

## Little Surprises On a Blind Date

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There was nothing wrong with being nervous before the start of a blind date.

"Oh, I can't believe I forgot to clean the guest bathroom!" Mocha groaned at herself. She was already a blur as she picked up clothes from the floor and stuffed them into her closet. She was struggling not to bite her nails down to nubs as her eyes darted around the house and tried to look for any other thing that could be amiss.

In truth, the place was almost sparkling clean, and she was just letting her nerves get the better of her, as she eagerly awaited the arrival of her guest.

Mocha couldn't keep from stopping in front of the mirror over one of the storage cabinets in the living room and grooming her headfur for at least the dozenth time. Every time she thought she had it perfect, it seemed to poof back out of place, giving her just the tiniest cowlick, and she couldn't ignore it, no matter how hard she tried.

It was the same with her pouch, as she continued to brush the fur upon the front of it. She wanted to look as groomed as possible, given the handsome looking picture of the man she met online. "What if he's actually that good looking?" she asked herself, as she stroked a brush along her shoulders and her chest, as well, wanting every inch of fluff to be properly tamed. "What if he doesn't think I'm that good looking?"

She was worrying too much for her own good, but it was hard for her to help it. Knowing that she'd brush her fur down to the skin if she wasn't careful, Mocha tossed the brush into one of the cabinets and slammed it shut, though she immediately regretted it; she needed something to occupy her paws, or she'd risk fidgeting her thumbs to the point of blistering.

"Oh, no! The food!" she panicked all over again as she ran into the kitchen. She was expecting thick, black plumes of smoke to billow up from the oven as she threw the door open, but found only a perfectly cooked dish of mingled lobster tails, corn cobs and potatoes. The water boiled off perfectly, and yet, all of the seasoning stayed in place, visible to the naked eye.

Satisfied with her efforts, Mocha let out a sigh of relief and slipped on her oven mitts. She lifted the dish out and placed it in the middle of her kitchen table, just in time to finally hear someone ringing the doorbell. "That must be him!" she cheered, and she let a wide, silly smile spread across her face before she forced the giddy air from her person with a long, deep breath. "Easy. Calm. Don't seem too eager."

Smiling a warm, genuine smile as she opened the door, it wasn't Mocha's overbearing joy that concerned her guest, but the fact that she was nearly twice his height.

"Hi there! You must be Rico?" she asked, as she held the front door of her house open for him.

Blinking through wide, olive eyes and tilting his head in mild disbelief, Rico snapped back to reality and gave a quick nod. "Y-yeah, that's me! May I come in?"

"That's why the door's open!" Mocha teased, trying to seem more fun than stuck up. "Feel free to sit in the living room and make yourself at home while I finish up with dinner."

Mocha didn't address their difference of height, making it awkward for Rico to breach the subject as he slipped inside, letting the kangaroo close the door behind him. He knew he wasn't the tallest creature around, even for a raccoon, but he was shocked to see just how easily Mocha dwarfed him in height, and was having trouble hiding his nerves at the thought, as he snuck down the hall to the left.

The living room didn't help to settle him whatsoever, as the couch was far too tall for him to sit comfortably on. He actually had to grip the side of the cushions with his paws to climb up into his seat, and when he flattened his back up against the cushions, his footpaws dangled over the edge of the couch, as if he were a child sitting on adult furniture.

"Care for a glass of wine?" Mocha called out from the kitchen, as Rico tried to get comfortable on the couch. The table in front of him was massive, as well, though he couldn't reach it with his footpaws, and as cool as it was to have a flat screen TV that was a matching size to the rest of the furniture, Rico felt like an infant when he picked up the remote control, and felt like he was holding a tablet.

Not wanting to mess anything up, Rico set the remote back down and shook his head. Feeling silly and realizing that Mocha couldn't see it, he yelled back "Sure! J-just one, please."

He wished he hadn't stammered. He didn't want Mocha to know that he was a little uncomfortable, and truthfully, he felt a little bit silly for it. Other than the fact that everything around him was larger than it should be, there was nothing unusual about the place: a couch sat on one wall, a television hung from the other, and there was a coffee table between. Storage cabinets and a hutch for the fine china lined the walls, along with a few pieces of artwork, and the living room flowed openly into the dining room, where Rico could see steam rising from the freshly cooked dinner.

He just worried about how hard it might be to get into such a tall chair, at his height. They were all catered to Mocha's size, and the thought of having to climb up into the seat like a child was a little embarrassing for Rico.

In the kitchen, Mocha could feel the tip of her tail buzzing just slightly. She knew she was grinning, and she didn't care if Rico caught her in such a state. He was a cute raccoon, in her eyes, and she couldn't wait to impress him with her culinary skills. When all was said and done, she might even get a kiss out of the deal, and the thought of the same left a warm flush under the delicate, white fur around the edges of her muzzle. Brown tipped ears of tan perked up as she heard Rico fidgeting around in the living room, and as she came back out with a pair of full wine glasses, she noticed that the raccoon looked a little distressed.

"Uh...h-hey. Just figured I'd get a head start on getting to the table," Rico suggested. He was halfway up one of the dining room chairs when she arrived, and she openly giggled as he sat upright at the table. Only his bust was visible above the edge, and the wine offered to him was in such a large glass, he felt comical just holding the stem of it. "Looked like it might be a bit of a climb up to the top!"

Mocha felt her expression faltering just a little bit. Rico was able to bring up the elephant in the room without being rude, but it still pained her a little bit to realize that her size was

bothering him. "Yeah...it can take a little getting used to, if you aren't the size of a basketball player."

The kangaroo sat at her end of the table and quietly sipped her drink, looking slightly forlorn as Rico flattened the black rims of his ears. "It's n-not a bad thing," he scrambled words together, seeing that he might have hurt Mocha's feelings. "Just a very unique experience for someone like me."

"You sure that it doesn't bother you?" Mocha asked, looking a bit less friendly as she began to scoop a few servings of food onto Rico's plate. "Seems like most guys get here, enjoy a free meal, and sneak out after they realize they can't handle it. I guess I'd just like it if you told me ahead of time so I'll know if I have leftovers for tomorrow."

It saddened Rico to see a frown spreading across the once bright, smiling lips of the kangaroo. She wore her emotions on her sleeve, and hers was an expressive face, one that was beautiful, and yet, instantly marred by the presence of sadness. "I'm not going anywhere til I get to watch a movie with you," Rico explained himself. "And if this food is anywhere near as tasty as it looks, I'll be back for another movie next weekend."

Mocha's eyes lit up a little bit, shortly after the words passed her ears. She wasn't expecting such a sweet response, and a tiny smile began to curl the corner of her lips as she spooned some food onto her own plate. "R...really? You mean it?"

"What can I say? I'm a sucker for good food and better company," Rico admitted. He flashed a quick, knowing smile of his own as he took his first bite of the tender, pale flesh of the butter-boiled lobster and let out a rumble of satisfaction, loving the feeling of the scrumptious morsel as it passed down into his tummy. "And this might be some of the best lobster I've ever had in my life!"

"Oh, come on...you're just saying that," Mocha shot back, feeling a bit of that familiar warmth in her cheeks once again. "I'm not that great of a cook. I just borrowed my mom's recipe."

"Well, I've never met your mom, but I think you'd better keep this a secret from her, cause I bet she'd be jealous!"

Rico was laying it on thick, but every word was sincere as his muzzle curled up in a happy smile that bounced with each bite of his meal. He struggled to drink the wine from his massive glass, but Mocha giggled, finding it endearing as he gripped the stem with two paws in trying to find the best way to drink from it. "I'll make a note of that, Rico. Thank you...you really are too kind."

Trying to keep her smile from spreading too wide, Mocha took a few bites from her own plate and watched Rico carefully, glad to see that he was really settling in, despite their differences. It seemed that the way to a man's heart really was through his stomach, but that didn't mean that the movie would go over so swimmingly.

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"You ever name your food babies?"

Mocha tilted her head as she took a seat next to Rico on the couch and grabbed the remote. "My what?"

"Food babies," Rico replied. "When you get that little bulge in your tummy from eating too much, so it looks like you're pregnant."

Giggling and getting the point, Mocha shook her head as she kept her laughter behind a dainty paw. "I can't say I've ever done that. What are you gonna call that one?"

"Lil' Rico? I dunno. I'm kinda running out of names for these things!"

"So...what you're saying is I should always make too much food when you come over."

Mocha knew that it was a presumptuous and risky statement, but to her delight, Rico took the bait and tossed it right back at her. "If you really think your budget can handle that, then sure!"

The movie was already starting in the background, but the pair were having such a good time chatting that they were only half watching it. "I do pretty well for myself, but I think you might put that to the test," Mocha suggested. She snickered at the raccoon as he smiled back up at her, and with a curious, daring paw, she reached out and gently stroked the side of his cheek fuzz. "Are you comfortable, Rico? I'm sorry that I didn't tell you about my height before."

Rico felt a chill run through his spine at the unexpected touch, and his nerves jumped up to the surface once again as he saw a much larger creature looming over him. Even if he knew he wasn't in any real danger, there was still something in his survival instincts that made him a little edgy in the moment, and a nervous smile spread across his muzzle as he nodded. "I...I'm very comfortable, Mocha. Why do you ask?"

"You just look a little cold, dear. You're shivering."

The raccoon was sure that the kangaroo was toying with him, now, and though the cold, winter air outside was trying to permeate the house, it was just comfortable enough for Rico not to need any further warming. If his jacket came off, however, that would quickly change, and the look in Mocha's eyes, knowing and just a little bit sensual, lead him to believe he wouldn't be wearing it too much longer.

"N-no, I'm fine! Perfectly fine! It's not drafty or anything..."

"Sounds like denial to me," Mocha pointed out, able to hear the little bit of nervous doubt in his voice. "I think I'd better do something to warm you up..."

Rico wasn't against kissing on the first date, but judging by the look in Mocha's eyes, she had something much more than kissing in mind, and she wasn't afraid to let it show on her toothy grin. She found it cute, the way that he scrambled back toward the other end of the couch, especially knowing that she could easily catch him if she needed to. That kind of effort felt unnecessary, however, as she turned away from him for a moment. Her tail lifted just slightly as she did, but a thick coat of fur preserved her modesty, without any clothing on her body.

"M-Mocha...what...whatcha doin' over there?" Rico asked, as he tried to contain his trembling figure in the nestled end of the couch.

The kangaroo didn't reply at first. She was too busy rustling through the drawer of the end table to be properly concerned with Rico's panic, even if she did find it rather adorable. "Just getting a little something for yooooou!" she replied, her voice tilting up in pitch like a song as she spun back around to face the timid raccoon. "I know you're nervous, but I think this will make you feel a lot better!"

Rico didn't know how the sight could make him feel any better. Mocha was pointing some kind of a gun at him, and he gulped back a thick, heavy lump in his throat as the kangaroo narrowed her mischievous eyes on him and pulled the trigger.

Going stiff and nearly passing out with fear, Rico watched as no bullet came from the gun, but a bright, neon blast of blue and green swirls. He couldn't have hoped to dodge it, and as the light bounced off of his fur and illuminated his body, he felt an immediate sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, as if it might drop into his feet. Watching with a casual grin, Mocha slipped the ray gun back into the night stand and rested her chin in one of her palms, getting comfortable as the real show began.

The ignored movie continued to play in the background as Rico waited for the brilliantly bright light to diminish. Eyes that were winced tightly shut with fear slowly cracked open, and as Rico saw Mocha sitting in the dim light of the television, realized that she looked like she might be even bigger than she was before. That didn't seem possible, but her the position of her grinning muzzle was definitely higher than it was before, and Rico noticed how baggy his sleeves were as he glanced across them. "Mocha...t-this...what the hell is this?" he asked, quaking in the corner of the couch as his jacket slipped right off of his smaller frame. The collar of his shirt became so baggy that it nearly sunk around his shoulders, and he tossed it off of his body, finding it useful as little more than a blanket at the moment.

"Well, I told you that you looked kinda cold, so I figured it might help if I gave you a little extra clothing. Problem is, I didn't have any clean blankets lying around for you to borrow...I thought this might be a suitable solution."

Rico couldn't begin to explain how disturbed he was, as his body actually continued to shrink. He was frustrated to begin with, and as he climbed out of the pile of his clothing, it was only by luck that he was able to keep his modesty at all, as he wrapped himself up in the spilling fabric of his now gigantic shirt. "B-but...but I'm tiny! How is this gonna help?!"

Mocha didn't want to give away the surprise just then, but she was letting her giddy expression take over, and she almost had to cover her muzzle with her paws to keep from grinning any wider. "Oh, you'll see..." she whispered, though, at his smaller size, Rico felt as though she was bellowing out at him. He tried to keep his body covered as he turned to run, but large paws easily scooped around either side of him and picked him up, before holding him in the air like he was little more than a child, wrapped in a blanket. "I actually think you'll find it quite to your liking, Rico! Shall we get back to our movie?"

There was something amorous about Mocha the entire time, but she never crossed a line that Rico was truly uncomfortable with. He was still quivering in the grasp of her paws, but as she sat him into her pouch with the shirt still wrapped around his lower half, he felt a rush of comforting warmth like nothing he'd ever known before. He had to grip the edges of

the pouch with his pawtips so that he could see out of the pouch and actually watch the movie, but even when Mocha adjusted her body and sat upright against the cushions, Rico felt surprisingly comfortable in the grasp of the warm, fleshy pocket.

"This...this is actually kinda nice," Rico thought out loud, surprised even at himself that he was able to get over being shrunk in such a rapid fashion. "Mocha...was this your plan all along?"

The kangaroo glanced down into her pouch, smiling and nuzzling the end of her muzzle against Rico's own before she turned her gaze back up to the TV screen. "Something like this, yeah...but I didn't want to push you too far the first time, Rico. Sorry if I embarrassed you at all."

"I wasn't exactly planning on being naked inside of a pouch on our first date, but...perhaps we can revisit the concept next time?" he asked, as he felt like he might actually doze off to sleep in the warm, peaceful grip of the pouch.

Just hearing that there would be a next time was all of the comfort and reassurance that Mocha needed to truly relax and enjoy the rest of her evening. She reached a paw into her pouch and gently stroked a pawtip along Rico's tiny shoulders as she curled up on her side, content to enjoy the movie with him like that, and nothing more.

"It's a date, Rico..."