asked, blinking a few times in surprise.

"No, but I suggest you take your fun into the lockers at the very least," she suggested, tapping the treadmill's interface a few times with an index finger. It whirred to life, the belt zipping along with the feline hopping into a jog.

You felt just as embarrassed as Sylvanos looked, your stomach churning. You wanted nothing more than to compact down and hide between the wolf's pecs.

A large hand wrapped around your shoulders, catching your attention. "Yeah, uuh... Why don't you get cleaned up, dude? I'll get my mess sorted out!" He turned his attention back to the jogging cat before saying, "Thanks for the head's up, Clairen!"

"Don't get me wrong," she said, arms swinging at her sides as sneakers clapped over the whirring belt. "I don't mind seeing two guys being friendly. But I don't think the school staff would have the same opinion." The cat tilted her head, giving the verdant wolf a pointed glance. "The only reason the coaches put up with your antics in here is because of your potential. They want you on their teams, and now that the year is coming to a close, I don't think they're going to be nearly as lenient."

The wolf flushed, ears pinning back as he laughed awkwardly. "Haha...yeah. That kinda sucks. I was enjoyin' the express ride to Bulksville~"

You were ushered gently to the lockers, Sylvanos' large hands sweeping you forward. He flashed you a reassuring smile that told you he would be along shortly.

The air inside the lockers was much colder than the gym, the whirring air conditioning in the wall above you making sure of that. It was also surprisingly free of musk—although you just chalked that up to Sylvanos' natural aura.

Just watching him work out felt like one in and of itself. It didn't help matters that he stained the front of your shirt with his sweat anyway.

You paused. Staring at the blotches, a thought crosses your mind.

Gripping the hem of your shirt, you lifted it up, experimentally sniffing at the stained fabric.

Yep. It smelled just like him. The same earthy tang radiating off it made your toes curl in your shoes. A soft moan slipped out of you despite yourself, and you could feel your shorts starting to tent once again.

"Hey, I—"

The nearby door swung shut, and heavy footsteps came to a stop. The wolf's eyes were wide as he watched what you were doing. It quickly clicked, a smug, knowing smile spreading over his face.

"Wh-what?" you asked, stammering as you let go of your shirt, allowing it to slack.

"Aw, man... I didn't know that you enjoyed my stink that much." He huffed under his breath, a subtle blush painting his cheeks as he sauntered closer to you. The clear air quickly saturated with his pungent aroma as he closed the gap, a slight warmth radiating from his pumped body. "You know, I usually clear out a room when I get my pump on..."

His hands circled around you, stroking down your arms from your shoulders before settling on gripping your palms. Like before, how he engulfed your hands and wrists so utterly was intoxicating. The fact that you were the only person you had ever seen him be affectionate with was just the icing on the cake.

"Still can't believe we're doing this," he said—as if reading your mind—his voice vulnerable and small. "You really like my overblown bulk, dude? Like, seriously?" he asked, his hands squeezing yours gently. "Because you don't gotta pretend. If you think it's gross, or you're just pretending—"

You silenced him with a kiss.

He blinked, eyes opening wide, ears shooting straight up. It only lasted for a moment before he melted into you. A soft moan passed his lips, traveling through your mouth as well as you exchanged saliva with your date. He let out a soft huff as your surprise smooch ended, a small smile playing across his muzzle as he regarded you, chin sitting between his engorged pecs.

"C'mon," he said, tugging you along gently around the corner and to the back of the lockers. His hand slipped from yours, the wolf hooking his thumbs into the band of his overstretched underwear. You tried not to overtly watch as he shimmied the garment down, revealing a set of hefty balls and a meaty, hooded shaft that swung along with them.

Taking the cue, you also decided to get undressed, tugging your shirt off along with your shorts. It was a welcome distraction to keep your thudding heartbeat in check.

You inhaled sharply as something decidedly warm pressed against your back. You didn't need to turn around to know who it was, a pair of giant arms wrapping around you, padded palms stroking your chest, the other dipping dangerously low over your stomach.

"You gotta take it all off if you're gonna shower with me, dude," Sylvanos whispered into your ear, warm breath tickling it. His fingers pushed under the band of your boxers, catching the hem with his thumbs just like his own undergarment. He slid them down your thighs, sliding them slowly—agonizingly.

"Hey, I know...you kissed me," he spoke up after a moment, pausing halfway into undressing you. "And...yeah. I just...want to make sure this is okay—okay?"

The nervous stuttering was utterly adorable, considering who it was coming from. You leaned back, raising a hand to stroke Sylvanos' cheek, ruffling into his fur reassuringly. "Yeah. I want this." You paused, deciding to rethink your words. "I want *you*."

He exhaled sharply, the wolf dropping over you, his bulging chest pressing against your back. His arms engulfed you, squeezing tight, hands splaying as they grabbed at what they could find. You could tell that even though he was excited, the wolf was still restraining himself—only using a fraction of his strength as he pulled you tightly back against him.

"I know we were friends when we were kids, but... I missed you," Sylvanos muttered; his bravado had taken a backseat to true feelings. "You used to stick up for me when I was just a puppy, and I never forgot about that."

You felt a kiss against your neck, followed by a lap of a padded tongue; it was slick and warm, sending a shiver up your spine.

"When I moved back, I was...scared to talk to you again," he continued, his warm breath against the nape of your neck. "I thought you moved on. You were friends with so many cool kids." His hands slid down further, gently freeing you of your boxers as they dropped to the floor. "I figured you wouldn't have time for me."

"And that's why you started working out?" you asked shakily, voice breathy as you leaned your head back, pressing your cheeks together.

"Yeah," he said in return, sounding just as nervous as you. "I figured the best way to catch your eyes was to make myself too big to ignore. Maybe..." He paused to take a breath, exhaling against your dampened neck. "Maybe if I was big enough, you would see me."

You would have melted to the floor if Sylvanos wasn't doing the legwork to keep you propped up against him. "I wondered why you wouldn't talk to me. You were always hiding in the gym. I never got a chance."

"Well..." he paused, pressing his wet, padded nose to the crook of your neck. "Let's make up for lost time then, dude."

You were gently guided along into the showers in the back. Thankfully the school had opted to have several private showers in addition to the open shower heads. There would always be a few students who were too shy to strip down in front of others, so it made sense.

And it made gym class a little more bearable.

Right now, though? It was a perfect, private little space for the two of you. While Sylvanos took most of the stall, you didn't mind the intimate quarters as you were pressed gently against the tile wall. The shower head came to life with a soft hiss, warm steamy water spraying above you. It hit the wolf's chest, smoothing down juniper fur as it cascaded down his front.

His movement caught your attention, hand reaching behind his head, lat spreading as a densely furred pit fluffed out. He tugged the tie from his hair, the crimson band pulling it off with a flick of his wrist. The high ponytail he sported dropped like a cascade of leaf-green fur, long hair draping over his back like a blanket as some spilled over his chest.

"Wow," you muttered as the wolf stroked through his loosened mane. "You...uh, really should let your hair down more often."

He paused, cracking an eye open, a small smile forming over his muzzle. "You think so, huh? I thought having it tied up made me look more like a badass."

"Yeah, but now you're a sexy badass," you corrected, the spray of the warm water slowly slicking down your hair as steam subtly wafted around.

A soft, possessive thrum of a growl shook from his throat as he lowered himself down. The wolf's hands enveloped your hips, tugging you gently close, letting you know *exactly* what he thought about your statement. He was bigger than you, at least twice your size—and hard as a rock. His endowment pressed against your stomach, a swing of his hips allowing the water-slicked shaft to slide along your flesh.

"I'll keep that in mind," he said, clearly filing that away for later. "Now that I'm *properly pumped*, I was promised some hands..." He let out a sharp hiss as you grabbed his chest, your palms pressing down over olive-colored nipples. A full-body shudder went through the wolf, and for a moment, you wondered if he was about to topple entirely over.

Was this the first time someone had touched him like this?

"A-Ah... Yeah, dude..." he muttered breathily. He gently rocked his hips against yours, grinding his endowment against yours now that you were just as achingly hard. "Y-You like this big body, huh?" The two halves of him were struggling; the words were dominant, but the delivery was shy and uncertain. Your fingertips trailed down from his chest, tracing cobbled abdominals and the flanking chainmail-like obliques.

Sylvanos gasped as you grasped his endowment, giving it a few pumps. Your fingers strained to wrap around his and yours simultaneously, but somehow you made it work. You could feel him shivering, his wide feet spreading, bumping against either side of the small stall that attempted to contain the green giant.

You hugged him tight, your arms failing to get around those jutting lats as your fingers squeezed into his brawny body. He was rock solid, his bulk refusing to give way as you tried to put some pressure into your squeeze.

Sylvanos pawed at your back, squeezing you closer to him. You could feel the desperation radiating off him as his tail wagged hard, slinging water back and forth against the stall's walls. "*Ungff... Uugh...*" he moaned, voice guttural as he rocked his hips into yours, frothing with your more petite frame. Despite his needy thrusts, you continued to worship his overblown body.

The pump he had gained from his workout was unreal, muscle on edge, sinew straining against his verdant pelt with even the slightest movements. You traced veins along his forearms, his hands desperately grasping at you, squeezing and sliding over your body as if he couldn't get enough of you. His touch was tender yet possessive and needy all at once.

Even in the fog of passion, part of you was grateful he didn't accidentally snap you in half.

You pushed under his arm, the wolf tilting to one side as he lifted it. You shoved your nose deep into the heavily furred void underneath his arm without much preamble.

"O-Oh... *Sh-Shit*..." he said with a sharp exhale. "You...really do like my stink, huh?"

The pungent musk was enough to temporarily short out your brain. A full-body shiver went through you from head to toe as your arm wrapped around his side. You took the time to squeeze his rear, palming over glutes as big as a basketball. Like the rest of him, they had absolutely no give—especially when he tensed them in response. His engorged ass bulged, denting inwards, dimple deepening as the hanging globes turned to flesh-wrapped steel.

"You said you wanted to grow bigger for me?" you asked, your voice husky, having finally surfaced from the wolf's sweat-slicked pit.

A sharp whine bubbled up from Sylvanos' throat, tail tucking back between his legs, the tip still swinging furiously.

You kissed his chest, tongue rolling out to teasingly flick one of those prominent nips. "You wanna get huge, huh? If you keep working out like this, imagine how big you'll be for me in just a few years," you muttered softly, your warm breath caressing his sensitive flesh. You didn't exactly know where you were going with this, but he seemed to be responding, the wolf's body quivering as if he were a needy puppy.

"Y-Yes..." he whined, barely able to get out the simple word as he gasped. Ropes of precum were gushing from his shaft, splattering across the far wall before getting washed away by the shower's spray. Hunching forward, the wolf braced himself against the wall with a fist, propping his forearm against the tile. You could spot subtle cracks forming underneath that meaty limb, the material not rated to support the weight of someone like Sylvanos.

The wolf whined, licking over his lips, paddled tongue hanging out between his lower fangs. "T...*Tell me more*..."

"Huh?" you asked, peeking up at the wolf. His expression was delicious, ears pinned back. The flow of his hair around his shoulders only added to the primal level of desperation radiating off the needy canine.

"T-Tell...me how big...you want me," he muttered, barely able to get the words out.

With a grin, you slid behind the wolf, slotting up against him, his glutes sitting over your lower stomach. The feeling of those bulging hamstrings and teardrop-shaped quads around your cock was nearly enough to send you over the edge. It didn't help that he automatically flexed, his thighs clamping around your endowment, short green fur tickling at your flesh in all the right ways.

"I think you were the one that told me you wanted to be a boulder," you said under your breath, kissing each half of his bulging back before running your nose into the deep divide between. As you nuzzled your nose back and forth, you could pick up on the natural pheromone-infused aroma radiating from him; even the shower's spray couldn't contend with the natural musk of the

verdant wolf, the odor refusing to wash entirely away. "And...as far as I know, boulders are big enough that they *can't move*."

Sylvanos writhed, an unrestrained moan yowling out of him as he rolled his head back, emerald hair cascading over his chest as he struggled to keep his footing. His thick feet brushed against yours, only highlighting the sheer size difference between them; you had to wonder how he fit them in footwear to begin with, considering. Maybe that's why he wore sandals all year despite the seasons.

The wolf's hips swung, rocking back and forth, his quads and hamstrings dancing to the movements as his calves ballooned above his ankles. "F-Fuck... Yeah... I'm... I'm gonna be so huge!" he yelled, his voice rattling the shower walls. Part of you wanted to shush him but couldn't bring yourself to do it. It was simply too hot, and you weren't sure you could shut him up anyway. He was like a runaway train, and the destination was pleasure central.

His hands were braced on either side of the wall, padded palms pressed against plastic. The bolts that attached it to the floor creaked, popping as supporting metal started to warp and strain. The stall listed dangerously, tilting to either side as Sylvanos' bulging arms flexed. "Fuuuck..." he gasped, his bulging pectorals heaving up and down.

Your hands cupped as much as you could from behind, fighting to get around his wing-like lats. Fingers slid south, your left hand diving down, rippling, bobbing abdominals to graze the base of his crotch.

Sylvanos let out a loud, throaty whine. Your touch must have been lightning because he jumped straight onto his toes, lifting himself up as his quads clamped around your cock. The wolf released a series of gasps connecting with thrumming shakes through his bulging body. Every muscle stood on end, sinew serrating as it strained against the pelt that contained it.

A sharp howl heralded his orgasm as Sylvanos tilted his head back, muzzle pointed to the tiled ceiling above. The undulating rolling of his thighs pulled at your cock, squeezing and tugging it better than any pair of hands ever could. Your voice merged with his as you clung to his absurdly broad back, shoving your face as deeply into it as possible.

The comforting fuzz of a blown load filled your mind as seconds turned into what seemed like minutes. Your ears rang, blocking out the sound of the shower. It gradually faded back in, along with the sound of Sylvanos' heavy panting. The ache in your calves signaled that you were also standing on your toes. Dropping back to your ankles, you nearly stumbled out of the stall—if it weren't for a big green hand grabbing you.

"*Gotcha*," Sylvanos said, a tired smile plastered across his muzzle, the wolf still panting from the previous exertion. "Can't have my boyfriend breaking on the floor."

"*B-Boyfriend*...?" you asked, flushing hard—not that it was much different considering you had just painted the insides of his thighs with your spunk.

"I mean..." He gently tugged you back to your feet, his hand stroking tentatively along your shoulder, thumb caressing around it. "If you want to be." He laughed awkwardly, the spray of water soaking his back, some of it caressing down his shoulders and trickling down his burly chest. "I know you wanna take the *green giant* to the dance, but...considering what we just did—"

"Yes."

He blinked as you laid against his chest, his nose only inches from yours as your eyes locked. His large hand draped over your back, stroking down it as the water slicked between the two of you.

"You...mean it? For real?"

"For real," you answered, flashing him a soft smile.

The wagging of the wolf's tail went into overdrive, the end slamming back and forth into the walls. It was enough for the beleaguered barriers to finally tip over, smacking into the adjoining walls. Sylvanos' eyes went wide as he flipped it comically across either shoulder to survey the damage.

"Oops," he said with an awkward laugh, his hand leaving your shoulder to rub the back of his head as dense digits sifted through long verdant hair.

You sighed softly, shaking your head. Even then, you couldn't suppress the giggle coming out of you as you asked, "How do you plan on going to the dance like this? Will your suit even fit?"

"Uuhh... That might be a problem, dude."

You canted your head back, flashing the oversized wolf a look.

"Gotta have a suit in the first place!" he admitted with a boisterous laugh. He exited the high with an extended sigh, his voice dropping low, "I... wasn't expecting anyone to ask me out."

"Seriously? You weren't?" you asked, trying to ignore the imminent destruction around you as the water ran in the background. "You're the biggest guy in school—wouldn't you have people hanging from your arms?"

The wolf laughed again, this time self-aware, as it turned awkward. "Yeah... That, uh, like, cocky attitude?" His ears folded back and down, the wide wolf shuffling from foot to foot. "That's...not me. It's just an act, dude." He gestured to himself, an awkward smile parting his muzzle, his forest-green hair framing his handsome face.

"Yeah?" you asked, taking his hands into yours, holding onto those strong hands. "I think I prefer this Sylvanos more."

His ears perked, eyes sparkling as his tail resumed its frantic wagging. The wolf was beyond words, grinning like an idiot. It wasn't until he leaned forward that you realized he gave you a large lick across the face.

"Thanks for askin' me out, dude."

You returned the gesture, kissing his padded nose as he leaned it down for you.

"Any time, Sylv'."