

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

“So ... what did you think of it?”

Kate tried to tune out the whispered voice. Rolling her eyes in frustration at clueless people, she wished at some point people would realize that a whispered conversation carried further than soft-spoken words. Then again, this was the university library. Clueless students were not in short supply.

“Probably the scariest movie I’ve ever seen. My hands were shaking so bad I couldn’t hold my wine glass.”

Kate fought the urge to snort in derision. The two girls looked like sorority pledges. Expertly applied make-up, designer tops, and perfect hair marked the pair as privileged with a huge case of spoiled. Being seen shopping at Wal-Mart probably constituted as the ultimate nightmare for these two.

“That’s so not the reaction I expected. Why?”

“My brother would rat me out just like Dougie did. My father would kill me.”

Drama queen alert, Kate thought to herself. She really tried to ignore the conversation and concentrate on the poem she had to interpret for Lit class.

“I’m glad I don’t have a brother. You think your dad would go off on you?”

“I’m serious! He’d kill me. There’s a reason I sleep with a light on and hate small spaces. Jeanie knows; that’s why I didn’t have to do that stupid closet game for points.”

“Oh. Your dad’s that messed up?”

Kate felt a wave of guilt at her previous thoughts. Nobody deserved to be abused, especially as a child. Her parents weren’t perfect, but she’d never gotten anything more than a single swat on the butt when she was six years old. One that she now knew she’d deserved at the time.

“I pretend to be the perfect Christian daughter and he pays for my education.”

“I’m sorry. I had no idea. My mom knows. She probably told daddy and he pretends to not know anything. She was more pissed about the tattoo than anything else.”

Kate saw the girl shudder at her friend’s statement. She suspected that the petite brunette was gay. Damn it, she needed to concentrate and stop being so nose-y.

“She knows? How? She didn’t catch you—”

“Oh gawd! No, I got careless and she figured it out. She thinks it’s a phase I’m going through. That’s why she’s so worked up over the tattoo. I showed mom the movie, too. She thinks that the movie proves I shouldn’t be doing such things. I pointed out that John’s reaction to Amy’s secret is why I don’t date guys.”

Kate remembered mother catching her and Cody Wilcox behind the garage in the eighth grade. Yeah, that had been the most embarrassing thing to ever happen to her. She couldn’t imagine how bad it would have been if it had been Brenda or Kristy. There were some things that weren’t worth

thinking about too much.

“Speaking of careless ... aren’t you afraid people are going to figure it out?”

“Yeah, right. It’s not a rainbow triangle or a pentagram like those Wiccans show off. With all the tramp stamps, Emo-Goths, and wannabe-Suicide Girls running around, nobody will think twice about it.”

The resulting giggle fit brought the conversation to an end. One of the student workers came over and told the girls to quiet down or leave. Kate breathed a sigh of satisfaction as she returned to the poem and her work. She ran into trouble right away. The conversation still rattled around in her head. Normally she couldn’t be bothered to care about princess types and their drama, however, the undertones from those two struck her as odd.

At this point Kate became irritated at herself for listening so closely. Her gift for recalling anything she heard became a curse. During lectures, it saved her from trying to keep up with written notes. She had excelled at Speech and Debate in high school, which is how she received a full-ride scholarship. It also kept her from having a long term relationship. She remembered dubious excuses and inconsistent lies as easily as other people remembered their own phone number. Guys really hated being caught shoveling bullshit to their girlfriends and she hated being lied to by narcissistic pricks.

Feeling sorry for herself wasn’t going to get her Lit work done. She needed to reset her mind to get rid of the auditory loop driving her to distraction at the moment. Packing everything into her backpack, she headed for the student union cafeteria. She hoped the crowd buzz would overwhelm her ears and allow her to get something done before class tomorrow.

Kate returned the wave and smile as Steve matched her pace. She liked Steve, his flamboyant personality made him fun to be around. He had a tendency to be a bit of a drama queen, but that went along with the rest of his personality and lifestyle. She found it quite amusing that he sat next to her in Life Drawing class. He definitely had talent, but more often than not, he commented on shopping for his next conquest with the guys who modeled for the class. His first words to her as he walked with her to class confirmed this.

“Did you see the notice that the next model is female?”

Her smirk and nod didn’t faze him at all. “Yes. How disappointed you must be.”

“Not really. I’ve exhausted my repertoire trying to get a date with Mark.”

Kate laughed at his exaggerated pout. Truth be told, she wasn’t going to miss Mark up on the pedestal either. The distraction of the other girls in class simpering over the weight lifters’ physique annoyed her. She enjoyed looking just as much as the next girl, but the barely hidden smugness on his face as he posed for class turned her admiration into distaste.

“You never had a chance, Steve. All those fawning little sluts had you beat.”

“Hey, now, I can do fawning slut just as good, if not better, than those air-headed poser girls.”

“True, but face it, you don’t have the boobs to pull it off.”

His long-suffering sigh and dramatic expression made her laugh even harder. They continued to discuss their mutual dislike of several classmates that didn't take their art serious. Miss Wright, their instructor, tried to weed out the obvious voyeurs in the class. The university did the same by making the Life Drawing class a second-year course, requiring at least two prerequisite art courses to qualify. Even so, there seemed to be at least one or two people that took the class just to see a naked guy or girl pose in front of them.

Kate set up her sketchpad on the easel as the rest of the class filtered in. Miss Wright took control of the class as soon as the last student closed the door. She explained that their next model had several tattoos and piercings. She expected everyone to practice their detail work using perspective scales. Kate looked forward to the challenge.

Miss Wright called to the model that had been waiting behind the partition at the front of the classroom. Kate had expected to see a Goth-type to step out after the description from Miss Wright. That wasn't who confidently strode out dressed only in a simple white terrycloth robe. The model had a classic, girl-next-door face with shoulder-length sandy brown hair. If she were wearing make-up, Kate couldn't tell. The only signs of cosmetic enhancement that caught Kate's eye happened to be the dark, blood-red shade of nail polish on her fingers and toes. This struck Kate as an odd choice since the color didn't fit with the model's skin tone or hair color. Maybe it matched the clothing she wore before undressing for the class.

Miss Wright motioned for the model to disrobe and step up onto the pedestal. There were some gasps as the class got a look at the artwork hidden by the robe. Kate didn't know how to react to the tattoos and piercings. She'd seen plenty of tattoos before, but the level of artistry displayed on this girl's body rivaled that of photos seen in professional trade magazines. Kate knew enough about tattoo art to recognize tens of thousands of dollars worth of ink when she saw it. She also heard herself groan along with most of the class as she realized there was little hope of sketching those tattoos with any matching level of the talent that it took to create them.

Miss Wright had a tiny smile as she addressed the class as the model took her place up on the pedestal.

"I know what you all are feeling. I don't expect you to be as detailed as the one who did the originals. Do try, though."

Kate waited her turn to walk up and circle the model up close. She examined the model's expression as everyone made quiet comments on particular tattoos or piercings. There was a serene pride the exuded from the woman, which surprised Kate. There was no trace of smugness that had soured the time spent drawing the weight lifter. She took a closer look at the various piercings. Even the piercings were works of art. The nipple rings had small dangling charms set with faceted gemstones. The bellybutton charm looked to be a stylized Greek Zeta symbol with inset garnets or rubies. Kate noted that the color of nail polish matched the stones set in the Zeta charm.

When it was her turn to walk around the pedestal, she found it difficult to take in all the detail. Kate noted that every tattoo had an animalistic theme woven into them. Stylized paw prints with wolf or canine faces shaded into the pads were placed on the woman's shoulder blades, above her hipbones, and the cheeks of her butt. All pubic hair had been removed and in its place above her mons, a highly detailed rope knot resembling a horizontal Mobius strip had been set. The more Kate thought about that particular tattoo, the more it reminded her of something else. There were too many loops inside the basic shape to be a true Mobius strip. It suddenly popped into her head; it was a Gordian knot. There were other details interwoven into the rope that had a very organic look, almost like blood vessels from a medical illustration.

As she paused to examine the detail of the knot tattoo, she saw the small charm dangling from the clitoral hood piercing. The vertical post had a paw-shaped keeper instead of a ball and the charm hanging from the base looked like a miniature dog tag. She could see that there were initials inscribed on the polished surface. Expecting more piercings, Kate found the lack of such on the woman's inner lips a mild surprise. Kate glanced up at the woman's face just as she turned to go back to her seat. She found the woman staring at her with an odd, enigmatic small grin that reminded Kate of the famous Mona Lisa.

Kate's stomach fluttered as her breath caught in her throat. The intense piercing gaze stopped her in her tracks for a single heartbeat, and then the moment passed. She hurried back to her seat trying to make sense of the strange feeling that the woman's gaze had left with her. Kate didn't feel any attraction to the woman, she was sure. However, there was a current of something that had passed between them. Almost like a signal of recognition between two people whose souls see the truth beyond the physical realm. Kate spent the remainder of the class sketching basic proportions of the model; skipping any attempt at the detailed tattoos.

After class, Steve walked with her towards the library. He waited until they were far enough away from the other students before making a comment about the incident in class.

"So, Miss-straight-as-an-arrow, what happened back there?"

Kate shot him a look that would have scorched paint.

"That was not what you think it was."

"Really? Could have fooled me. That sure looked like a deep, meaningful 'I-want-to get-it-on' look if I ever saw one. If it had lasted longer I'm positive the cheesy bow-chica-bow-wow sound track would have kicked in."

"You are such a drama queen. I'm not into women and you know it, so stop with the innuendo crap."

Steve gave her a hurt puppy look before shrugging and grinning. "Alright, I'll quit. So what really happened then? Something went on between you and Miss Animal Planet."

Kate couldn't help herself and laughed out loud at his characterization of the model. Once she regained control of herself, she shook her head at him. "That wasn't very nice. Funny, but not nice." She paused for a moment to think before answering his question. "I honestly don't know what happened. It's not attraction I can tell you that much."

"Okay, I'll accept that ... for now. You do have to admit it looked odd. I don't think anyone else noticed. Between despair and shock, nobody was paying you any special attention. I only noticed because you were the only member of the class she deigned to look upon."

"Hmmm, I'm not sure how to feel about that. Weird."

"Oh, she is that. I strongly suspect there's more than one meaning behind all those tattoos and piercings."

The conversation paused while they made a quick detour through the snack bar at the student union to get their customary after-class soda. Since the day was so mild, they chose to sit at one of the picnic tables outside. Once they set their art supplies aside, the conversation picked up again.

"What did you mean about the meaning of her tattoos and piercings?"

Steve paused as he stared into her eyes for a moment. He seemed to come to some sort of conclusion at an inner conversation before answering. "How much do you know about alternative lifestyles? I'm not talking about your garden variety gay-lesbian thing either."

The sudden change in Steve's demeanor into something much more serious than she expected caused her to take the question at a deeper level of meaning. She thought about how he'd worded the question and took it to mean something even further than just mainstream alternative lifestyle. Being an English Lit major, she had read several books that were deemed erotic, or more, for their time. The Story of O came to mind almost immediately due to the piercings. She said as much as soon as it came to mind.

"You're talking about Story of O type stuff, right?"

"Yep, exactly like that."

Kate shrugged casually. "Okay. Big deal. Everyone gets into a little bit of kink nowadays. I've even got that goofy Warcraft music video about the Internet is for porn somewhere on my computer."

Steve grinned and nodded. "Right. Ever come across stuff about people and animals?"

Kate sat back in shock. Several thoughts occurred simultaneously in her head. First, and foremost, the story of Catherine the Great and her horse came to mind. The story of the Minotaur and several other classic Roman and Greek myths popped up. Hindu and even some Japanese artwork flooded her mind's eye with images and sculptures of humans and animals intertwined in sexual positions.

"Whoa. Okay, that's just ... bizarre. You're saying our new model is into that sort of thing?"

"I wouldn't even think of saying this to anyone else, but ... yeah."

Kate nodded in agreement. Kate had been friends with Steve since last semester. He knew she didn't gossip and would never say anything beyond just the two of them if the subject matter delved into personal issues. He didn't even have to ask, she would never discuss something like this with anyone without him telling her it was okay first. Just as that thought completed itself, another came out of the depths of the recent past. Steve was also a movie buff and knew details about all sorts of Indie films only a theater nut would know.

"Have you ever seen a movie that had a cast of characters with the names Amy, John, and Dougie?"

Steve's face went through several expressions, starting with confusion at the non sequitur. The grin that formed when his mind caught up let her know he had the answer.

"Yep, good one. I forgot about that flick."

Kate waited for an explanation until she realized that he didn't understand that she wasn't aware of the details. With an exasperated sigh, she asked, "No, what's it about? I overheard a conversation and for some odd reason it popped into my head that it might be relevant."

"Oh. Yeah, it is. It's about a girl who had oral sex with her dog, she tells her boyfriend about it, and he freaks out. Total asshole hypocrite. The skeezy pothead brother overhears the confession and blurts it out at the dinner table with the parents sitting there. There's some heavy social and relationship commentary in that movie. Where did you hear this conversation?"

"In the library; two sorority princess types were discussing it."

"Hunh, that's the last thing I'd expect girls like that to be talking about. Usually it's some sappy romantic comedy that reinforces their view on life that if you're pretty enough everything will be handed to you on a silver platter."

Nodding forcefully with a sardonic smirk, Kate replied, "Which is why the conversation stuck in my head. Putting two and two together, I'm guessing one of them is active in what you're talking about. At first, she said some things that made me think she was gay and had come out to her mother. Now, I'm thinking that she wasn't talking about sex with another girl but a dog."

"Wow. They were discussing this in the library?"

"Yeah, they were whispering, so it carried half way across the room. The one said something about getting a tattoo with some sort of symbol. She said nobody else would understand what it meant."

"Did she say what the symbol was? A Greek letter, maybe? That's why I said the double meaning thing about our model. That Greek letter hanging from her bellybutton is the Zeta. It's used by some in the zoophile underground."

"How do you know about this stuff?"

"I'm a porn junkie. I'll watch anything once, if it's really out there, twice."

"Uhg, I've seen some really twisted things by accident. You go looking for it?"

"Sure, why not? It's just porn. Besides, it's not like I have a line of studs waiting outside my dorm room door."

"That's bordering on TMI, thank you very much."

"Hey, you asked."

"Yeah, okay, point. I need a break from this bizarre stuff. I'm headed for the library to work on my Lit paper, you coming?"

"Nah, I think I'm going to head back to my room. Catch you later."

Kate steadfastly refused to contemplate what Steve was going to do in his dorm room. Instead, she thought about the implications of the conversation she'd overheard and the model's tattoos. To her own surprise, she didn't feel any revulsion like she expected. Granted, it didn't excite her either. No, what she did feel was more than just a little curiosity about the fact that these women had sex with an animal and flaunted it in a way that others might recognize.

Saturday afternoon found Kate strolling through the nature park looking for inspiration on a poem she needed to write for class. The weather had been holding closer to the end of summer rather than early fall on the calendar. She stayed on the designated footpaths to avoid being hit by the enthusiastic bikers that seemed to ride hell-bent for an accident on the other trails. Her lackadaisical speed allowed her to focus on the wild flowers trying to get in one last effort before winter arrived.

She came across an opening in the underbrush that looked more like an animal path than the manufactured path set down by the park service. Since inspiration had yet to strike, she decided to try the spur for something interesting. She quickly wondered if it had been a wise choice since the

narrow path left little room to see anything other than the brush growing up to the edge. She chose to continue for a little further unless the underbrush completely choked off the trail. The breeze shifted slightly and brought the soft murmuring of a woman's voice to her ears. It sounded like someone cooing to a lover. Thinking that a romantic tryst hidden in the woods would make for a good poem, Kate made sure she didn't make any more noise than possible as she continued down the trail.

Kate froze as she came to the edge of a small clearing. She backed up a little to make sure the woman lying on the blanket just a dozen paces away couldn't see her. The reason for the cooing and gasps she'd heard stood between the woman's legs with its head under her skirt. A large brindled dog was making slurping noises that had an obvious effect on the woman. The aroused woman had her bare feet up on the dog's back, occasionally rubbing the soles along his ribs. The dog seemed to be just as happy because his bobbed tail was going back and forth in a blur.

Kate's hands trembled as she hugged herself in shock. Her mouth felt dry and her chest tight as she tried to breathe without a sound. She watched one foot slide beneath the dog's belly and the woman stroked its large sheath and sac with her toes. The pink tip of the dog's shaft slid out and Kate could see glistening moisture coat the top of the woman's foot as she drew it back and forth. The woman's breathing became ragged and her words slurred as her peak approached. Kate bit her upper lip as the woman suddenly grunted and hunched her hips erratically against the incessant lapping tongue at her slit. The woman had her feet crossed across the dog's back as she forced herself into the lapping tongue, her toes curled in ecstasy.

Kate listened to the woman praise the dog, calling it Alex. After a few calming breaths, the woman pulled her skirt up and rolled over onto her stomach. Kate tried to get a look at the woman's face but the disheveled long hair obscured her features. The boxer danced around behind the woman as she raised herself up onto her knees. It licked the shiny and swollen lips between the upturned cheeks presented by the aroused woman. Kate heard the woman call Alex to mount her. That's when Kate got a look at the extended shaft hanging from beneath the huge dog. The size surprised Kate, not ever contemplating just how big a dog penis could be. Licking her lips with a dry tongue, she watched the boxer jump up onto the woman's back.

The woman called excitedly for Alex to mount her good as she reached up between her legs and guided the pink shaft into her. The boxer immediately began to hump into the woman as she cried out when its shaft buried into her completely. Kate received another shock as she witnessed the speed of the dog's hips as it mated with the woman. She was no virgin but no guy had ever moved that fast or that hard into her. An inkling of why a woman would do such a thing as allowing a dog to mate with her came to Kate as she listened to the woman grunt and cry out. While very energetic, the dog's stamina seemed to match human males as it slowed down to stay inside the woman. Kate recognized the sounds of the woman having a powerful orgasm as the boxer stopped humping.

Muffled words continued to stream from the woman as another orgasm shook her body. Kate heard guttural moans mingled in with the praise for Alex mounting her so well. Just as Kate thought about backing away, the boxer slid off and pulled out of the woman with a loud pop. Kate stood absolutely still as the copious amount of milky fluid seemed to pour out of the satisfied woman in a never-ending sloppy spurt. The woman caught some of the fluid in her hand and pulled it to her mouth, licking it off her fingers humming contentedly. When the woman called to Alex to let her do that, Kate saw the swollen size of the dog's penis as it licked at the bobbing shaft.

Awe would be a good description to use for what Kate felt at seeing the sheer size of the swollen shaft. The huge bulge at the base explained the weird popping sound when it pulled out of the woman. It had to have been like a cork exploding from a champagne bottle. Seeing the woman pull

the boxer around and lift the shaft in her hand to her mouth gave Kate another jolt. Performing oral sex on a guy was not one of her favorite things to do and it truly surprised her that the woman would do that for the dog. Hearing the woman hum and slurp added to the surreal experience she was having.

Again, the thought of backing away before being caught occurred to her. Yet watching and listening to the woman having sex with her dog held her in place. After a few minutes of sucking on the dog, the woman happily cooed that he was ready again. The boxer danced around behind the upturned rump and hopped up again. The swollen size of the bulge at the base had gone down but the shaft itself had remained quite thick. The oddly pointed tip slid between the woman's engorged lips without guidance this time. The boxer began humping with nearly the same rapid enthusiasm as the first time. The muffled grunts and whimpers told the story about how good the woman felt at what was happening. The length of time the boxer spent humping his mate lasted much longer the second go around. Curiously, Kate counted five strong orgasms and two powerful full body shakers before the boxer came to a stop.

By now, the combined effect of what was happening and Kate's thoughts resulted in her own arousal. She could almost feel the sympathetic fullness of what she was witnessing. When the boxer finally slid off and popped free, another spurting flood poured out from between the red and swollen lips. Kate felt her own pussy clench in sympathy when it happened. She could see the huge wet spot spreading out on the blanket from all the fluid draining out of the woman. A different wet spot had formed in Kate's panties and she could suddenly feel the slickness of her lips as she shifted her feet. Her face felt hot and her breasts tight and full. The thought of being seen in this state watching the woman suck on her dog's penis caught up to Kate's awareness. The last thing she noticed was a paw tattoo with a Zeta symbol inside the center pad on the woman's right butt cheek. She carefully backed away and left on wobbly legs.

Kate woke up feeling very much like a dead person should feel on day three. Her head throbbed well into the excruciating level of pain. Sour wine mixed with acidic bile coated her tongue. Her right hand ached and her pussy burned with a sharp sting. The smell of stale sex and vomit filled her nostrils. Groaning with effort and shame, she slowly untangled herself from the sticky sheets. Opening her eyes against the painful glare coming through the window, she gazed upon the remnants of the previous nights excesses. Five empty wine cooler bottles sat in various positions of disarray on the nightstand; the sixth was still lying in the bed. Seeing the encrusted bottle on the bed sheets let her know what she'd been doing with that last container. She remembered picking out the wine coolers not so much for the contents but the shape of the bottle.

Groaning again in misery, she pulled out a towel and stepped into the bathroom. Her stomach lurched in revolt at the mess around the toilet. She didn't remember getting sick, but the evidence was splattered all over the white porcelain bowl and the floor around it. Grabbing a dirty towel out of the hamper, she wet it in the sink and cleaned up the stinking mess. Dry heaves made her stomach hurt even worse as she did the best she could to get the foul mess cleaned up. Her mind was still mostly on autopilot as she worked. The previous day's events and her activities afterwards didn't bear thinking on too much right this moment.

The hot shower managed to make her feel a little better. She stood under the spray with her mouth open trying to get rid of the awful aftertaste. She said a small prayer of thanks that she didn't have a roommate this year. Trying to hide what she'd done last night or dealing with the aftereffects this morning with someone else was not a pleasant thought. As her mind came out of the alcohol-muddled fugue, she began to assess her feelings. Despite her upbringing in a relatively conservative

home, she wasn't overly religious. If she were going to be honest with herself, her belief structure would be rather close to being agnostic. Seeing what organized religion and its zealous fundamentalist followers were doing to society as a whole made her question its validity. If there really was some higher power somewhere, individual integrity would mean more to it than a bunch of ritualized dogma; or at least it should.

That left societal influence as the main focus for her guilt. There was tremendous pressure by society to conform to what others deemed acceptable. Again, thoughts of what happened to those who didn't conform came to mind. Gay and lesbian teens had been tortured and killed just because they were different. What had been done to civil rights activists in the past flashed in her mind's eye. Even recent attempts at banning books came up. Did she really want to let the same people who thought it okay to ban the dictionary from public schools because it contained the definition of oral sex in it to dictate what she did in the privacy of her bedroom? Not only was the answer no, it was emphatically fuck no!

Feeling much better physically and mentally, she dressed for maximum comfort. Her inner lips still hurt so she picked out a pair of old cotton panties that had been washed so many times the fabric felt as soft as silk. She chose a pair of baggie jeans and an oversized t-shirt next. Slipping her feet into an ancient pair of running shoes, she headed for the cafeteria. She needed to put something in her empty stomach, at the very least a large glass of orange juice sounded like a fine idea.

She'd managed to get to the cafeteria before the breakfast line shut down. She got a bowl of oatmeal and a large glass of orange juice. With the seating area nearly empty, she got a seat in front of the large windows overlooking the quad. She ate slowly as she stared out at the gently fluttering leaves of the giant trees and let her thoughts flow randomly. There were still twinges of guilt and shame; one did not change core beliefs in a single day no matter what logic was applied. Her sexual history had never included anything overly kinky. Growing up in the age of the internet allowed her to access anything she cared to examine. She was a voracious reader and several books included erotica.

Her thoughts were still jumbled as she retrieved a cup of coffee and sat back down to stare out the window. She hadn't paid any real attention to anyone around her table as she continued to wrestle with her thoughts and emotions. Holding the cup in both hands, she rested her elbows on the table and gazed out the window with her eyes unfocused. A loud female voice nearby calling out to someone barely registered in her mind.

"Hey you! Don't you just look all relaxed and content with the world?"

"I should. I spent the entire day with Alex worshiping my body."

Kate choked on the coffee in her mouth. Her sudden reaction had caused her to snort coffee out her nose. Tears blurred her vision as she coughed and sputtered. The coffee cup dropped from her shaking hands and skittered across the table. Blood drained from her face as she recognized the voice.

"Hey! What's your damage?"

Kate stared into a face she recognized. It belonged to the brunette that had been whispering in the library. Her mouth opened as if she were going to say something but sheer panic flooded her body. Kate bolted for the exit on rubbery legs. She needed to get away before something terrible happened. She slammed into the doors and kept going in a blind sprint. She managed to clear the

steps without falling on her face as she ran towards the quad. Shouts from those she shoved out of her way were ignored. All she could think of was getting as far away as fast as possible.

She made it to the opposite side of the quad before her lungs screamed for relief. Wheezing like an out of shape runner, she wobbled to a stop at the base of a large shade tree. Dropping to the ground, she put her back to the trunk and closed her eyes. Rubbing her face to get rid of the irritating sweat rivulets, she tried to catch her breath. Her side hurt something fierce and her legs burned from the abuse. Before she could get a handle on her confused thoughts, someone kicked the bottom of her foot. Her eyes popped open to see the friend glaring at her.

“Listen up you little cunt! You breathe a word of what you think is going on and I’ll make your life a living hell, you got me bitch?”

Kate had never been so scared in her life. Already in a state of panic, this new threat sent her over the edge. She sobbed and blubbered that she wouldn’t say anything.

“Better not bitch.”

Kate whimpered as the girl kicked her foot again before striding off. She had never been bullied before and the experience shook her up beyond her ability to deal with. She curled up on her side and sobbed.

“Miss? Miss? Are you okay?”

The strange male voice lacked any real emotion. To her ears, it sounded as if the person speaking were doing so out of reluctant obligation and not any true concern for her wellbeing. With her emotions still out of kilter, she could not seem to gather up the energy to respond. She heard the male voice muttering to someone else but was unable to understand the words. She wasn’t aware of how much time had passed when a female voice asked if she was okay. A touch on her shoulder made her flinch away violently. In her confusion she thought the vicious girl had come back to dish out a beating to reinforce the threats. She sobbed even harder and begged not to be beaten.

“Jesus Christ! What the hell? Hal, call the Troopers. This girl sounds like she’s been tortured. This is way beyond anything we’re paid to handle.”

“Damn. Yeah, okay, you’re right. I already called the paramedics; they should be here in just a few.”

Kate felt cold and began to shiver. The emotional turmoil and the abuse she had subjected herself to the night before caught up to her. She just needed to sleep and get away from everything. She felt someone touch her again. She just couldn’t handle it anymore. Awareness faded away.

Murmuring voices greeted her as she woke up. The bizarre nightmare she remembered turned out to be reality. The medical jargon that filtered through her awareness disturbed her. Terms like sexual assault and deep vaginal bruising stood out. Her mind felt fuzzy like she hadn’t completely sobered up, yet her memory of eating breakfast meant that she had sobered up. She was in a hospital. The smells and sounds registered finally. She opened her eyes and blinked away the crusty residue left by the tears. Rubbing her eyes must have signaled to someone that she was awake. She blinked several times as a nurse stepped over to her side.

“How are you feeling, miss?”

Kate decided that simple truth at this point would serve better than a facetious comment.

"Like crap and half drunk. What did they give me?"

"Valium. Just enough to keep you calm. The Troopers reported that you were emotionally distraught and reacted violently to being touched. They have some questions to ask once your head clears. We also have a crisis counselor waiting to speak with you if you feel like talking."

Kate processed everything said first before delving into the implications. Crisis counselor? Oh, no. They think I've been raped! Damn. Damn. Damn. Now what do I do? I sure as hell don't want to talk about what really happened. Deny everything! Playing stupid wouldn't work; she knew damn well she couldn't lie worth crap.

"I don't need a crisis counselor, at least not for what you are thinking. I heard someone talking just before waking up. I'm guessing they think I was raped, right?"

The nurse gave her a funny look before nodding and answering. "Yes, that's right. Your initial exam showed vaginal bruising. Matching that with the report, it was naturally assumed that's what happened."

"It isn't what happened. How I got that way is nobody's business. As for my reactions in the quad; all I'm willing to say is that I had a bad run in with a bully."

The nurse looked skeptical but persisted.

"Denial is one of the—"

"Please, no psychobabble, Nurse—"

Kate glanced at the nametag and blinked. She blinked again. She looked up into the nurse's eyes with a shocked expression.

"Is that a joke?"

This time the nurse's face had a large smirk and she was shaking her head.

"Aren't you a little young to know that reference? No, it's not a joke, that's really my last name."

Kate giggled, feeling quite a bit better now that genuine humor had been injected into the situation.

"Alright, Nurse Diesel. I know it because a good friend of mine is a movie buff and he made me sit through what he called one of the greatest comedy movies of all time. Of course, he made me sit through all the Alfred Hitchcock movies first so I'd understand the jokes. I disagree with him about it being the greatest. Blazing Saddles was funnier. Moreover, I loved the reference to Randolph Scott. He was a hunk, much better looking than John Wayne, but don't tell my dad that."

Nurse Diesel was shaking her head again but at least she was smiling.

"Okay, you aren't acting like you are in denial. I'll accept your word that you weren't sexually assaulted. The Troopers are still going to talk to you, though. You sound coherent. I take it that the valium has worn off?"

Kate thought about it for a moment and nodded.

"Yeah, I'm not as fuddled as I was when I first woke up. I guess I'll get it over with."

Chapter Two

Shuffling her feet up the stairs took every effort from her exhausted body. She never wanted to get into trouble ever again. Dealing with the police had opened her eyes and burned away many of her long held beliefs. She was angrier at the ivory tower mindset that had kept her naïve of reality than the cops who stripped her of those illusions. She had always been told that the police were your friends and were there to help you. The brutal verbal abuse and outright intimidation they had subjected her to for nearly two hours had been nothing more than a pair of thugs with badges who felt they answered to no higher authority. If real rape victims were subjected to that behavior, no wonder women refused to talk. She remembered the look of disgust and increased suspicion when she had asked for a lawyer, as if that request meant she was guilty of something even more heinous and prodded them to dig further into her private life.

Once inside her room, she realized that her day wasn't over yet. The mess from the night before needed to be cleaned up. She stripped off the sheets and remade the bed. She took out the trash and emptied half a can of air freshener to kill the smell of vomit. Now her room smelled like someone had puked up scented candles. What little appetite she'd gained flew out the window with some of the stench. She flopped down onto the bed and closed her eyes. She really needed a nap.

She woke up ravenous and chilled. Looking at the clock, she groaned in frustration. She had missed dinner at the cafeteria. Now she had to leave campus to get something to eat. Grabbing a light jacket, she tried to think of what to get for dinner. Thinking about how much she had left of her monthly stipend, she chose the tiny Greek eatery just on the other side of the Arts building. They did a two-for-one gyro special on Sundays. Mutton and feta cheese stuffed pita bread sounded like the perfect thing to fill her aching stomach.

An hour later, Kate sat back after stuffing herself. She suppressed a very unladylike belch and looked around to see if anyone she knew had seen her. That brought back the incident and she wondered if anyone had figured out who she was. She hoped not. Rumors spread on campus faster than light traveled. Chances were someone had whipped out their cellphone and filmed it and the whole thing was on YouTube now. Could this day get any worse? Glancing up at the order line, she had her answer. Yes, it could.

For a brief moment, Kate wondered if she had pissed God off with her actions and this was the payback. No, just my crappy luck, she thought. Petite brunette and her psycho friend stood in line. So far, it looked as if they hadn't seen her and Kate hoped it stayed that way. She sank further back into the booth and hunched over to hide behind her extra-large soda. It didn't work. The brunette began to glance around at the occupants and spotted Kate. The surprise was plain to see on her face. What Kate didn't expect was the immediate look of guilt and shame. Brunette turned back to her friend and it looked like the two got into an argument. The psycho friend looked pissed and left in a huff after the brunette said something harsh.

The brunette ordered her food and then tentatively came over to Kate's booth. Kate didn't know what to do but running away seemed like a really bad idea after what happened the last time she tried that trick. The brunette spoke softly as she stood nervously looking into Kate's eyes.

"I'm really sorry for what Julie did to you. She's got ... issues."

Kate hadn't expected this kind of treatment, nor the apology. Saying her friend has issues almost made Kate laugh. No shit, Sherlock. What gave you the first clue? Instead of blurting that thought

out loud, Kate decided that the olive branch had been passed and she needed to accept.

“Okay, thanks. Your friend needs to get some help. She didn’t need to threaten me. I wouldn’t have said anything to anyone, you know. I’m not like that. I don’t do rumors, it’s mean and it always comes back to bite you later.”

She could see the relief and embarrassment on the brunette’s face.

“Why are you being so nice? I thought you ran to get away from...”

Kate was shaking her head, the rueful grin plain as day on her face. She noticed the cook placing a tray on the pick-up counter and made a quick decision.

“Your food is ready. How about you sitting with me and we’ll talk like civilized people? I’m Kate, by the way.”

“Uh ... uh, okay. Anna.”

“Thank you, Anna.”

Anna’s nervous smile helped Kate relax into the situation. She couldn’t quite get over why she’d made the offer. After the way she ran the last time, now her hands barely shook. Kate couldn’t help but blush as Anna slid into the booth across from her. There was some relief in that Anna had virtually the same blush on her as well. They stared at each other in an awkward silence for a moment before Kate spoke first.

“Go ahead and eat, relax; we’ll leave the other stuff for later.”

“Okay, thanks. I really am sorry about what happened. I tried to stop Julie, but, well ... when she gets like that she can be scary, ya know?”

“Yeah, I know.”

“God. I’m sorry, I’ll just—”

“Shhh, it’s over with and done. I accepted your apology, okay? Relax, eat. Let’s go with the easy stuff for now. I’m a sophomore English Lit major with a minor in Art. I have a full ride scholarship and live in Towers 3 East in a single room.”

Kate learned between bites that Anna was a junior in Business Administration with a minor in Computer Science. She was in a sorority but didn’t live in the chapter house. Instead, she lived in an off-campus apartment even though she was a local. As Kate had guessed, Anna came from a wealthy family and been part of the upper crust in high school. While she and Julie had gone to the same high school, it wasn’t until she became part of the sorority that they met. It was this revelation that brought back the awkward subject of Anna’s sex life.

“How did Julie find out about, well, you know?”

“That’s a long story and I can’t talk about most of it; I promised Julie never to breathe a word. Let’s just say it involved lots of alcohol and the aftermath of a mixer party.”

“Yeah, okay, I can relate. I know what can happen when too much alcohol is involved.”

Kate’s voice and expression must have given away more than she thought.

“Oh? I’m pretty sure how you found out about me, but what do you mean by that?”

Kate blushed and looked around. Nobody seemed to be paying any special attention to them; however, there was no way she wanted to discuss this particular subject in a public area.

“I’m going to get a refill. Let’s take a walk.”

Anna nodded and followed Kate’s lead. Once outside, Kate suggested that they head for the fountain where they could be in a well-lighted public area and still have a private discussion. Kate explained how she first suspected something about Anna after overhearing the discussion in the library. Anna learned from Kate about whispering and how ineffective it really was at keeping people from listening in. Once they found a good place to sit, the conversation resumed.

“You’re right about how I know. I nearly stumbled into you and Alex in the clearing yesterday. I didn’t know it was you, though. If you’d left your hair braided like it is now, I would have.”

Anna’s blush turned bright enough to see even in the shimmering lights from the fountain.

“I can’t leave my hair in braids when I’m with him. He thinks they’re chew ropes just like his other toys. He can be such a goof and tug of war is the last thing I want him thinking about when we’re together like that.”

“Oh! Uhm, yeah, okay. I guess that makes sense.”

“So, you know my secret. What’s yours?”

Kate nodded with a blush that was every bit as bright as Anna’s had been. She stuttered a little at the beginning, but she described how she’d found the lovers and what happened after she left. This led to her reaction when she recognized Anna’s voice in the cafeteria and the incident that followed. Anna had tears in her eyes when Kate described how the cops treated her at the hospital.

“Oh, God! I am so sorry! How can you be so nice to me after that?”

“I don’t blame you, Anna. Those assholes are to blame. I had my eyes opened yesterday. In more ways than one. I’ve had a lot to think about and not much time to process everything. Sitting here now, going over things, I guess I can see why you would want to be with Alex. I mean, the way those cops treated me and my own dating history ... like you said; you spent the day being worshipped. I’ve never had that. Although, the whole, non-human lover aspect is more than a little disconcerting to me.”

Anna chuckled as she wiped the tears away. She gazed at the fountain for a moment before speaking.

“Yeah, I know, believe me, I know. I’ve tried to explain it to my mom and Julie. Julie thinks it’s some super-kinky sex thing. My mom is pretty much the same way; she just doesn’t understand and probably never will. Sometimes I don’t even understand it. I’ve talked to some who do, or, at least, think they do. Alex is my soul mate. Deep down in my heart, I know that for a fact. Of course, he’s a damn sexy beast and he turns me on just looking at him.”

“Wow. That is rather profound and, uhm, romantic in a bizarre way. Look, it’s getting late and I’ve had a horrible day. No, don’t apologize again; I don’t blame you for what happened. I’d like to talk more, but I’m beat and I still have a ton of work to catch up on. Can we get together later on this week? Don’t think this is a condition for friendship, but I’d just as soon keep my distance from Julie

for now. Okay?"

"I'd like that, yes. I don't blame you about the thing with Julie. I'll try to talk to her and get her to chill out."

"Great, thank you, Anna."

Life Drawing class on Tuesday showed Kate that she still had issues with her curiosity. Kate apologized to Steve for snapping at him over his excitement about an incident on campus over the weekend. Lucky for Kate, nobody seemed to know who the mystery woman was. She desperately needed to keep it that way. To her chagrin, Steve became distracted with Kate's odd fascination with their newest model. She decided that his attention to her discomfort over the model outweighed the risk of attaching her to the incident on the quad.

Kate made the excuse of needing to work on her poem to skip the usual soda break after class. Steve gave her a bit of grief for being a slacker and left. Kate needed more time before she felt comfortable with what was going on inside her head. While Steve was a good friend, somehow she didn't think he would be able to overcome his need to be a drama queen. It was simply in his nature to inflate the importance of what were essentially for Kate, mundane personal issues. Kate found that most people did this at one time or another. She even did it, but promptly chastised herself for being weak and stopped as soon as she realized what she was doing. Steve didn't have the ability to see the need to stop, or even that he should.

Kate looked back over her shoulder when she heard the oddest sound. She nearly fell on her face tripping over her feet when she saw what made the sound. The model stood at the rear of a full-size pick-up with a matching color topper. The hatch was open and the head of the biggest sled dog she'd ever seen stuck out. The dog licked the model's face and she laughed. For the first time, Kate saw the model in her normal wardrobe. It wasn't what she expected at all. A midnight blue long sleeve blouse under a black leather vest, a calf-length skirt shaded in dusky gray, and polished black leather Doc Martens Diva Bellissa triple-strap boots.

Kate found herself walking towards the pair as the woman let the dog out of the back. He, definitely a male, Kate couldn't miss seeing, bounded out of the truck with a grace that left Kate in awe. He was magnificent.

"Yes, he is."

Kate blinked hard, startled by the voice. She tore her gaze away from the dog and looked into the intense gaze of its owner. Kate stammered, embarrassed by the fact that she must have spoken her thoughts aloud.

"Uh ... uhm ... I'm—"

"Kate. I know. Nice to meet you. I'm Helen, and this is Jack Ryan. Say hello, Jack."

Kate experienced a surreal moment as Jack made an odd ululating call as he looked right into her eyes. Her breath caught in her throat as the deep bass rumble made her chest vibrate. The name struck her as familiar, and then she remembered the character from a series of techno-thrillers her dad loved to read.

"Oh, my! Nice to meet you, too, Helen. Uhm, you named him after the character in those techno novels?"

Kate felt more than a little embarrassed when Helen winked and had that enigmatic smile on her face.

"Hmmm, I let most people assume that, or some other unknown man. However, there's a much more salacious meaning to his name."

"Oh?"

"Oh, yes. Would you like to know what it is?"

Kate paused and looked into Helen's eyes. She glanced down at Jack and realized that the dog hadn't stopped watching her. It also occurred to her that she didn't have to look down very far to gaze into the dog's eyes. Helen had an arm casually draped over Jack's shoulders. Looking back at Helen, Kate nodded.

"If you want to, that's fine."

"Want? Hmmm, not quite the correct term. Perhaps willing is a closer match. His full name is Jackhammer Ryan. Ryan is an old Irish name that means 'king', and Jackhammer is what he does ... to me. Don't you, Jack?"

Kate felt even further from reality at the casual admission and Jack's rumbling answer to his lover.

"Why ... why would you tell me something like that? You don't know me. What would happen if I spread that around?"

"You won't, I can tell. Part of the reason is I know you and your friend Steve recognize the meanings behind my body art. The other reason is that I recognize another kindred soul. I've watched you while you've worked in class. I can see the curiosity in your eyes; the need to know if it's true and what it would be like if it is. It's better than anything else you can experience, if you accept it."

"Accept it? You almost sound like you are trying to recruit me for a religious cult."

Helen laughed and Jack huffed in what Kate took to be his version of a laugh. It truly shocked her to see how closely Jack's behavior matched Helen's.

"Oh, no, absolutely not; it's a lifestyle, not a religion and I'm not recruiting. By acceptance, I mean that you have to let go of any guilt. I don't feel superior to anyone for my choice, it's my life and I choose to live it however I want. I'm also very happy and if I can help someone else become just as happy in their choice, then I will."

"Okay, I can understand where you are coming from now. You are the second person I've talked to that has chosen to have a canine lover. I'm not sure what to think right now. It's all just a bit surreal to me and I need some time to comprehend all the information and how I feel about it."

"Perhaps it was serendipity, Kate. Here's my card, call or email me if you want to talk."

"Okay, thanks. Bye, Helen. Goodbye, Jack."

Kate laughed when Jack sounded as if he had really said 'goodbye' as she walked away.

Kate sat back in her chair, filled with indecision laced with nervousness. Anna's email included an invitation to hang out at her apartment to watch movies and have some wine liberated from her dad's cellar. Kate shuddered at the thought of drinking wine, vividly remembering what happened the last time. It had taken nearly a month before the smell of alcohol didn't make her mouth water as if she was about to throw up.

Did she want to take the next step in getting to know Anna? So far, they had stayed at the trading emails and phone tag level of the relationship. Anna made hints before about hanging out off campus, but this was the first time she had made an outright offer. Kate wrote back accepting the offer with the stipulation that she would bring her own beverages. With the decision made, she relaxed and went back to her online research.

Kate waved at Steve as he came through the doors of the cafeteria. He nodded back and stood in line at the drink station. Bringing his extra large coffee over to their usual table, he sat down with a smirk.

"So, what's new with you? I've heard some of the poser chippies from class whispering about you and the model."

Kate snorted and rolled her eyes. "Oh, please. What makes you think the oxygen they waste breathing doesn't upset me more than what they waste said resource on saying?"

Steve's girlish giggle made Kate laugh. He sipped his coffee and gave her a look that said 'spill your guts now, girl', over the rim of his cup. Kate snickered and stuck her tongue out at him.

"Oh, alright, I'll tell you. We have talked outside of class. What we talked about isn't up for discussion. I will reiterate that I am straight and as far as I know, so is Helen."

"Whoa, okay, wasn't expecting you to actually fess up. I was just teasing, honest. Today is her last day for the class, so I was just getting in one last dig."

Kate accepted the offhand apology and smiled to let him know she wasn't upset. Glancing around, she didn't see anyone close enough to overhear, so she asked the question that had sat in the back of her mind since discovering the weird fetish.

"I've been meaning to ask this, so I need a serious answer, okay? How do the advocate groups handle the issue of what people like Helen and Anna do? I mean, are they tolerated?"

Steve snorted in disgust and shook his head. "No way, mocked at the minimum, outright harassed and blacklisted normally. You might be surprised to know that the advocate groups can be just as bigoted as those they deride for treating us like crap. Some hide out in the furry fetish crowd to get a fix. It's acceptable to be dressed up as a furry, but if there's a hint of someone going true zoo, they get tossed out."

Kate nodded and sat thinking about the implications. Her thoughts interrupted by his next question, she blinked as her eyes refocused.

"Why? Are you considering it?"

Kate blushed deeply and sputtered, trying to say something, anything to hide her darkest thoughts. Steve held up his hands and shook his head.

“Whoa, don’t freak out on me. This is me, remember? The one who watches the most fucked up porn uploaded to the net. Unlike some of my brothers and sisters engaged in the alternative lifestyles, I don’t judge. I refuse to be one of the hypocrites. I really can’t blame you for thinking about it. I’ve seen what’s available for straight girls on this campus; I’ve even tried to chase a few of those boys myself. They’re rotten pigs. I’m sure if you look long enough, you might find a gem or two, but come on ... none of them are good enough for you, Katie.”

Kate sniffled and wiped the tears from her eyes. Terrified of losing her best friend, her panic attack had changed into an upwelling of love for someone that accepted her and thought that much of her. There was a moment of wishful thinking that he would be more than a best friend, but common sense and reality didn’t go away. She knew the truth; Steve might flirt with the concept, but he could never think of a woman as a lover and partner. Gathering her wits, she blushed with a tiny grin.

“Thank you for that. I’ve been so scared to even think about it too much. So ... you wouldn’t toss me to the sharks if I went down that path?”

“Not a chance, sweetie. You’re my best friend, my lifeline to sanity. You never let the drama queen reign for long and I need that sometimes. Just remember one thing, be true to yourself. Don’t do something life altering just because you are curious. It’s good that you are asking questions and taking your time thinking about it.”

“Life altering, that’s a good way to put it. It wouldn’t be just the sordid part I’d have to hide. I have always been an open and honest person. Changing that part of me wouldn’t be easy, if I could do it at all.”

“Look, I’m not trying to talk you into doing something, but if you had a regular boyfriend, would you talk about your sex life?”

Kate blushed, shaking her head. “No, I wouldn’t. Okay, I see your point.”

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### **Chapter Three**

Anna’s smile when she opened the door made Kate feel just a little guilty. She had resisted the hints to visit before, but seeing Anna react as if royalty graced her home unsettled Kate. To make matters worse, Alex acted the same way. He licked the back of her hand and danced around her with an excited wiggle of happy welcome. Anna’s cheerful voice invited her inside.

Kate looked around the small apartment, comparing it to her dorm room. Anna’s taste in wall art came as a bit of a surprise. The eclectic array of landscapes, surrealist images, and classic reproduction prints made for a confusing collage without any discernable theme Kate could see. Anna gave her a quick tour, stopping in the kitchen long enough to get a glass with ice for the tea mix Kate brought with her. Anna pulled out two trays of snacks from the refrigerator, one with vegetable sticks and the other with fruit slices. Kate shook her head at the amount of effort Anna had gone to for her visit.

“Anna, this is too much. I don’t need the royal treatment, really. I’m flattered that you went to so much effort, but relax, I’m not judging you.”

Anna's shoulders slumped as she turned to face Kate with a smirk. "Yeah, I guess I was laying it on a bit thick, huh? Sorry. I just wanted you to feel welcome and, well, you're only the second person besides my mother that has seen the inside of my place."

Kate's astonishment at Anna's admission circumvented her natural filter, blurting out, "Why?"

Anna let out a sigh as she pointedly glanced at Alex sitting by the doorway watching them handle the food. Kate followed the glance and then blushed as she faced Anna again.

"Oh, yeah, okay. Sorry, I completely spaced that part for a minute." Kate frowned as she recalled Steve's advice. "Anna, don't take this wrong, but, do you really need to be that paranoid? I mean, nobody else needs to know the truth, but wouldn't people just think he's a pet?"

Anna seemed to pull into herself as she let out a long sigh. "This isn't how I wanted things to go." Kate started to offer an apology, but Anna waved a hand to stop her. "No, it's okay, really. You aren't part of a sorority, so you can't know what it's like. The cliques, the politics, and the backstabbing are ten times worse than high school ever was. That's why I've been trying so hard for you to be a friend. You're above all that stuff."

She didn't know how to take Anna's disclosure of angst. Maybe she had been too quick to make assumptions about how the life of the privileged looked plush and easy. Anna was either a really good actress or this was the inner woman who had serious problems and needed a real friend. Kate decided that good friends were rare and this was a chance to be true to herself.

"I wouldn't say I'm above it, I simply refuse to get involved in it. You don't have to try so hard, Anna, I'm already your friend. Let's go sit on the couch and you explain to me what you meant about the sorority thing."

Anna curled up at one end with Alex sitting where he could place his head on top of her bare feet. Kate had a brief mental flash from the park when Anna had used her delicate feet to caress him. She forced her thoughts away from the encounter and sat on the opposite end facing the strange couple. Kate watched Anna stroke Alex behind his ears as she gathered her thoughts. After a moment of silence, she began explaining her comments.

"Joining a sorority is like getting accepted to a sisterhood of potential close friends. You are led to believe it's a great experience on the great path to female empowerment. What it really is, is an opportunity for the Queen Bee's to lord their control over a bunch of girls who don't have a clue or who want to be led around by the nose."

Kate shrugged, "That's pretty much what I figured. So, what happened to you that makes you so angry?"

Anna paused for a moment and seemed to regard Kate with a bit of resentment. "You've heard the term GDI, right? God-Damned Independent. Mostly it's used when the Greeks want to feel superior. I use it when a fit of envy hits me because I want out. I can't leave the sorority because I'm a Legacy member. My mother is an alumnus."

"Okay, I can see where that would be a problem, but it's not that bad, is it? You have an apartment on your own, not living at the chapter house."

"This apartment is my mother's concession to me staying here and not transferring to another school. I told Mother that I wouldn't be pimped out by the Sisters as a party favor. The sorority tells you who to date, who has to provide 'services' to fraternity brothers who do favors for the sisters,

and, if you don't go along with the queen and her chosen few, they can remove the protection of the sorority."

Kate sat back, startled by the accusations and the implications of what Anna said about her sorority. There had been rumors and hazing incidents, but the administration cracked down on all the organizations to clean up their act.

"What do you mean, 'protection'?"

"Just exactly that, protection from the brothers. The sorority is basically a dating service for the fraternities, which is fine for most of the girls because they're shopping for a husband. The queen and her chosen match up selected brothers, and we are expected to go along with those choices. There's some negotiating and swapping, but for the most part, the pressure to conform is huge." Tears formed in Anna's eyes as she paused in her diatribe. Alex whimpered and licked Anna's feet when he sensed his mistress becoming upset. "If someone doesn't go along, the queen can remove the protection of the Sisterhood. When that happens, the brothers are free to do as they please. They pulled a train on a sister who really pissed off one of the queen's favorites."

Kate was aghast at the revelations. How could this kind of thing happen? She thought stories like this were urban myths and frat boy fantasies. Like panty raids and topless pillow fights, it was all just exaggerated adolescent wet dreams. As her thoughts bounced around, she couldn't miss the obvious comfort and support Anna received from Alex. She could see the bond between them and realized it wasn't just about the kinky thrills anymore. She nodded and pointedly glanced at Alex.

"The thing you have with him isn't about a 'phase', is it? He's your safety net against the stuff you're dealing with from the sorority."

Anna blushed and wiped her cheeks. She petted Alex and nodded. "Yeah, he's my biggest fan. I love him completely and he dutifully worships me in return. He's nothing like those self-centered pricks that are looking for a quick cum dump at the mixer parties."

Kate's cheeks turned pink as she laughed at the comments. It did bring up an important factor in her thoughts on the subject and decided to plunge ahead and ask.

"I know you could find a geek with tons of future potential that would do the same thing. Why choose this way to get that? You can't take him to a party and nobody in your social circle will ever understand or let it go without trashing your reputation."

Anna blinked several times and shrugged. "I guess maybe I'm a lot kinkier than I'm willing to let any guy know about. You know how bad guys are about bragging. Besides, I don't have to take BC pills that make me fat and give me zits."

Kate could understand about the pills. It was that very reason she didn't date or go to parties where something might happen with a laced drink. The kinky sex part still went beyond what she was willing to accept for herself ... yet. Now, why did that thought happen? Was she really considering it? There were some dark fantasies that she didn't want to even admit to herself, but they were still in the back of her mind. She re-focused on Anna and blushed.

"Okay, so there are points to be made about either choice. Even if..."

Anna smirked and nodded. "Even if what? C'mon! Fess up, girl. You know my secret. What's yours?"

Kate blushed all the way to her chest. She felt the beginning sting of tears at opening up to

something this deeply personal. However, Anna was right. You had to share secrets for friendship to truly work.

“Oh, okay. I was going to say, even if the thought of having a tongue that won’t stop is better than potential earning power.”

Anna’s delighted and definitely naughty laughter startled Alex. He barked once and stood up wagging his stubby tail. Kate couldn’t stop blushing, but she chuckled along with Anna. She felt better for having admitted to her secret and could tell a barrier had dropped away after the admission. Anna’s eyes held a sparkle of relief along with the humor.

“You have no idea until you have it happen to you. Alex won’t quit until I push him away. No guy you will ever find could equal that. His tongue just squirms up inside and sends me right over the edge.”

Kate squeaked, “Really?”

Anna beamed at Alex and rubbed his head. “Oh, hell yeah. He’s the best.” Anna glanced at Kate, then back to Alex, and seemed to come to some inner decision. “If you want to find out for yourself, I think I could be convinced to share.”

Kate sat open mouthed in shock at Anna’s offer. Could she really do it? Then the full implications hit her and made her shudder. She looked into Anna’s eyes and saw the offer to let her inside a different sisterhood, one that would let her experience all those dark fantasies without judging her for it. Her head nodded shakily almost of its own accord. Her heart began to hammer in her chest, as the moment seemed to hang on the edge of reality. Her mind went blank as she waited, holding her breath for the decision that would change her life.

Anna grinned, her eyes dancing with perverted glee. Her softened voice plucked the taut cord Kate stood balanced upon, making her body vibrate with heavy sexual tension.

“Alex will rock your world, Kate. Slide your pants off and I’ll get the honey. Alex loves the taste and it’ll help him get used to you.”

Kate let the words bounce around in her head for a moment before her trembling hands went to the buttons on her jeans. She couldn’t quite believe she was letting this happen. Yet, she felt safe and willing to try with Anna there to help. She watched Alex dance around Anna as if he somehow knew what was about to happen. Hooking her thumbs into the waistbands, she pushed her pants and thong down to the floor. As she kicked her shoes and pants free, she glanced up to see Anna with a towel and a bottle of honey. Alex yipped and wiggled excitedly at her side.

Kate lifted her hips at a motion from Anna, and couldn’t quite believe she was letting this happen. She had never been naked in a sexually charged moment with another girl, and here she was practically shoving her pussy in Anna’s face as the towel slid beneath her butt. Alex pushed his head between her legs sniffing at her opening. She squawked in surprise when his tongue flicked out, running up along her slit, sending a sudden jolt through her body. Anna snickered and gave her a mischievous glance. “Maybe he won’t need the honey after all.”

Alex gave Kate another tentative lick, but seemed hesitant to do more. He looked to Anna as if asking her permission to do what he wanted to do. Anna cooed to him and nodded. “Its okay, Alex. Lick her, she wants you to. Go ahead, lover, show her what you can do.”

The words penetrated Kate’s mind, making her arousal pour liquid fire through her body. Hearing

Anna encourage Alex to lick her was so deliciously perverted. Talking filthy during sex had always been one of Kate's secret triggers. Anna taking her hand brought her out of the haze she was sinking into. At first, she thought Anna was going to do something with her, but seeing Anna up-end the bottle of honey onto her fingers relaxed the momentary panic. Anna winked and shook her head as if reading Kate's thoughts.

"No worries, Kate. It's just you and Alex; I'm just giving you a helping hand. Rub this into your lips, a little inside if you really want him to go deep. Don't sweat about infections, honey is safe, that's why I use it."

Kate felt her face grow hotter but nodded in acceptance. She rubbed the sticky honey around her hood and down into her slit. She could feel her own moisture thin the honey as her fingers dipped inside her opening. Alex immediately lowered his muzzle, licking the back of her hand, sneaking his tongue between her fingers to get to the sweet honey. His teeth made her nervous, but all she could feel on her sensitive skin was his rough tongue. She slowly withdrew her hand and let the rapidly lapping tongue have at her center.

She absorbed the image of the large dog licking between her legs. The intense sensations from what he was doing to her sent her arousal burning through her veins. She couldn't believe how good it felt to have an animal, a beast, slithering its tongue over her swollen lips. She could feel her clit swelling, the hood pulling back tight, sending mind-jarring shocks right into her lust hazed brain. Her body twitched and shuddered as the constant lapping never gave her a chance to catch her breath. She sank into a daze of pure sensation, her eyes unfocused, staring over the scene playing out between her legs.

Her first orgasm rocked through her body. She whined and tried to breath in enough oxygen to relieve the burning in her chest. She rubbed her boobs to ease the itching, twisting on her nipples to send that extra jolt right to her clit. The pressure built towards another peak as she felt that thick tongue try to worm its way inside her. Nothing had ever felt this good or dirty. The perverted nature of what she was doing was the final bit needed to send her screaming over the edge again. She couldn't control her legs or arms as her whole body shuddered and twitched.

Anna's voice in her ear pulled her back from oblivion. "Do you want it all, Kate? He's ready for you, if you want it. Want to feel him inside you, Kate?"

Kate sucked in a deep breath and looked down at Alex. She could see Anna's hand stroking him. Her eyes came up and looked into Anna's, seeing the gleam of naughty pleasure reflected back, she nodded. Anna grinned at Kate's acceptance.

"Roll onto your knees. I'll help him get started. You'll love it when he slams into you."

Kate did as she was instructed, feeling a sense of surreal lust as she thought to herself that she was really going to do this. She rested her chest on the soaked sofa cushion, pushing her butt up for Alex to mount. Her breath was knocked out of her as Alex jumped up onto her back. She gasped as his powerful forearms pulled against her hips. The strange sensation of fur against her skin barely began to register when something hard and very hot jabbed between her lips and slammed inside her. She wailed at the feeling of the pointed shaft poking her. She immediately felt very wet as hot fluid spurted inside her and flowed out, tickling her hood as the rivulets dripped off.

She grunted from the weight of Alex on her back and the hammering he put into her. She felt the sharp jabs from him inside her along with the weird feeling of him spurting constantly. Her vision blurred and jumped as the much stronger Alex pumped into her. As the shock started to wear off and

her arousal climbed back to its former height, she could feel something large and blunt hammering against the outside of her opening. It distracted her for a moment as she was trying to figure out what it could be, when it suddenly pushed against her hard and stretched her open. She cried out as it popped inside her and Alex growled in her ear.

The sudden shock of being stretched open quickly faded as she felt him swell inside her. The rapid humping trailed off but it was replaced with a sudden rush of fluid filling her insides. The hot fluid built up an intense pressure, adding to the burning itch of the hard bulge rubbing against her g-spot. It became too much and she went over the peak with a stuttering wail. Off in the distance, she could hear Anna's voice praising her stud for doing such a good job. This only prolonged Kate's trip through the haze of pleasure.

Kate lost track of time. All her mind registered was the sensations coming from deep inside her pussy. The occasional trickle of fluid leaked down the insides of her thighs. Her breathing slowly came back to normal with only the occasional moan as the giant bulge inside her pulled against the tight ring of muscle keeping it trapped within her.

She felt a tremendous tug as if her insides were being pulled out as Alex shifted off her. There was a sudden pop and the trapped fluid and air spluttered out of her in a flood. She grunted and collapsed back on her heels, feeling Alex's semen dribble out between her lips. Resting her head on the cushion, she glanced back along her side and watched Anna bend over and suckle the huge reddish-purple shaft that had just been inside her. She heard Anna moan and swallow several times, as she tried to recover from the experience.

With a final slurp, Anna released Alex and grinned at the state Kate was in. Kate gave her benefactor a weak grin in return. Anna led Alex into another room and shut the door. She came over, knelt at Kate's side and put a hand on her shoulder. "Now you know what it is truly like to be fucked by a powerful lover. Come on, let me help you up and we'll get you into the bathroom."

Kate nodded, not sure her voice would work right after all the abuse she'd just subjected it to. Her legs were wobbly, but with Anna's help, she made it into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub. Anna handed her the showerhead as they waited for the water temperature to stabilize. Kate ran her fingers along her gooey lips. She held her fingers up and then tentatively sniffed them. She caved in to the curiosity and licked her fingers, tasting the coppery bitter salt flavor on her tongue. Anna snickered and Kate suddenly blushed. Anna shook her head and smiled.

"Don't worry, I love his taste. I think it's the one of the benefits of having him as a lover. I know I like it way better than any guy I ever had shoot off in my mouth. Then again, I pour pineapple juice in his water dish once a day. That's supposed to make it taste better."

Kate nodded mutely at the sudden burst of information. She needed to think about this some more. She hissed a little as the warm water rinsed away the residue of the coupling. Anna excused herself while Kate washed up. Kate concentrated on the task at hand and tried to let her mind drift. Once she felt clean and Alex's semen no longer dribbled out of her, she shut off the shower and dried off. Wrapping the towel around her waist, she came out of the bathroom to see Anna putting a pillow and blanket on the couch. Kate raised her eyebrows in a question. Anna shrugged and grinned at her.

"Go ahead and crash on my couch. It's after midnight and not so safe to be walking back to the dorms."

Kate glanced at the clock and winced. Nodding in agreement, she accepted the offer. "Thanks. I



didn't realize it was that late."

"Not a problem, really. It's easy to lose track of time when Alex is doing his best to pound me into submission."

Kate blushed and shook her head. It was going to take some adjustments in her thinking if Anna was going to be making comments like that all the time. She retrieved her panties from the floor and slid them on under the towel. As she curled up under the blanket, Anna came over and handed her a business card.

"When you are ready to get a special lover of your own, talk to her; she's the one I got Alex from. We'll talk tomorrow. Goodnight."

Kate stared at the card in her hand as Anna walked towards the bedroom door. She felt that weird disconnect again as she read the name on the card. She didn't bother to tell Anna that she already had a card identical to this one already in her wallet. Kate set the card on the coffee table and closed her eyes. The faint sounds coming from behind the door filled her thoughts, she felt at peace within herself as she drifted off.

**The End**