

Alpha Bitch
by Havoc

“Uncertainty is the only certainty there is, and knowing how to live with insecurity is the only security.”

- John Allen Paulos

As soon as Kenneth walked into the Level 1 Calculus classroom, every single head turned to stare at him, and he stopped in the doorway. Every eye in the world was on him, or so it seemed to him. Of course, maybe the people inside had every reason to stare, since Kenneth was, after all, the only human in the class.

As a matter of fact, he was the only human in the entire school. When Kenneth had been in his senior year of high school, and was applying to colleges, he had meant to submit his application to a university called Graystone School of Math and Science, a prestigious school in Virginia that offered many advanced degrees in engineering, physics, and other related pursuits, and which catered almost exclusively to human students. However, somewhere along the line something had been filed incorrectly, and Kenneth's application had found its way to the admissions office for *Graymane* University, a more generalized institution a few towns over from Graystone that was marketed only to furs. While the school did offer the kinds of degrees that Kenneth was after, in addition to a much wider selection typical of larger schools, it hadn't been the school he'd wanted to go to. But, unfortunately, nobody had noticed the mistake until it was too late. When the acceptance letter had arrived, congratulating him, Kenneth could have turned it down, but that would have meant having to wait a whole year for the next college admissions season.

So, reluctantly, he'd accepted admission to Graymane, reasoning that if things didn't work out so well he could always transfer to another school for his sophomore year. And now he had the rather dubious honor of being the very first human admitted to the Historically Furred School in its nearly two hundred-year history.

Orientation week had been rather interesting. Kenneth had grown up in a pretty small town, and though there had been furs living in the area he had never really had much interaction with them. All of the students at his high school had been human, his parents' friends were all human, and all of their neighbors had been human. Now that he was at Graymane, Kenneth was surrounded by furs of all kinds of species. Feline, canine, equine, reptilian, avian...Every single race that lived under the sun was represented at Graymane, and now humans were as well.

Kenneth's academic adviser had been very understanding about his discomfort at his surroundings. He was a very affable ocelot who had a manner that put Kenneth at ease during their first

meeting, the Friday before classes were set to start for the fall semester. When Kenneth had expressed his desire to transfer to another school after his freshman year, the fur had clucked his tongue a little and said, “A shame...” When Kenneth had asked him what he had meant by that, he replied with, “Well, you have a chance to experience some new challenges. Learning to deal with new people, overcoming the prejudices that are innate with small town life...It would be a shame to pass that up just because you feel a little uncomfortable, wouldn't it?”

He wasn't sure that he bought that argument, really, but...well...it was something for Kenneth to think about. And it *had* allowed him to put a new face on his feelings. So Kenneth had decided that maybe he would give it until at least the end of the year before he made up his mind about whether or not to transfer.

Kenneth tried not to think about how uncomfortable he was as he put his foot over the threshold and stepped into the classroom. He had always been kind of shy and awkward. Kenneth was short (barely five and a half feet tall) and lightly built, not exactly scrawny but not muscular, with medium-length black hair that often obscured his hazel eyes. He usually wore baggy clothing, favoring sweaters, or long-sleeved shirts, and cargo pants with lots of pockets, and had a general appearance that could be summed up very well as “nerdy”. The only thing that could have completed the image would have been coke-bottle-thick glasses, but thankfully he had made the switch to contact lenses a few years into high school. In his off time Kenneth liked playing video games, reading, or just studying. He wasn't very athletic, had given up playing team sports when he was still in elementary school, and about the only sort of physical activity he really enjoyed was running, which he did on a regular enough basis to keep healthy. In fact, Kenneth was a much better runner than anyone would have suspected just by looking at him, and he might have made a decent track athlete if he'd had the interest in joining a team. That, however, might have taken too much time away from his studies, and Kenneth was decidedly against that.

For now, he kept his head down to look at the floor, and he walked to the back of the classroom where he took an empty seat. A few of his fur classmates watched him as he sat down, twisting in their seats to get a better view of him. Most of them were from larger cities, and so were used to humans, but a few of them probably came from towns just as small as his, and they were curious as to what a human was doing at “their” school. Kenneth avoided their gaze and looked at his watch. Half past eight. Still fifteen minutes until the class was scheduled to start. So that he wouldn't have to look at anyone, Kenneth busied himself with pulling out his school supplies and arranging them on his desk, getting his pencil, paper, calculator, and textbook ready.

“Hey. You.”

Kenneth jumped a little, dropping his pencil on the floor. He quickly leaned over to pick it up, and then looked up to see who had been speaking. Standing right next to him was a female German shepherd, easily at least half a foot taller than him and very strongly built. She was wearing a black tank top and green camouflage shorts which complimented her nut brown-and-black fur, and her long, pointed ears were lined with gold ring piercings. Her muzzle was drawn back into a contemptuous sneer, revealing sharp white canine teeth, and she was staring right at Kenneth with her brown eyes.

He swallowed, intimidated by the female's appearance. "Uh...Y-You mean me?" he stammered in reply.

"Of course I mean you, idiot," the canine fur snapped at him. She pointed at the chair he was sitting in. "You're in my seat. Move your ass."

"Sorry, I...I didn't realize we had assigned seats," Kenneth tried to explain. "I didn't mean to..."

"Quit your whining and get out of the chair, wimp," she hissed at him. She flexed one arm. If Kenneth had to guess, just on a hunch, he'd have to say that she was probably pretty strong. "Before I have to *make* you get out of it."

With little other option than to have a fistfight in the classroom, which was definitely not appealing, Kenneth quickly gathered up his stuff and stood. The German shepherd gave him a little huff of contempt and pushed him out of the way with a strong thwack of her bushy tail, sitting down in his place. Still a little frightened, the human retreated from her, going back up to the front of the class where the professor was standing at his podium.

"Excuse me...uh...ma'am?" Kenneth said, somewhat meekly. "Professor?"

"Hm?" The professor, a middle-aged female red panda, looked up at him from where she had been studying her lesson plans. She blinked in surprise at seeing a human standing before her, but covered herself well. "Yes, what can I help you with? Did you walk into the wrong classroom by mistake?"

"No, no, it's not that," the human said, shaking his head. "I was just wondering where I should sit."

The professor blinked again. "I beg your pardon?"

"Where should I sit?" Kenneth repeated. "Which seat is mine?"

"Oh!" The professor waved a hand to the entire classroom. "You may sit wherever you like. We don't have assigned seats here. Whatever is comfortable for you is perfectly fine with me, so long as you can hear me clearly."

Kenneth was suddenly confused. "Oh..." *Then what was that girl talking about...?* "Um...Okay. Thanks." His cheeks turning a bit red, the human freshman turned back around and looked for another

empty seat. He found one in the middle of the classroom, three seats up and one to the right of the seat he'd previously occupied. Kenneth sat down with a sigh, already feeling like the day had been a disaster.

"Don't worry about her."

"Huh?" Kenneth looked to his right. One of his classmates, a male black cat, was looking at him with a friendly expression on his face.

"Grace. Don't worry about her. She's always like that." The fur extended a hand to him. "My name's Jake. I'm a sophomore."

"Oh." Remembering his manners, Kenneth shook Jake's hand. It was a little weird to feel fur instead of skin. "My name's Kenneth, but I prefer Ken. I'm a freshman."

Jake chuckled a little. "I know. Hell, everyone knows. People are talking all over campus about the new human student." He jerked a thumb casually over his shoulder at the German shepherd. "Like I said, that's Grace. Grace Brandt. She's a senior, and she's on the girls' field hockey and basketball teams. She's kind of a bitch, but she's popular on campus, and she *loves* bullying underclassmen. I saw what she did a minute ago. Just try not to let it bother you. She probably just picked you to mess with because, well, you kinda stand out around here."

"Great," Kenneth grumbled, slumping down in his chair a little bit.

"Anyway, nice to meet you," Jake said. "Maybe after class I can show you around campus a little bit. I get the feeling you've probably been cooped up in your dorm room since orientation."

"...Good guess," Kenneth said, finally managing an awkward smile. "I, uh...It's been a little weird for me here. I haven't had a whole lot of experience with...well, you know. Different people."

Jake cocked an eye at him. "You mean furs, right? Hey, that's cool, but you better get used to it here. There are a lot of us around, in case you hadn't noticed."

"Yeah, I...I noticed..."

The professor cleared her throat then and called the class to order. She introduced herself as Dr. Xue, and welcomed them to her classroom for Level 1 Calculus. She handed around a stack of lesson plans for them all, which listed the class subjects week by week as well as the dates for major tests, midterms, and course finals. After that, she informed them that she liked to know each of her students personally, and invited them each in turn to stand and introduce themselves.

When it came to be Kenneth's turn, he stood up, trying to hold down his anxiety.

"Well...uh...My name is Kenneth Thomason. I'm a freshman, and this is my first time going to a school like this. I, uh..."

He was interrupted by a laugh and a familiar voice from the rear of the classroom. "Ha! What

did you say your name was? 'Skinneeth'?"

Kenneth felt his face turn red as he looked over his shoulder at Grace. She was openly pointing at him and laughing. As he looked about at the rest of the class, he could see that some of his classmates were laughing along with her. Others simply looked amused, some seemed embarrassed for him, and the rest looked as though they were trying to ignore what was going on. His face burning, Kenneth quickly sat back down, slumping down in his chair. Dr. Xue quickly got the class quieted down again, and then she continued on around the room as the students introduced themselves.

The rest of the lesson went uneventfully. Kenneth tried to pay attention to the lesson as much as he could, but he was still dwelling on Grace and the way she had teased him. He'd experienced his share of teasing in high school, for his nerdy looks and his bookish ways, but he had hoped that he would be getting away from all of that once he got to university. Now, though, it looked like things were going to be more of the same, at least in this class.

When class let out an hour and forty-five minutes later, Kenneth took his time packing his things back up as his fellow students started leaving. He was bent over, stuffing his book back into his backpack, when he felt a blow to his back and he lost his balance, tumbling out of his chair and onto the floor.

"Oops," said Grace, looking down at him, having just knocked him sprawling with a bump from her hip. She had that same sneer on her face, with a glint of malicious laughter in her eyes. "I'm so sorry, Skinneeth. I didn't see you there. You should be more careful, *really*." She turned around and marched out of the classroom, wagging her tail with malicious glee.

Kenneth watched her go, finding it hard to believe that anyone could be that much of a bully, to pick on someone that they had only seen for the first time that very day. Then he picked himself up off of the floor, wincing as he felt his slightly bruised ass. He finished gathering his stuff and walked out of the classroom. He found Jake waiting for him outside. True to his word, the feline sophomore took Kenneth on a brief tour around the campus, showing him some of the things that orientation seemed to leave off, such as the student store, the health center, and the computer centers. By the time the tour was done, it was time for lunch, so they both headed to one of the dining halls to grab a bite of lunch. Jake met some of his friends in the dining hall and introduced the human to them. They all seemed really friendly, and by the time the meal was over Kenneth was having such a good time that he almost forgot all about Grace and her bullying. Maybe things at the school wouldn't be that bad after all.

Or at least, that was what Kenneth had thought at the time. When he had been bullied by Grace, he assumed that it was just because he was the first human classmate she'd had at Graymane, and she

was...asserting her dominance, or whatever it was that dogs did. But the bullying didn't stop after the first day of class. As a matter of fact, it only seemed to intensify. The German shepherd would find some way to tease him every time class met, whether it was knocking his books to the floor as she passed his desk, or shoving him out of the way when they arrived at the classroom door at the same time, or slapping him about the head with her strong, bushy brown tail. For whatever reason, the senior had picked Kenneth out to be her punching bag, and she always prefaced her attacks with that name she'd liked to call him, "Skinneth". A clever, or so she probably thought, portmanteau of "skin" and his actual name.

The human freshman quickly learned ways in which he could avoid her, not that they were always successful. He made a habit of coming into class right before the start time, at the last second so that she wouldn't have a chance to say or do anything before the professor called the class to order. At the end of class, he would already have his things ready to go, and he'd rush out as fast as he could.

In retaliation, Grace found other ways to torment him. She quickly learned where he liked to hang out around campus, and she'd find him there, giving herself many opportunities a day to bully him. Much of the time he couldn't avoid her, like when he had to go to the dining halls for meals. The worst was when she figured out where his dorm room was, and he came back after a class to find that someone had squirted several full cans of shaving cream through the crack underneath his door. It got to the point where Kenneth stayed in his friend Jake's dorm room several times a week, just to avoid having to deal with whatever prank Grace was going to pull on him next. And what was worse, several of the other popular furs on campus started going along with what she was doing. All in all, things had steadily gone from bad to unbearable.

About the only way that Kenneth had of getting rid of some of his stress was to go running, and luckily for him Graymane University had a first-class student fitness facility. The building was open around the clock, with all manner of different types of physical activities available, so he could pick and choose what times he wanted to go in order to minimize his contact with other people. This usually meant going really early in the morning or really late in the evening, and that was just fine with Kenneth. By now it was mid-October, and midterm exams were coming up soon, so he used most of the daytime for studying. Very late or very early were when he felt like exercising anyway.

One Friday evening, close to midnight, Kenneth entered the fitness facility and made his way to one of the larger rooms containing a large number of exercise machines, free weights, and weight machines. Fortunately for him, the place was completely deserted at this hour. Feeling relieved, the human walked over to a row of stationary treadmills, standing against a wall near a group of weight

machines. Stepping onto the machine, he switched it on and set the controls to a fairly high maximum speed. The belt on the treadmill started moving, and it would build up until it reached the speed that he had set. Kenneth planned to run for about an hour. After about ten minutes, his heart rate was up and the machine was running at full speed. He settled in and tried to relax, letting the running take up all of his attention.

“What are you doing here?”

Startled enough to almost lose his pace, Kenneth looked up from the digital readouts on the treadmill. Standing a few feet away from him was the very last person he wanted to see right now: Grace, the German shepherd bully who seemed to be the source of all life's problems. The senior was standing with her hand on one hip, a towel in her other hand draped over her shoulder, wearing a black sports top and compression shorts. The tight clothing hugged the curves of her body and left much of her legs, arms, and midriff exposed. Her brown-and-black fur was slightly ruffled and a little matted with sweat. She looked as though she might have been running as well, maybe on the indoor track a few floors up.

“Oh, god, what are you doing here?” Kenneth groaned. “Can't you just leave me alone for once? I'm not doing anything to bother you!”

Grace sneered at him. “Relax, *Skinneeth*,” she said. “Cool your jets. I'm not here because of *you*. I'm here to work out.” She rolled her eyes at him and went over to one of the nearby weight machines, a short bench with a stack of weights behind it. A pulley led up to a hanging cross bar, which could be pulled down to lift the weights and so exercise one's back muscles. Sitting down on the bench, Grace set the machine to lift about halfway down the stack of weights, or about one hundred pounds. She reached up and started pulling the bar down, lifting the weights and letting them back down slowly and steadily, over and over again. She seemed to be paying Kenneth no mind at all, concentrating on her workout.

He went back to his running, doing his best to focus on the movements of his feet along the moving belt of the treadmill. However, the human soon found his attention divided. He was looking over at Grace a little too much to be called anything other than staring. Kenneth was noticing for the first time just how in shape she was. While she was working on her back muscles, pulling the weight bar down behind herself, she was facing towards him. Her stomach was exposed by her workout clothes, and the fur on her belly was just thin enough for Kenneth to see the definition of her well-developed abdominal muscles. Grace wasn't beefy enough to be considered a bodybuilder, but she certainly had much bigger muscles than he did; she was very powerfully built, tall, and curvy.

After she worked on that weight machine for a while, the German shepherd moved over to a

different one. On this one, designed to work out the legs, Grace laid down flat on her belly on a long bench, hooked her legs underneath a padded bar that rested against the back of her calves. Grabbing onto a pair of handlebars near her head to keep herself steady, she started raising and lowering the calf bar, lifting in turn a stack of weights. Now her back was to Kenneth, giving the human a perfect view of her rear end. Her tail was laying along her back, pointed towards her head, and the cloth of her compression shorts was stretched taut over her buttocks. Grace's ass was sculpted, firm, and appealingly curvy now that Kenneth had the opportunity to look at it. He'd never had any thoughts of Grace as an attractive female before, especially since she was a fur and not a human, but now his thoughts were straying into a new area regarding her. Unbeknownst to him, the front of his running shorts was starting to bulge out as his body reacted to the sight of her.

She's in great shape..., Kenneth reluctantly admitted to himself. He remembered what Jake had told him on the first day of class, that Grace was on the girls' field hockey and basketball teams. She probably worked hard all the time to keep herself in playing shape, both during the season and during the off-season. Looking at her made him feel inadequate in comparison. He still saw her as a bully, but now he was thinking of her as a bully with a hot body.

Grace finished up with her legs and got up, wiping down the machine. She was sweating hard now, and her tongue was protruding from her muzzle a bit as she panted. Kenneth had a sudden image flash into his head of something nice she could do with that tongue, and he reddened as his penis stiffened in his shorts. He tried to think of something else, lest she look over and see him staring at her with a hard-on. Grace went to a bench, where she loaded up a bar with round disc weights. She took a second to stretch her arms and shoulders before lying down on the bench. Even though her workout shirt was compressing her chest, her breasts filled it out nicely. Kenneth thought to himself that she had rather large ones for someone who worked out so much. He wasn't sure why, but he had expected a girl who was so athletic to have a flat, mannish chest. Grace looked like she was at least a C-cup. He thought he could even see her nipples poking out a little against the black fabric.

Okay...She's hot, Kenneth thought. *She's hot. That's fine. That doesn't make her a nice person. She's still a bully. Even if right now I wouldn't mind...But that's crazy. She wouldn't ever, not with me.* Even though Kenneth was still a virgin, not having had much interaction with girls in high school, he was, like all young men, aware of the mechanics of sex. And right now those mechanics were playing out in images in his head, with Grace featuring quite heavily in all of them.

Unnoticed by Kenneth, Grace had taken notice of him while she was working out. She had been surprised to see the human freshman in the fitness center. Grace had assumed, from his skinny, short

appearance, that the nerdy guy didn't have any interest in exercise at all. While she was working out, she glanced over at him from time to time, watching him run on the treadmill. He was running at a pretty quick pace, faster than she would have expected from him. She found herself grudgingly impressed by his endurance. While he was slightly red in the face, he didn't seem to be sweating all that hard. Grace recognized that, despite his lack of muscle mass, he was in pretty good shape. And she was noticing that he was looking over at her more than a few times, outright staring at some points.

What a creepy nerd, she thought, sneering to herself. *Go ahead and get an eyeful*, Skinneth. *It's as close as you'll ever get*. He really was pathetic. Grace went out of her way almost every day to make his life a living hell, and yet he was staring at her like a horny dog anyway.

She figured that she would tease him a bit while she worked out, and then when she was leaving she would shut him down hard. The German shepherd started flaunting herself. While she was working her back muscles on the lat pulldown machine, she pushed her chest out, showing off her full breasts in her tight compression shirt. Grace was very proud of her body. She worked out hard year-round to keep herself in shape, and she was strong enough to give all of the female athletes and some of the male athletes at the school a run for their money. Grace got a lot of attention from males campus-wide, though few of them interested her enough. Even so, she got her share of sexual activity, though she was so dominating that few males who fucked her came back for another go. Grace didn't mind. She got what she wanted from them, and if they came back, fine. If not, also fine.

After Grace had finished exercising her back and her legs, she chanced another look over at Kenneth. He was still staring at her. While she'd been lying down on the leg machine, her ass had been on display for him, and Grace had done what she could to present it well to him, lifting her tail and flexing the muscles in her backside. From the look in his hazel eyes, she'd done a good job of it. The fur female started to sneer, and then her eyes glanced down at his shorts. She saw that he was paying attention in more ways than one, the front of his running shorts tenting out in a full erection.

Wow..., Grace thought, the observation rising unbidden to the front of her mind. *He's...He's packing something serious for a guy that size...* She was the one staring now, her eyes widened slightly as she looked at the human's groin. The sneer she'd meant to make was nowhere to be seen. *How can a guy that scrawny have a cock that big?*

Suddenly finding herself uncharacteristically flustered, Grace looked away before Kenneth could realize he was being stared at. Turning away, she loaded up a weight bar at one of the benches, then took a few minutes to stretch. Grace got on the bench, lying back with the bar propped on its stand at her shoulder level. Taking a few preparatory breaths, she gripped the bar firmly and lifted it off the stand, bringing it down as she took in another breath. Grace pressed the bar back up, slowly and

constantly exhaling as she pushed it all the way. While she repeated the exercise, Grace glanced over at Kenneth again. He was watching her as well while he ran. His cock was bobbing up and down inside his shorts with each stride that he took on the treadmill. She started picturing him doing very raunchy things to her with that cock. Grace had never been with a human male before, largely sticking to her own species, but it wasn't hard for her to picture what it would look like for Kenneth to take her from behind. As sweaty as she was from her workout, she could feel that her pussy was growing wet from the thoughts.

I just...uh...haven't gotten laid in a while, Grace thought. *That's all it is. I'm just a little hard-up right now.* She was lying to herself. The female fur had been on a date just that past weekend with one of the guys from the mens basketball team, and the two of them had fucked on the hood of his car afterward. But the lie made her feel better about the fantasies she was having about Kenneth right now. There was no way she could actually be feeling any attraction to that wimpy nerd.

Grace was at forty-seven reps now, and her arms were starting to get tired. She was loaded up on the bar with two hundred pounds of weight, a little more than she normally lifted, but the German shepherd was feeling confident tonight. She thought she could make it to fifty, no problems. Clenching her sharp teeth, she strained her way to forty-eight, and then forty-nine. Almost there. Grace slowly brought the bar down for the fiftieth time, then grunted slightly as she started pushing up.

The bar didn't budge. Her arms were turning to jelly, shaking with the strain as she sweated and fought to get the bar back up. But she was making no progress, and now the bar was resting with its full weight on her chest. Breathing was starting to become problematic.

Come...on..., Grace said to herself, fighting the instinct to panic. *I can...do this...I just need to...get it...off of me...*

Kenneth kept up his running, trying his best not to think too hard about Grace, but he still couldn't help looking at her. She was on the bench press now, and she was lifting some pretty impressive weights. Her arm and abdominal muscles were definitely more pronounced now, as she exercised proper form for the lifting she was doing. The female fur definitely knew her stuff, from what little Kenneth knew about weightlifting. And she had admirable staying power, executing far more repetitions than he would ever have had any hope of matching.

A strained grunt from Grace made him look over once again. She had the bar down near her chest now, ready to push it back up for another rep. She'd been going for a good five minutes now, and was probably nearing the end of her set. As he watched, he noticed that she seemed to be struggling. Her lips were drawn back in a grimace, and the bar lowered even more until it was resting right on her

chest. Grace's head was tilted back slightly, her eyes screwed shut as she fought with the weight bar.

Looks like she's having some trouble, Kenneth thought. *Not surprised. She's lifting a lot.* He kept his eye on her, waiting for her to get the bar back up and off of herself. But after thirty seconds or so of straining, she still hadn't made any headway. Despite his dislike for her, he was starting to grow a little concerned. Her tongue was protruding from her muzzle, and she looked like she might be having trouble breathing. *Ah...I can't just stand here and watch...*

Kenneth paused his workout on the treadmill and hopped off, hurrying over to Grace's bench. He got an underhanded grip on the bar beside her own hands, and started lifting with all his might. Weak as his own arms were, he felt like he wasn't any help at all. Sweat broke out on his forehead as he tried to lift the heavy weights off of her.

Even though Kenneth wasn't much of a weightlifter, the little bit of extra strength seemed to be just what Grace needed. Little by little, with the pair of them working together, they were able to get the bar up enough for them to set it back on its stand. With the pressure finally released, Grace set up, one hand clasped over her chest. She was panting heavily, gasping for breath as she recovered from the ordeal, and she was a bit wobbly from exertion.

"Uh...You okay?" Kenneth asked her. He reached a hand out as though to steady her. She quickly slapped his hand away.

"Fine....," Grace growled. She looked over at Kenneth, still panting. She glanced down at his shorts, seeing that he was still fairly aroused from eying her up. Her eyes lingered for a moment, and then she turned her eyes up to his face. She was surprised to see that he was looking at her with concern on his face. Grace wasn't used to seeing that emotion, least of all from him, and she looked away again. "I'm fine. Just leave me alone." She got up from the bench, going back over to the lat pulldown machine, where she had left her towel.

Kenneth watched after her, taken aback and a little offended by her dismissal. "You're welcome," he muttered under his breath, going back to the treadmill. He still had ten minutes left on his workout. Whatever sexual thoughts he might have been having about the German shepherd were gone, now, and she was back to being the bully in his mind.

Grace bent over and picked up her towel from where she'd left it, using it to blot away some of the sweat from her face and neck. Her arms and chest were really sore now, much more so than usual after a workout. She'd overdone it tonight.

I got overconfident tonight, the fur said to herself. *Why did I try to lift that much? I wouldn't normally do something dumb like that.* Grace looked over her shoulder to where Kenneth was back to running on the treadmill. *I couldn't have been showing off for him, could I? I was just trying to tease*

him, not impress him... But now that she thought about it, maybe that was exactly what she had been doing. And while she was thinking, she was surprised at how violently she'd reacted to him just now. The human *had* helped her, after all. She knew she couldn't have lifted those weights off of herself on her own, not without his assistance. She should have thanked him, not struck him.

Well, what's done is done, Grace thought. *Too late to go back on it now*. And that was that. Tonight had been a momentary aberration, nothing more. Grace looked at the wall, where a clock was hanging. *Almost one in the morning. I should really be getting home*. Tomorrow she could go right back to bullying him, and then their relationship would be the same as always. Just as it should be.

For all that, what happened next was completely by mistake. As Grace moved to walk out of the room, she passed near the treadmill that Kenneth was using. With her mind on other things, she wasn't paying attention to where she was stepping, and her foot caught on the electrical cord connecting the machine to a wall outlet. As she took another step, the cord was yanked out of the wall, suddenly cutting the power to the treadmill. Kenneth stumbled as the running belt abruptly stopped, then he tripped, his face smashing into the machine's control panel. He fell backwards, landing on his rear on the floor, his hand coming up to his face as blood started streaming from his nose.

"Ow, *fuck!*" he yelled, his voice muffled by the hand covering his face. "What the hell did you do that for? I help you out and this is how you say thanks?" Kenneth took his hand away from his face, and he saw the blood on his fingers. He looked up at Grace as she stood in front of him, his expression a combination of pain and anger.

"Hey, I didn't do that on purpose!" Grace objected. "That was an accident."

"Oh, like hell it was!" Kenneth retorted. "You're always such a bully to me, and I've never done anything to you. Just get the hell away from me, you psycho bitch!" He turned away from her, furious and fighting back the urge for tears. *I can't believe I thought she was hot. What a bitch...*

A minute later, something soft and slightly damp hit him in the back of the head. He grabbed for it out of reflex, and found himself holding Grace's towel. He looked back over at her. She was looking down at him, her arms crossed over her chest.

"Just press that over your nose and lean forward," she said. "It'll stop bleeding before long. Wimp." Then she turned around, her long bushy tail whipping behind her as she hurried out of the room.

Now thoroughly confused, Kenneth did as she had instructed him. As he pressed the towel up against his bleeding nose, he thought he detected a slight scent of lavender. *Her perfume, maybe?* He shook his head, banishing the thoughts that were about to resurface. *Whatever. She's still a bitch.*

The next day, Dr. Xue called Kenneth into her office before class started.

“Mr. Thomason, you know we're just about a week away from our midterm, now,” the red panda reminded him. She was sitting behind her desk, her hands clasped on the desktop, as Kenneth sat in a chair across from her. “I just want to commend you on how well you're doing in the class so far. You really are the best student in my class this semester.”

“Oh, uh...Thanks,” Kenneth said. He rubbed the back of his neck, feeling a little embarrassed. He was just doing what he normally did, after all.

“No, you deserve it.” Dr. Xue opened up a small notebook she had with her, and thumbed through the pages. “You seem to be having no problems at all. In fact, this seems to be quite easy for you. So I've decided I'm going to give you a little extra work, to challenge you a bit.”

Kenneth tilted his head to one side. “What do you mean?”

“Well, not all of my students this semester are doing so well. We have a few who are...I suppose 'struggling' would be the most polite way to put it.” The professor closed the small notebook she had, replacing it on the desk. “I'm asking the top students in the class this semester to give the strugglers a little extra help. What I'm asking is for you to tutor one of your classmates.”

“Oh!” Kenneth had no problem with this at all. He'd been a tutor in high school, as well, so this was familiar territory for him. “That's not an issue, Dr. Xue. I'll be happy to help someone out.”

The professor looked genuinely pleased. “I'm so glad to hear you say that.” She spread her hands out on the desktop. “And since you're the best in the class, I'm going to need you to tutor the person who needs the most help.”

“So who am I going to be tutoring?”

“Ms. Brandt.”

Kenneth suddenly felt like there was a lump of ice in his stomach. “You mean...Grace?”

“Precisely.” Dr. Xue leaned back in her seat. “Ms. Brandt seems not to understand much of the material at all. She has failed, or just barely passed, every test so far this semester. I'm worried about how she's going to do on the midterm, and I think her best chance for a passing grade is if you tutor her outside of class.”

“Dr. Xue...” Kenneth swallowed. “Ma'am, with all due respect, Grace doesn't like me very much.”

Shaking her head slightly, the professor stood up. She started gathering up her notebooks. “Well, Mr. Thomason, that's just something you and she are going to have to work out between the two of you. Remember, I'm making this a part of your midterm grade.”

“But...”

“That's it, Mr. Thomason.” The red panda nodded towards the door. “Run along, now. Class is starting soon.” She called after Kenneth as he blankly stood up and started to leave her office. “And I'll be expecting you to arrange your first session after today's class. You only have four days until the midterm, after all.”

Kenneth sat through the class as a continual sinking feeling kept pulling his stomach down lower, lower, and lower. He chanced a look over his shoulder at Grace every once in a while. She seemed her customary bored self in class. Today she was wearing tight blue jeans and a black halter top. Kenneth thought to himself that she seemed to like the color black quite a lot. Then he thought to himself, somewhat untruthfully, that he really didn't give a damn what kind of clothes the female fur wore.

I still can't get those images out of my head..., he grumbled to himself. Truth be told, Kenneth had been having trouble thinking of anything else besides Grace since Friday night. His nose had turned out not to be broken after all, just a bit bruised. It hadn't even bled that much. And he realized that she probably had been telling the truth about the unplugging of the treadmill being an accident. If she had really been trying to hurt him, she would have just laughed at him, probably smacked him over the head for good measure, and left him there to bleed. Instead she'd given him something to mop up his nose and then left without rubbing salt in the wound.

And she really was...just sexy. Even as terrible a person as she seemed to be, Kenneth couldn't deny that the canine fur was physically attractive. She had a strong, muscular, curvy body that was positively amazonian, and he found it hard not to fantasize about her. Especially those exquisite breasts and that perfectly shaped ass. And over the weekend his fantasies had grown more and more unrealistic. He knew that Grace didn't like him, but that couldn't stop him from exercising his imagination in regards to her.

But that didn't mean that he was looking forward to spending actual, real-life time with her, as he would have to do if he was going to tutor her. He watched the clock during class, barely paying attention to the lesson, as each minute brought him closer and closer to his inevitable demise that would surely result from teaching calculus to a senior bully.

When the class unfortunately came to an end, Kenneth started packing up along with the rest of his classmates. Jake, his black cat friend, noticed that he seemed depressed and asked him what was wrong. All he could respond with was a low groan of dread. The usual slap of Grace's tail to the back of his head, as she passed his desk on the way to the door, almost didn't register with him. Just as she was about to leave, Kenneth heard Dr. Xue call to her.

“Ms. Brandt, I need to speak with you a moment.”

Grace stopped at the door and turned around, walking back to where the professor was still standing at her podium. Kenneth watched as the red panda exchanged a few quiet words with her. Dr. Xue showed Grace something in her grade book, and a worried expression crossed the German shepherd's face. Then, as the professor continued speaking, and Grace's expression changed to something like exasperation. She looked over at Kenneth with loathing in her eyes, but Dr. Xue seemed to be speaking more insistently now. Finally, the senior rolled her eyes and gave a short nod, then she whipped around and stormed out of the room.

Dreading what he now had to do, Kenneth resigned himself to it. He picked up his bag and slowly walked out of the room. When he walked out the door, he looked around. There were plenty of people walking through the hall, but...

“Yo.”

He turned his head. Grace was leaning back against the wall behind, right next to the door, her books clasped in her arms. She was looking to one side, not directly at him. She looked like she wanted to be anywhere other than here right now. Probably pretty much how Kenneth felt.

“So I guess you're supposed to tutor me, *Skinneeth*,” Grace growled.

Turning, Kenneth tried to force down his dislike for the older fur. “Look. I don't like this any more than you do. Let's just get it over with, you can pass your midterm, and then we can go back to hating each other next week. Fair enough?”

After glaring at him for a while, she finally gave a tortured sigh. “Fine. Whatever.”

“Alright.” He walked up to her. “So. When and where do you want to meet?”

“Well, I sure as hell don't want to be seen on campus with *you*,” Grace snapped at him. She rolled her eyes. “And I have practice later this afternoon.” She kicked at the floor for a moment. “Just come by my place tonight, around eight. Nobody will see us together that way.”

Trying not to be irritated by her attitude, Kenneth nodded curtly. “Fine. Where do I go?”

With an irritated huff, the fur ripped a slip of paper out of one of her notebooks. She hurriedly scribbled an address onto it and thrust it into his hand. “Here. Now get out of my way, *Skinneeth*. I have stuff I gotta do.” She came away from the wall and walked past Kenneth, bumping his shoulder roughly as she went.

Rubbing his shoulder, Kenneth shook his head. Off to a great start already. This was going to be a *wonderful* experience, he was just sure.

That night, right around eight, Kenneth was walking down the street a short distance away from

Graymane University. He'd looked up the address that Grace had given him that morning, and found that she lived about a mile away from campus in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. Knowing her, he was sure that it was going to be unpleasant, full of frat houses and party spots. Definitely not his cup of tea.

That was why he was surprised to find that the neighborhood actually seemed pretty quiet and respectable. When he reached it, he found neat and orderly houses, small ones but well-kept and maintained. A pleasant surprise, indeed. In fact, it seemed to be mostly a family area. Kenneth walked down the street, checking the house numbers, and then he came to the address that Grace had written down. The house was, like all the others, small and single-story. A black Ford Mustang convertible, top-up, was parked in the driveway, and the walk leading up to the front door was lined with colorful flowers.

Kenneth walked up to the front door, not looking forward to what he was about to do. Taking a breath, he extended a hand and pressed the doorbell with his finger. A few minutes passed, and then he heard muffled footsteps approaching the door, then the door opened up. Grace stood in the doorway. She was dressed pretty much the same as she had been in class that day, except she had changed into an OD green t-shirt instead of her halter top. She was looking at Kenneth with a curious expression on her face, something like a mix of anxiety, dread, and disgust.

"Oh, it's you," she grumbled. The German shepherd leaned against the door frame, crossing her strong arms over her chest. She must have just gotten back from practice. Her brown-and-black fur looked somewhat damp, like she was fresh out of the shower, and her muscles seemed taut, as though she had finished a workout not long before.

"Who else would it be?" Kenneth replied. *Off to a great start already.* "This is the time you wanted me to come over."

"Yeah, yeah..." Grace stood aside from the door. "Well, get in. The longer you stand outside, the longer this is going to take."

Kenneth stepped inside the house, moving a little past her to look inside. He was shocked to see what the interior of her residence looked like. The human had been expecting some kind of party house, maybe decorated like a bar or like some kind of shrine to fitness and sports. Instead, he found something completely different. The walls were all painted in soft, pastel colors, and the house smelled faintly of flowers. In fact, there were vases filled with flowers placed here and there. As Grace stepped past her, leading him deeper into the house, he saw that it was very neat and looked as though she cleaned it regularly. The place had a much more feminine touch than he had come to expect from her.

"Just sit there," Grace said, as they came into the living room. She indicated a plush red couch

with a low walnut coffee table set in front of it. Kenneth took a seat, slinging his backpack off his shoulder and onto the floor. The senior went to a door on one side of the living room. "I'll be back in a minute."

As she opened the door, Kenneth had a brief glimpse of a four-posted bed covered in glossy black sheets. He thought he could see a large collection of stuffed animals on and around the bed before Grace closed the door. A few minutes later, she came back out with her books in hand. She took a seat on the couch, about as far from Kenneth as she could manage while still having access to the table. Lifting her tail out from underneath herself, she curled it over her lap, smoothing down the fur as she crossed one leg over the other.

"Alright, so...", he began, trying to keep as civil a voice as possible. "Where are you having the most trouble right now?" He opened up his textbook to the table of contents, looking at her expectantly.

"Well..." Grace glanced up at the ceiling, as though she was thinking carefully. "I'm not so good with derivatives...Functions are kinda hazy, too...Then there's integrals, limits, inverse functions, differentiation, and then--"

Kenneth held up a hand, feeling his head start to spin. "Whoa, whoa, whoa...Hold up a second. Let's start with what you *do* understand." Grace looked at him like he had spiders crawling out of his ears, and he finally hung his head a little. "This is going to take a while, isn't it?"

"Hey, you're the tutor, *Skinneeth*," Grace growled at him. "So tutor. I'm not good at math, you are."

Leaning back against the couch, Kenneth put his head back, brushing his hair out of his eyes. "Alright, alright..." He leaned forward again, opening up the textbook to page one. "I guess we'll start from the beginning and do what we can."

Some hours later, Kenneth was moderately gratified to find that Grace seemed to be making some progress. Things had been rough going at first. She hadn't wanted to listen much to him at first, but then as Kenneth had persisted, she'd started paying attention and working through a few simpler problems. She was making mistakes, of course, but that was only to be expected. She was working from basically the starting point of calculus, and Kenneth wondered just what exactly she had been doing all semester.

Right now, Kenneth was hanging back, just keeping an eye on Grace while the senior worked on a series of problems. She was concentrating, her pointed ears turned forward and her tail twitching at the tip as she scribbled figures with her pencil. When she finished, she let out a little sigh, tossing her pencil down and pushing the paper towards him.

“Alright, let's see what you've got here.” Kenneth picked up her sheet and started going over her work and answers. He made notations where she had made mistakes, looking carefully over each problem. When he was finished, he put the sheet down in front of her. “Not bad. You're still making a lot of mistakes, but you're getting better already.”

Grace rolled her eyes a little, but she also looked somewhat pleased with herself. In any case, she didn't curse at him or swat him with her tail. “I guess that's good, coming from a nerd. You oughta know that when I commit to something, I don't half-ass it.” She stood up, walking from her living room to the kitchen. “You want a drink?”

“Seriously?” Kenneth asked, not quite believing that he was hearing an offer of hospitality from her.

“Yeah, sure, why the hell not?” The kitchen was divided from the living room only by a counter island, and Grace looked out towards him. “I have beer, wine, soda...Liquor, if you're feeling adventurous.”

Kenneth had never had a drop of alcohol in his life, and he felt like now was definitely not the time to start. “Thanks, I'll just have a soda.”

Rolling her eyes again, Grace pulled a can of cola from her fridge. “Wimp,” she growled, though not as harshly as she perhaps might have the day before. The German shepherd tossed the can to Kenneth, who caught it just in time to keep it from falling to the carpet. She pulled a wine bottle from the fridge and poured a glass for herself, coming back into the living room. Taking her seat on the couch again, she leaned back in a relaxed posture and sipped at the wine.

Cracking open his cola, Kenneth took a few gulps. He was pretty thirsty after teaching calculus for a solid three hours. “Um, I've been meaning to ask you something all night.” Grace glanced over at him, swirling the wine in her glass a little, but she didn't say anything, so Kenneth continued. “It's just...You're a senior. What are you doing taking entry-level calculus?”

Grace set her glass down on the coffee table, then drew her legs up onto the couch, curling her tail around herself and looking at the human. “What do you care?”

“I don't, really. I was just curious. I mean, this is a class that you'd usually take when you're a freshman or sophomore...Maybe as a first-semester junior. But I wouldn't expect a senior to be taking it.”

She eyed him for a few minutes, then she picked her glass back up, taking another sip. “I thought it would be easy. I needed a math course to satisfy my general ed requirement. This was the lowest-level math class they offer.” She had a grumpy expression on her face. “I suck at math, so I've been putting it off.”

“Well, why not just drop it, then? You've still got one semester left after this one. You can brush up a little in your off time, then take it next semester. It wouldn't hurt your GPA all that much. It's just one class.”

Grace looked down at the floor. She didn't say anything. Kenneth watched her, a little confused by the way she was starting to act. He was expecting her to lash out at any minute, but instead she only seemed to be getting quieter. The canine fur took a few sips of her wine, then drained the glass and got up to go pour herself another.

“I can't drop it,” she said. “It's too late in the semester, and dropping it will count as a fail. My GPA is already in the shitter. If I fail this class, I'll lose my scholarship, and then that's it for me.” She poured a second glass of wine and returned to the living room.

“What do you mean, 'that's it'?”

“I mean exactly that, moron.” Grace heaved a huge sigh. “I want to go pro after I get out of school. Basketball. I already have a few offers from some teams. But this isn't mens' sports, and womens' teams tend not to draft right out of school. I need to graduate, so I need to pass this class.”

Kenneth blinked. “Oh.” He hadn't realized what a disadvantage being a female athlete could put one at, but he probably should have thought of that before shooting off dumb suggestions. He didn't know much about sports, but he did know that most people didn't care too much about womens' sports. “I see.”

“I work my ass off to keep that scholarship,” Grace continued. “I don't get enough money from my parents to pay rent *and* pay tuition. I'm on a full ride at Graymane. If I lose that scholarship, I'll have to drop out, and all my prospects go down the tubes.” She looked distinctly upset now. Her ears were flat back along her head, and the shine in her eyes had dulled. “I don't have any talents other than sports. I'm not a great student, so there's nothing I can fall back on.”

She's really serious, Kenneth thought to himself, staring at Grace. He wondered if she had ever spilled her guts like this to anyone before. Then he wondered why she was spilling her guts to him. Maybe it was just because he seemed nonthreatening. He was a nerd, after all, not someone who ran in her social circle. She didn't have to worry about keeping up appearances in front of him when nobody else was about. In a weird way, she was probably more relaxed around him than she was when she was with her friends.

“Then I'll help you,” the human finally said. Grace turned her head towards him. “If it really means that much, I'll help you pass your midterms. You'll be able to keep your scholarship, at least until finals roll around. And then I'll help you with that, too.”

Grace watched him carefully for a few minutes, as though she didn't believe what he was

saying. "Why?"

"Why?" he repeated. "Because that's what people do. They help each other out. I mean, we don't like each other much, but that's no reason why I should let you fail, really."

"Oh." Grace looked down at the floor, her expression slightly distressed and confused. Her tail was drooping a bit. "Thanks..."

Kenneth looked at his watch. He realized what time it was, nearly midnight. He had class in the morning, and for sure Grace did, too. Time to cut this meeting to a close. "Look, I'd better be going. If you want, we can meet tomorrow night, too. We still have a lot of material to go over before the midterm."

"Yeah," the female fur agreed. She stood up, gathering her papers and books into a neat pile on the table. "Yeah, sure." She waited until Kenneth packed all of his stuff up, and then walked him to the door. Before he left, she said something else. "Um, you know. If you wanna come a little earlier tomorrow evening, I mean...I don't got anything going on tomorrow afternoon, really. And I could really use some more help on this. Extra help, I mean."

Turning around, Kenneth smiled a little. "Sure, Grace. Yeah, I can do that."

To his complete surprise, she managed a small smile of her own. And not the malicious smile that he was used to seeing, but an actual, genuine, friendly smile. Though it was tentative, as though she didn't have much practice with that kind. He even thought he might have seen her tail wagging just a little bit. "Great. Um...Thanks. Have a good night." She closed the door, but not before sending him off with an afterthought. "Wimp."

For the next three days, Kenneth would come over to Grace's house every evening, around about five or six, and they'd do calculus together. Grace found that when she was one on one, and not in a huge class of fifty or sixty people, it somehow seemed easier to grasp. Her human classmate was doing a really good job of explaining everything to her, and she was having to ask him for help on problems less and less as she started comprehending the math for herself. She really couldn't believe it. All through her school career, she had never thought she was any good at math, but now she was seeing that it wasn't anything special. Anyone could do it, as long as they paid attention and thought things through carefully. In fact, it was kind of like playing a sport on a field. Calculus had a specific set of rules for what was supposed to be done, and as long as you just learned the rules and obeyed them, it was a piece of cake.

Things got better for Kenneth in class, too. He was getting teased a whole lot less, and not just by Grace. Some of the other jocks and popular furs who had been giving him grief started doing it less.

He wondered if Grace had something to do with it. Maybe she was calling off the dogs, so to speak, in exchange for his assistance in getting her through her midterms. Whatever it was, he was really grateful for it, and it really lessened the stress load on him.

The last night that Kenneth went to Grace's house for a tutoring session was that Thursday, the day before the midterm. They spent six hours working through practice problems, but more than that, they chatted about things. Grace was opening up to him a little, telling him about herself and where she had come from. He learned that she came from a pretty poor family, and was the first person from her family to go to college. She'd seen sports as a path to further her education and, in turn, her choice of career. Kenneth told her about himself, in return. They found out that they both liked the same kinds of movies and the same kinds of music. They'd both almost forgotten that they were supposed to hate each other.

When Kenneth finally called the studying done, Grace went and got drinks for the both of them. He stuck to soda again, and she had a few glasses of wine, as usual. They sat together on the couch, not quite so far apart as they had been the first tutoring session.

"So, the test is tomorrow," Kenneth said. "You think you're ready?"

"I hope so," Grace said. "I'm really nervous, though. And you can't tell anybody I said that, or I'll smash your face in, understand?"

He smirked. "Right. I'll keep that in mind."

Grace was quiet for a while, staring at a spot on the wall. She was in a decent mood in front of a math book, for once, and her tail was wagging slowly back and forth. Kenneth was struck all of a sudden by how pretty she was, again. It wasn't as though he hadn't noticed throughout the week. He'd known she was an attractive girl, even if she was a fur and not a human, but tonight seemed different. Maybe it was because she finally seemed to be acting friendly towards him.

"Hey, listen, um...", Grace said, looking over at Kenneth. "I just wanna say...uh..." She looked away from him again, closing her eyes. "Crap, this sounds really wussy..." She took a deep breath. "I wanna say sorry. For being such a bitch."

Kenneth wasn't sure that he had heard her correctly. "What was that?"

"You heard me," the fur said. "I've been a real bitch. And I'm sorry." She looked over at Kenneth, staring into his hazel eyes with her brown ones. Grace couldn't believe she was saying this. This was probably the first time she had ever apologized for bullying someone in her entire life. "You're...uh...You're not such a bad guy. Even if you are a fucking nerdy wimp."

He grinned at her. "Well, I guess you're not so bad either, for a crazy psycho bitch." They both had a laugh at that. "And I think you're going to do fine tomorrow. Just treat the test like these practice

problems, okay?"

"Right." Grace cupped her glass of wine, the third of the evening, in both hands, staring into the dark red liquid. The German shepherd could see her face in reflection on the surface of the drink, her long muzzle distorted by the slightly curved surface of the wine. "Say, uh, Kenneth. What are you doing Saturday?"

"Saturday? Nothing much." Kenneth raised an eyebrow at her. "Why?"

"Well, uh..." The senior could feel her heart starting to beat faster, and she willed herself to calm down a little before she went on. She didn't know why she was starting to feel this way. Maybe it had to do with the wine. "Look, um...Do you maybe wanna go grab some dinner with me? I know this really nice Italian place in town. Very classy, good food. My treat." She kept her eyes down, suddenly flustered and not willing to look at his face just now. *What the fuck is the matter with me? I've asked hundreds of guys out before. This shouldn't be any different.*

Kenneth almost dropped his can of soda, but he managed to avoid spilling it all over Grace's carpet. He looked at the older female, his eyes widened. "Are you asking me on a date?" *I've never had a girl ask me out before. And I never would have expected her to do it.*

"Don't get any ideas!" Grace said quickly, her words coming out more rapidly now. "This isn't a date, and I'm not asking because I like you, or anything like that. I'm just trying to pay you back for all the help you've given me this week. That's all, I promise." She forced herself to look over at him, and she could see the disbelief on his face.

"Well..."

"God, you know what...Forget it," Grace said at once. "I don't know what I was...Stupid. Of course you wouldn't. Just forget I said anything, okay? Never-"

"I'd love to," Kenneth said. He smiled at her, a little nervously. "And I understand. Just a friendly dinner. That's all."

Grace blinked, looking at Kenneth. She hadn't really been expecting him to say yes, especially not after the way she had treated him all semester. But hearing him say yes, somehow it made her feel...good. "Alright. Yeah. A friendly dinner." She felt like her heart was going to pound its way out of her chest, and she was a little lightheaded. *That's definitely the wine.* She stood up from the couch, picking up her wine glass and reaching for the empty wine bottle. "Need to clean up a little," she said, just to have something else to say.

"Here, let me help," Kenneth said, standing up at the same time. As he reached for the wine bottle, their feet came together, and all of a sudden their legs got tangled up. With a startled yip, Grace pitched forward, falling against Kenneth and pushing him back onto the couch. Her wine glass flew

from her fingers, landing on the carpet a few feet away. When the dust cleared, he was lying on his back with Grace on top of him. Her breasts were pressed against his chest, her hard, muscled, but, in a way, soft body lying along his.

“Sorry,” they both said at the same time. They were looking into each others eyes, each of them with the same confused and scared expression on their faces. Kenneth was acutely aware that her muzzle was only inches away from his lips, and he felt a twitch inside his pants as her furred legs rubbed against his. She was heavy atop him, but right now he didn't seem to care. Somehow his hand had ended up on her ass, exactly cupping one firm, perfectly sculpted buttock through her tight pants. He could feel the warmth of her body against his, and he could smell the lavender scent of whatever perfume she was wearing.

“Get your hand off,” Grace ordered him quietly, though her tail was waving very slowly back and forth. She wasn't making any effort to get up.

“Yeah, sure,” Kenneth replied. He didn't make any effort to take his hand away. They both seemed to be caught in a trance.

Grace leaned her head forward, slowly, and then she caught his lips with hers, tilting her head to the side as she kissed him. He'd never felt anything like it before. No girl had ever kissed him. Her lips were warm, soft, and the thin fur on her muzzle tickled his face a little. He could feel her breath hot against his cheek. He closed his eyes and just felt everything, his fingers slowly tightening on her rump. His cock was straining against his pants now, and he was certain Grace could feel it. Her wide, flat canine tongue pushed out of her muzzle and between his lips, lapping the inside of his mouth. Kenneth put his own tongue to hers, and she twisted them together for long, wonderful, hazy minutes.

Then she pulled away with a gasp, and her eyes went wide as she realized what she was doing. Grace sat up, grabbing her tail in both hands to still its wagging. She stared at him, panting slightly. He sat up as well, staring back.

“I...I need to...get to bed...,” Grace said slowly. She had a very startled and confused look on her face. “Test...Test tomorrow.”

“Yeah,” Kenneth said, breathless. *What the hell just happened?* “Test. Right. I should get going.” He quickly gathered up his belongings, dropping a few in the process and cursing under his breath as he retrieved them. “Good luck tomorrow, Grace. I'll uh...I'll see you.” He stood up and hurried to the door. Grace followed him so that she could lock up after he left.

“So...,” she said, when he was out the door. “About Saturday...Come over at seven. And wear something dressy. It's that kinda place.” She gave him a weak smile, and then closed the door, locking it. Kenneth watched the closed door for a few minutes, and then he turned and started on the walk back

to his dorm room.

He couldn't help grinning like an idiot the whole way.

"We're talking about the same Grace, right?"

"How many times do I have to tell you, Jake?" Kenneth said. "And keep your voice down." He and his friend were at lunch the next day. They'd both sat for their calculus midterm that morning, and were both relieved that it was over. Even though Kenneth was really good at calculus, he didn't like taking tests any more than anyone else did.

The black cat leaned back in his chair, a slice of pizza held in his left hand. "Grace Brandt," he repeated, a look of incredulity. "You're telling me you've got a date with Grace Brandt. The queen bitch of the campus, probably the most popular girl in the whole school, and she asked *you* out on a date? It doesn't make any sense."

"I said keep your voice down," Kenneth hissed, looking around the dining hall. "I mean, damn, you think she wants the whole world to know? And why shouldn't it make any sense?"

"Uh, well, let's see." Jake leaned towards him, setting his pizza down on his plate and counting off on his fingers. "You're a nerd, a bookworm, a video game nut, and you have absolutely no physical prowess to speak of. She's a jock, a straight-C student, a fitness buff, and she has bigger muscles than a lot of the *guys* on campus. How much more do I need to spell it out for you?"

Kenneth felt his face heat up a little. "Hey, you just have to...You just gotta get to know her a little."

"Come on, man, she's been kicking your ass all semester. You seriously don't think this is all some elaborate set-up for her to humiliate you?"

That made Kenneth stop and think for a few minutes. Jake had a good point. Grace had been doing nothing except bully him since the moment she'd met him, up until a few days ago. True, she had seemed to come around a little, warming up to him and mellowing out some. And then there was that kiss they'd shared on her couch the night before. But of course he hadn't told Jake about that. The human didn't think that she could have faked something like that, but then again she had been fairly inventive in some of the pranks she'd pulled on him so far. Maybe it really all was something that she was planning to spring on him. Maybe when he showed up at her house Saturday evening she'd have a bunch of her friends waiting to egg him, or kick his ass, or some other cruel prank.

That wasn't what his heart was telling him, but he'd be the first to admit that he had been wrong before. And he still had the sore nose to remind himself of what had resulted the last time he'd left himself open.

“Look, Jake, I...I don't think anything like that is going to happen.” He paused. “I mean, and it's not like this is even a date. She said she just wanted to pay me back for giving her a hand with her studying this week. That's all.”

Jake shook his head, taking a bite of his pizza. “Well, it's your funeral, man,” he said around his food. “Just remember: I told you what was gonna happen. Don't come crying to me when you get hurt.”

“Gee, thanks.”

On Saturday, with no small amount of apprehension, Kenneth found himself walking the now-familiar road to Grace's house. On reflection, earlier that morning, he'd gone to the nearest shopping mall and gotten a haircut, his first in almost six months. His hair was a lot shorter than he was used to, though much more manageable. Instead of hanging in front of his eyes, he was now able to comb it into something that was somewhat presentable. For the evening, going on Grace's instruction for him to wear something dressy, he'd put on his only suit. Black pants, black jacket, white shirt, and a red tie. Nothing fancy, but it fit him well and it was almost brand-new, since he hadn't had many occasions to wear it before. He felt a little silly walking down the street in his best clothing, but he didn't have a car and the buses weren't running this late in the evening on a Saturday.

When Kenneth got to Grace's driveway, he spent at least five minutes on the final decision of whether or not to go up and ring her doorbell. He still wasn't sure if this was not all some crazy set-up. Finally, he decided that whatever happened it would be dumb to have walked all this way for nothing, and he went up the front walk to the door. He rang the doorbell, and waited.

The door opened fairly soon after he rang. He was bracing himself for a group of jocks with a barrage of eggs, but instead only Grace stood there. She was wrapped in a long black robe, and her fur was a little bit messy.

“Hey,” she said, clutching the robe tight across her chest. “You're a little early.”

“Yeah, well, uh...,” Kenneth said, rubbing the back of his neck. “I didn't want to be late.”

The canine female smirked at him. “Yeah, yeah.” She stepped aside from the door. “I'm not ready yet. Come on in and wait.”

He walked inside and to her living room, taking a seat on the couch while Grace went into her bedroom and closed the door. The air inside the house smelled slightly humid, and he thought he could detect a hint of some kind of shampoo. While he waited, he tapped his foot anxiously on the carpet. He'd never been on a real night out with a girl before. Sure, he'd been friends with girls before, but that had been middle and high school stuff. This was an altogether different thing. Grace was a real woman, and what's more an attractive one, nothing like any of the girls that Kenneth had been able to hang out

with before. He wasn't exactly sure how he was supposed to act tonight. He supposed he would just have to take it one step at a time.

After about fifteen minutes, the door to Grace's bedroom opened again. Looking up, Kenneth felt his heart skip. The German shepherd fur was wearing a satiny black strapless dress, low-cut over her breasts, with a wide oval-shaped cutout over her belly. The dress left her arms and shoulders bare, giving him a nice view of her powerful muscles, though the feminine cut of the outfit softened the image a little. The front of the garment lifted and accentuated her breasts, making them appear even larger than they already were. The dress extended down to her ankles and was slit up the right leg. He could see her abdominal muscles underneath the short, tannish fur of her belly that was exposed. Instead of the usual four gold rings that she wore in each of her pointed ears, she'd replaced them with eight white gem studs. A simple golden chain adorned her neck, and each of her wrists was encircled by a single thin golden bracelet. In one hand she held a small black purse. Completing her ensemble was a pair of strappy black high heeled shoes.

Grace put the hand holding the purse on her hip, smirking at Kenneth. "Well?" she asked. She looked at his slightly open mouth. "Your face is telling me all I need to know, but let's hear it anyway, *Skinneeth*." The senior delivered the name with a more playful tone this time.

"Wow...", he managed to say. The curvy, athletic female fur filled out her dress very nicely, leaving little to the imagination with how well the garment hugged her figure. All sorts of images and fantasies, ranging from the mildly fanciful to the outright unrealistic, were flying through his head now. "Grace, you look fantastic."

"I already knew that," Grace said, grinning a little wider. "But it's nice to hear from someone else." She crossed the living room towards him, standing in front of him and leaning over a little. Kenneth was treated to a fairly unobstructed view down her cleavage. Whether she was doing it on purpose or by accident...well, he wasn't quite sure about that. But he wasn't complaining. "Y'know, you're a smart guy. I bet you could think of a few arguments for us not leaving the house." She gave him just the barest hint of a wink. "But I made a reservation, so we oughta get going."

Kenneth's eyes lingered on her breasts. "R-Right. Yeah." He found himself very much *not* wanting to leave the house, and wondered what exactly she was hinting at.

With a knowing look, the German shepherd straightened back up and started walking away, towards the door. A sharp jolt shot up Kenneth's spine as he saw that her dress was almost completely backless. The dress was cut all the way down the rear, with an inches-wide strip across her back at her shoulder blades, leaving her back bare to just four inches above the base of her tail, which was pulled through a small hole near her rump. Snaps fastened the garment on the strip across her shoulders and

right above her tail. As she moved away from him, her hips swayed and her tail wagged back and forth with each step. Grace really did have a very appealing rear end...

“Hey, hurry up. We're gonna be late!”

Jumping out of his trance, the human stood up from the couch and rushed to the front door after Grace. She had the door open and was waiting for him. They both walked out and she locked the door behind them, then pressed a button on a small remote on her key ring. The parking lights on her black Mustang convertible flashed as the doors unlocked. Grace went around to the driver's door, slipping off her high heels before getting in and starting the engine. Kenneth went to the passenger's side, sliding into the heated leather seat. She backed out of the driveway, shifted the car into drive, and with a roar of the powerful engine started down the road.

Geez, she drives like a madwoman, Kenneth thought to himself. He gripped the edge of his seat as Grace zipped through the city, approaching sixty miles per hour regardless of the speed limit on whatever roads they happened to be traveling on. He glanced over at her, and saw that she had a look of glee on her canine face. She was obviously enjoying the drive very much. He had the feeling that if she could drive while putting her head out of the window at the same time, she would do it.

“I meant to say,” Grace said, after they had been driving for about fifteen minutes. “You, uh...You look good.” She gave him a sidelong look. “You oughta wear nicer clothes more often. You're not a hunk or anything, but...You know. Not bad on the eyes.” They stopped at a red light, and she turned her head to look fully at him. Her eyes glinted with the light of the streetlights outside. “That didn't come out the way I meant it.”

Kenneth chuckled. “I think I got what you meant.”

She smiled at him, and then the light turned green and she turned her attention back to the road. “The other thing I meant to say...Thanks for all the help this week. I wasn't as nervous during the test yesterday as I thought I was gonna be. I mean, I still needed to take the whole time to do it, but...I could do it, you know?”

“I knew you would. You did well enough during out tutoring sessions. It was just a matter of putting in some hard study time.” He looked out the window at the buildings as they went by. They were nearing the outskirts of the downtown area. “The grades were posted online this afternoon. How'd you end up doing?”

Grace took her eyes off the road to beam at him. “I got a B.”

He smiled at her in return. “Congratulations. You deserved it. You really worked hard the last few days.”

“Thanks. I've...” Grace paused for a second, and she looked a little emotional. When she spoke

again, her voice was quieter. "I've never gotten higher than a C-minus on any test before. I was so excited, I...I called everyone in my family to tell them. I don't think any of them really understood what it meant, but they were happy for me."

"That's great, Grace."

A few minutes later, they pulled in to the parking lot of a small, inconspicuous-looking red brick building. The outside walls were adorned with frosted glass windows overlaid with wide-spaced wood lattices. A carved stone arch over the beginning of the walkway from the parking lot to the front door gave the name as "La Fiamma dell'Amore". Grace parked her car, backing it into a space, and switched off the engine.

"You're gonna like this place," she said, as she opened her door and slipped her high heels back on. "They have the best veal. Melts in your mouth like butter."

Kenneth got out as well, shutting his door and looking at the restaurant. The place looked very authentic, and it looked quiet, too. An intimate sort of establishment. Even though he was wearing a suit, he hoped he wasn't under-dressed. This looked like the sort of place that one might even wear a tuxedo to. He nervously adjusted the cuffs on his suit jacket.

They walked together to the front door. As they got to the beginning of the walkway to the restaurant, Grace looped her arm through his, walking very close to his side. Kenneth felt his heart jump into his throat. With every step they took, Grace's bushy tail swished from side to side, hitting him lightly on his rear. He felt his face warming. He knew they would look a little strange, with her standing noticeably taller than him, but it was a nice feeling to be walking arm in arm with his senior classmate.

Inside the restaurant, Kenneth immediately appreciated the atmosphere. Very soft, feathery Italian music was playing from some unseen source, and the lights were turned low. The walls were finished with brushed plaster painted with murals in Renaissance style. Booths lined the walls, and the floor was set with small tables set far apart from each other. The place didn't look as though it could seat more than fifty people at a time. They approached the host's podium, and Grace gave her name to him. The human, dressed in a smart black tuxedo, ran his finger down the list in front of him and nodded. He produced two leather-bound menus from beneath the podium and bade them to follow him. The host took them to a corner booth and seated them, lighting a candle lamp in the center of the table and leaving the menus before taking his leave. A minute later a waiter, a lynx wearing a tuxedo much the same as the host, approached the table.

"Buona sera, signore e signora," he said to them. "Can I start you with something to drink?"

"Ah...Just water for me," Kenneth said.

“Oh, come on, Ken,” Grace chided him. She jabbed his ankle under the table with her shoe. “Live a little. You can't have good Italian food without wine. Remember, it's my treat.”

Kenneth thought about it for a moment. “Alright,” he said. “But I don't know a lot about wine. You choose, Grace.”

“Sure.” She glanced over the wine list for a few minutes, then looked up at the waiter. “A bottle of the 2001 Marchesi Antinori Badia a Passignano.” The waiter nodded, an approving expression on his face, and left them. Grace gave Kenneth a small smile. “I don't know a lot about wine, either, but I know what tastes good.” They took the opportunity to examine the menu, and engaged in a little light conversation. When the waiter returned with their bottle of wine, he uncorked it and poured two glasses, then withdrew a small notepad from his jacket pocket.

“And for your meal, signora?” he asked Grace. She considered for a moment, and then ordered chicken parmesan with ricotta gnocchi. Kenneth took the advice she had given him in the car and asked for veal piccata with penne in a light garlic butter sauce.

When the waiter was gone, Kenneth sampled the wine in his glass. It was his first-ever taste of alcohol. He realized that the waiter hadn't carded him for the wine, while he was still three years underage. He noticed a kind of thrill with getting away with something like that. The wine tasted interesting, different from anything he had ever drunk before. His unpracticed tongue didn't have an appreciation for all the subtleties, but the red liquid had a pleasant, tart flavor.

“This is pretty good,” he told Grace.

“Ain't it, though?” she agreed. She reached forward with her glass, clinking it lightly against his. “What do we drink to?”

“How about you keeping your scholarship?”

Grace smiled warmly. “I'll drink to that.” She leaned back in her seat, raising her glass in salute. “And to wimpy nerds.”

Kenneth took that one in stride, with a retort of his own. “And to crazy psycho musclehead chicks.” The German shepherd smirked at him, and they both drank.

Their food was excellent. Grace had been quite right about the veal, it was supremely tender and just disintegrated in his mouth when he tasted it. He enjoyed it very much, as well as the wine. Grace was almost tempted to order a second bottle after the first one was emptied, but she did have to drive them after the meal, so she resisted her urges and abstained.

During the meal, they talked about all manner of things. Some of their conversation was about classes, but mostly they talked about movies, music, and other non-class-related topics. Kenneth

learned a good deal about field hockey and basketball over the course of their chatting. He told himself that he was going to have to try to catch a few games when the seasons began. They talked even after their food was gone, just looking over the candlelight at each other. At one point their hands met on top of the table, without their noticing. And when they did notice, they didn't move them.

When the check came, Kenneth managed a quick glance at it while Grace was looking in her purse for her debit card. His eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw the tab, but he didn't say anything about it. Grace had offered to treat him, and it would be rude to bring up how high the bill was. But he still felt guilty about it, especially since he knew how tight her budget usually was. This meal probably represented the last time she would be able to go out to dinner on her own dime for at least six months. It meant a lot to him that she'd been willing to do that. Quite the turnaround in attitude between the pair of them from a week ago.

In the car in the parking lot after they left the restaurant, things heated up a little. Grace started up the car, but neither of them buckled their seat belts. Kenneth leaned back in his seat, looking over at her.

"Thanks for a great meal, Grace," he said. "I haven't eaten that well in...I can't even remember. It sure beats dining hall food, and that's the truth."

"Good," she replied. The tip of her tail was wagging beside her. "I'm...ah...I'm glad you agreed to come. I had a good time."

"Me, too. I really liked spending time with you." Kenneth was quiet for a minute. "I...I think I was wrong about you. You're not really a psycho bitch. You're actually pretty nice, Grace, once you chill out a little."

"You think so?" Grace put a hand over the center console, touching his thigh with her furred fingertips. She traced her fingers along his leg, her nails scratching faint trails into the cloth of his pants.

"I do." He looked over at her, staring at her long, canine face, and her deep brown eyes. "I mean...I kinda like you."

Grace took a slow breath, looking up at the roof of her car. She swallowed a few times, her fingers squeezing the human's knee. She could practically hear the sound of both of their hearts beating over the low thrum of her car's engine.

"Ah...Hell..."

The female fur leaned over the center console, and then she kissed him. Time seemed to stand still for both of them. At first, Kenneth wasn't sure what to do, but then intuition took over and he put his arm around her back. He could feel her strong shoulder muscles underneath his palm, and she

leaned into him, her firm breasts pressing against his chest. She cupped his cheeks with both of her hands, pulling his face tighter against her muzzle. He could hear the soft thudding of her bushy tail as it wagged, thwacking against the interior of the car. Taking things a little further, he slid his hand down her spine, resting his palm right at the small of her back. Grace exhaled sharply through her nose as his fingers rubbed right at the base of her tail, and she bucked forward against him slightly.

A moment later, Grace leaned back from their kiss. Her heart was racing now. If Kenneth had been another canine, he would have been able to smell her scent permeating the atmosphere inside the car. Not having much experience with furs of any kind, she knew that he couldn't have known that touching there was an intense turn-on for her species. She came back fully onto her side, sighing again as her back rested against the driver's seat.

“Wow...,” Kenneth said, for the second time that night.

“Yeah.” Grace just sat there for a few moments, willing her heart rate and breathing to get back under control. When she'd invited Kenneth out tonight, she'd told herself that she wasn't going to let it go any further. As a matter of fact, she had been constantly telling herself that she didn't have any amorous thoughts about him since their meeting in the campus gym. But now that careful tapestry of self-deception was coming unraveled, and she was becoming aware that she might have been harboring feelings of attraction towards him for much longer than that.

“Hey, Ken,” she said, finally. “Let's not go back just yet. There's something I wanna show you.”

Grace drove them further out from town, to where there were fewer buildings and more trees. She wouldn't tell Kenneth where they were going, telling him that it was a surprise. He found the suspense exciting, wondering exactly what she had planned for them. As they drove, Grace put the top down, letting the air into the car. The night was a warm one, and the wind rushing by as she sped along the road ruffled his hair and made her ears flap. She finally turned off the main road, heading along a narrower, more curvy one. At the end of it, they came to a small parking lot. She pulled in and stopped the Mustang, turning off the engine and cutting all of the lights.

“Where are we?” Kenneth asked, opening his door and stepping out.

“Greencastle State Park,” Grace answered. She left her car as well, leaving her shoes behind inside. She locked up the car and put the keys in her purse. “Do you know it?”

“Only by name.” Kenneth looked around. The night was total now, as it was near to ten o'clock, but the moon was full and it shone brightly down on them. He turned his head skyward and saw thousands of stars twinkling. They were a good ways away from the town, away from most of the light pollution, and his view of the night sky was clear.

"I come here to run sometimes," Grace told him. "The paths are great for running on. Pretty level, grassy, good for bare feet." She moved to stand beside him, taking his hand in hers. "There's a cool overlook just a little ways from here. Hell of a good view. I've always kinda wanted to see what it looks like at night."

Kenneth squeezed the fur's hand. "Then lead the way."

Grace started walking, leading him by hand to the start of a path. A trail marker was barely visible, indicating that it was the beginning of a three-mile looping path. As they walked, they were surrounded by overwhelming silence. Only a very bare breeze blew through the trees, creating an almost imperceptible whisper through the leaves, drying from the late mid-autumn season. The park seemed to be asleep, with even the insects and tree frogs remaining quiet.

Fifteen minutes of walking later, they broke through the trees to a clear area. Kenneth saw that they were at the top of a high hill, covered with grass. He took a deep breath as he saw the view. The hill overlooked the entire city below, an array of lights outlining all of the buildings and the streets. Above the city, the stars were shining brightly, along with the largest, most luminescent moon that either of them had ever seen.

Kenneth stepped forward, away from Grace, going near to the where the hill began sloping down. "Man...Grace...This is a fantastic view." He breathed the fresh, warm air deeply, letting it penetrate his lungs. "Thanks for bringing me here."

Instead of a response, all he heard was a slow chorus of snapping sounds, and then the soft rustle of something light falling to the ground. Curiously, Kenneth turned around. When he saw what was behind him, he felt his breath catch.

Grace stood there, her dress puddled on the grass at her feet. The moonlight illuminated her body clearly in the darkness. She was completely naked now, apart from her jewelry, her glossy brown-and-black coat of fur reflecting little bits of moonlight here and there. The German shepherd had her arms crossed loosely over her stomach. Kenneth let his eyes roam over her body. His gaze drifted from her strong legs, up to her wide, curvy hips, her sex hidden from him, for now, within the lighter tan of the fur covering her front. He continued up over her well-developed abs, partially covered by her powerfully built arms. Then his eyes alighted on her breasts, her large, firm, exquisite breasts, just begging for his hands to cup and feel them. His gaze lingered here for a while, and then he dragged his eyes away to finally look at her face.

She was smiling at him, her brown eyes staring right into his hazel eyes. The fur had perhaps the first truly unguarded expression that he'd ever seen from her, though he could see a little apprehension in her eyes. He realized she was nervous, maybe even as nervous as he was right now.

But her tail was waving pleasantly back and forth, showing him that she was at peace with her anxiety. Kenneth smiled back at her.

“You're even more beautiful than I thought you'd be,” he said.

“Fucking fruitcake flatterer...,” she growled at him. But her smile widened even more, her tail wagging faster. Grace stepped towards him, coming closer until she was right in front of him. “Now I'm naked, and you're not. Doesn't seem fair, eh, Skinneth?”

She reached down, unbuttoning his jacket and pushing it off of his shoulders with both hands, sending it to the ground. As she loosened and removed his tie, he was prying his feet out of his shoes and clumsily removing his socks with his toes. The fur leaned in and kissed him, at the same time working her way down his shirt, one button at a time. She pulled the shirt out from his pants, slipping it off of his arms and leaving his chest bare. Then her hands went lower, working his belt loose and lowering the fly on his pants. Grace nosed the top of his head, growling quietly as she worked her hands into his waistband, pushing his underwear down along with his pants. Kenneth sucked in a sharp breath as his cock sprang free, already uncomfortably stiff and engorged, and the tip brushed against her thigh.

Grace looked down between them, biting her lip as she saw his erect member. “Mm, I've been waiting to see that.” She put her muzzle close to his ear, whispering almost too quietly for him to hear. “I only got to see it through your running shorts, before.”

“Ah...Noticed that, did you?” Kenneth said hoarsely, feeling his face burning.

“Mmhm. And I gotta say. Very impressive, for a nerdy wimp.” Grace put a hand down, just barely brushing her furred fingertips against his bare cock. Kenneth felt it give a twitch as someone other than himself touched it for the very first time, and he held his breath. When she wrapped her fingers tightly around his rigid shaft, he let his breath out in a loud rush of air. “Not hurting you, am I?”

“No, God no.” Kenneth took a shuddering breath. “That feels amazing. It's just...I don't know how to say it...” He struggled with how to tell her.

“Don't tell me...” Grace loosened her grip on his cock. She tilted her head to one side, eying him out of the corner of her eye. “You're a virgin, aren't you?” The human didn't answer her with words, he just looked down embarrassedly and then nodded his head. Grinning wide, her long, pointed ears twitching forward in amusement, Grace put a hand underneath his chin and tipped his head back up. She kissed him again, slipping her tongue into his mouth, tightening her fingers around him once again. He groaned into her muzzle. “Then I'll do my damndest to make your first time worth it, lover.”

With her free hand, she guided him down, forcefully but not harshly, onto the grass beneath them. The grass was feathery and soft against the bare skin of his back. Grace came down atop him,

looking down at his body. Her eyes roamed him now, thirstily drinking in the sight of him. He was as alien to her as she was to him. She put her hands on his chest, rubbing his smooth skin with her furry palms.

“That's so wicked,” she breathed. “No fur, anywhere. Just skin.” The senior gave him another kiss on the lips, and then she started kissing her way down his front. He moaned softly as her furred body dragged against his cock, which was sandwiched in between them. Her lips moved down lower and lower, finally reaching his belly button. Grace moved lower still, taking his cock in her hand as she looked up at his face. Kenneth was looking back down at her, his eyes clouded with pleasure.

“God, Grace...”

“Don't cum too quick, cherry boy,” she commanded him, licking her lips. “I wanna enjoy this.”

With that, she touched her long, broad tongue to the tip of his cock, slowly swirling it around the head. Kenneth let out a low groan as his head went back against the grass, his fists clenching next to him as the warmth of her tongue bathed him. The German shepherd chuckled low in the back of her throat, moving her hand to the base of his cock and starting to lick up and down along the underside of his shaft. She tilted her head, wrapping her lips around him from the side, moving her mouth up and down. A drop of precum beaded at his tip, growing until it slowly slid down his length. When it hit her lips, Grace flicked her tongue out, lapping it up.

“Mm...,” she murmured, working the flavor around her mouth. “Not bad...”

“More where that came from,” Kenneth managed to gasp. He was struggling not to cum. Grace had an experienced mouth, and it was a lot for the freshman virgin to handle.

“Oh, not yet,” Grace scolded him. She cupped his balls with one hand, squeezing them firmly. “You can manage another minute or so, can't'cha? It's just about to get *really* good.” Flicking her tongue against his human cock one more time, she pressed her lips to the head. The canine pushed her head forward, her lips slowly slipping around his member as she took him into her muzzle. She let her tongue slide along the bottom of his erection, until her lips were wrapped around the base. Grace breathed slowly and steadily through her nose, holding him there as his tip barely grazed the back of her throat. She *loved* giving head, and she was very, very good at it. And this human had a cock big enough to really appreciate what she could do.

As Grace began pulling her head back, Kenneth tried to control his own breathing. If he focused on bringing air in and out, he could hold out just that much longer. Her warm muzzle was a pleasant haven for his cock. He'd thought he'd felt pleasure before, at his own hand, but this was so much more. Grace's tongue curled around his member, teasing and caressing him in ways he couldn't have imagined before tonight. She slid her mouth almost all the way off of him, and then back down his entire length

until he was buried completely again, repeating the action over and over until she was moving her mouth over him in a regular rhythm. Pleasure was rippling along his length now, and his arms started shaking as it became impossible for him to hold off any longer.

“God, I’m...,” Kenneth gasped, searching through the mists of pleasure to find words. “I’m gonna cum, Grace.”

Her ears pricked forward, and the canine fur pushed her head forward, forcing him as deep into her throat as he could go. Kenneth bit off a cry of pleasure, clenching his jaw as his cock began jerking in her mouth. When Grace felt the first splash of his hot seed against the back of her throat, she swallowed greedily, then slid her mouth halfway back along his length. The teasing pleasure of her tongue sliding along his cock intensified his orgasm, and he grabbed a handful of the grass as his member spurted again and again, flooding her mouth with his semen. Grace murmured a pleased tone, exhaling slowly as the pungent, salty flavor of his human cum washed over her taste buds.

As his climax subsided, and his cock quieted within her muzzle, Grace pulled her head all the way back, her lips forming a tight seal around him. As his cock slid out of her mouth, she didn’t allow a drop of his cum to leak out. The fur lifted her head, showing him that nothing had escaped. Then she tilted her head back, letting the warm, delicious liquid slide down her throat. She swallowed it all in two gulps, and then opened her mouth for him, licking her lips so he would have no doubts as to just where it all went.

“Holy shit...,” Kenneth breathed, laying a hand over his forehead. His cock was beginning to shrink, his body relaxing as he came down from the sexual high. “Goddamn, that was...Whoa...”

“Good, yeah?” Grace said. She slid back up his body, stretching her body along his and resting on top of him. She kissed him, making sure to slip him her tongue. His flavor was still thick on her breath, and he’d be able to taste himself in her mouth. Underneath her, she felt his cock give a twitch.

The human wrapped his arms around her back, hugging her amazonian body to his smaller, leaner one. She deepened their kiss. He could definitely taste the saltiness that clung to her lips, knew that he was tasting hints of his own cum. It drove him wild.

“Grace, you’re incredible,” he said when their kiss broke. “I’ve never experienced anything like that before.”

Grace looked down at him, cocking an eyebrow. “You sure as hell better not be thinking that’s it,” she warned him, her voice dangerously low, though she kept a playful note to her words. “Because you’re not leaving until you repay the favor.” She sat up, rocking back onto her rump, leaning back and propping herself up on her elbows and looking at him. The German shepherd spread her legs apart, her tail curling out of the way.

Sitting up himself, Kenneth looked between her legs, and unconsciously his tongue flicked out of his mouth. In front of him now was the most erotic sight he'd ever seen in his entire life. Grace's pussy, delicate in appearance but raw in meaning, was exposed to him. Her slick, dark folds were swollen with arousal, the fur between her thighs no longer hiding them from his view. The moonlight glistened on the moisture clinging to her sex, giving his eyes a clear target. As he stared, Grace put a hand between her legs, touching her fingers to her pussy and rubbing at herself lightly.

“God, I'm so fucking wet,” she hissed throatily at him. The fur moaned softly as she ground a fingertip directly on her clit. “I bet you'd just love to lick this pussy...Get over here, lover. Show me what you can do with that tongue.”

Totally in obedience to her now, Kenneth got on his hands and knees and crawled up to her. But instead of going directly for her pussy right away, he slid his body in between her thick legs, laying down on top of her. She growled at him, but he ignored her for the moment. Before he'd ever seen her pussy, or her sculpted, perfect ass, he'd been entranced by those full breasts of hers. Her growls faded as his hands came to them now, cupping and squeezing them. As firm as they looked to his eyes, when his hands lighted on them he found they were pleasantly soft and yielding to his touch. He squeezed, eliciting a low moan.

Unable to resist, the human dipped his head to her right breast. He kissed all over it, until his lips grazed against her nipple. Grace hissed as he closed around it, sucking it into his mouth and circling his tongue around the stiff nub. Her hand came to the back of his head, clutching him to her breast like a mother suckling her pup. When he'd had his fill, he moved to her left breast, giving it all the attention that he had shown its twin.

Grace placed her hand on the top of his head, pushing down insistently. She was growing impatient, needing to feel his tongue on her sex. Kenneth was ready to oblige her, and he scooted down her body until he felt the heat of her pussy on his face. He put his palms on the insides of her thighs, pushing them further apart. She was opened up to him. Her delicate pussy lips, dark brown like her fur, gave way inside to slick, wet pinkness. Taking a deep breath, he inhaled her scent. She was a different species from him, her pheromones designed to react to a different biology, but he could still smell a delicate, musky spiciness. Her scent appealed to the exotic desires that had been awakened in his mind.

“Fucking do it already!” Grace barked at him. She shifted her hips from side to side, her tail whipping back and forth against the grass underneath them. “Eat up, cherry boy.”

Smiling to himself, Kenneth dipped his head to her pussy. He pressed his mouth to her cunt lips, letting his short human tongue play out and slip inside of her. He melted against her as he tasted her flavor for the first time. She was as delicious a dessert as he could have asked for. Her spicy, tangy

juices slicked over his tongue, bathing his taste buds in her succulent ambrosia. He delved deeper, as much as he could manage, seeking more of this wondrous drink.

Grace could feel slow waves of pleasure starting in her loins, spreading up through the rest of her body. She hadn't expected a human male, and a virgin one at that, to be so good at eating pussy. His tongue was finding every little nook and cranny, as deep as it could go, in her nethers. Her hand was at the back of his head, pushing her face against her as she moved her hips in a slow circle, grinding against him. When he withdrew his tongue, she snarled in irritation, as she had been so close, but then her irritation turned to delight as his lips closed around her clitoris. He sucked on her like she had sucked on him, the tip of his tongue swirling hard against her.

It got even better when she felt his hand join his mouth, as he placed a finger against the entrance to her sex. Grace moaned deeply as his finger slipped into her vagina, curling against her inner walls. She turned her head to the side, her back arching up from the grass as electricity spread up and down her spine. *Almost there...Oh, God, keep going...Please, just a little more...*

"Oh, fuck...!" The female fur cried out in pleasure as she came. Kenneth coughed in surprised as she squirted a spray of her femcum into his mouth, but he recovered himself and drank her in. She tossed her head from side to side, gasping, her tongue protruding from her jaws as she panted heavily. Her strong arm was forcing the human's head against her pussy, cutting off his air.

"Mmmf! Mmm, Grrrsss!" He slapped his hand on her belly, trying to get her attention. Finally, he felt the pressure on the back of his head lessen, and he lifted up, gasping for breath and coughing. His face was dripping with her moisture.

Grace had to take a moment before she could speak. "Oh...Shit..." She traced her fingers over his face, feeling the wetness that clung to his skin. "God, that's never happened before. That was fucking amazing..."

Kenneth grinned as he got his wind back, rubbing his hand in a slow circle on her belly. He moved his hand lower, rubbing the canine female's clit with his thumb. She gasped again, her ears laying back along her head as she brought a hand to her breast, squeezing herself tightly.

"Goddamn...No, fuck...Stop..." She clamped her thighs together, gritting her teeth.

"What?" Kenneth sat up, suddenly alarmed. "Sorry, I didn't mean to-"

"Don't apologize, you pussy!" she growled. Then her voice softened. "You're not doing anything wrong." She pushed him away, then she came up to her knees. Grace leaned forward, bringing her arm around her human lover's back, and she drew him in for a kiss. Her bushy tail curled around his waist. "I just want something else now." She put her hand down between them, and made a low murmur of approval. His cock was back to full attention. "And I think you're ready to give me what I

want.”

Pulling back, Grace scooted a short distance back from him. Then she rolled over onto her stomach, lying flat on the grass. Looking back over her shoulder, she drew her knees underneath her body and lifted up. With her rump raised up in the air, she lifted her tail up and out of the way, laying it down along her back. Kenneth's eyes locked back on her pussy, and his cock gave a twitch.

Oh, wow..., he thought. If he had been honest with himself, he would never have thought this would ever happen to him. *She really wants me. She wants me to do it.*

“What are you waiting for?” Grace asked him. The German shepherd laid her head down on the grass, closing her eyes, and swayed her hips from side to side. Her perfect, firm, toned rear taunted him, beckoned him. “It's called 'doggy style' for a reason. Get over here and fuck me.”

At this point, Kenneth didn't need telling twice. He moved forward, coming up close behind Grace. His heart was going a mile a minute, his body shot with endorphins as he realized just what exactly what about to occur. Placing one hand on her ass, he gripped his cock with his other hand. He pushed against her, and his cock slid away. He tried again, and again as soon as he felt her warmth, he slid off the mark. He made a noise of frustration.

“We're not like human girls,” Grace hissed. The canine female was growing impatient again, her body screaming for him to be inside of her. She lowered her hips slightly. “You need to...angle up a little.”

Kenneth did as she instructed, driving his hips up. They both groaned in exquisite agony as his cock finally sank deep inside of her slick, tight pussy. The human male wrapped his arms around his furred lover's waist, laying himself over her back. She dug her fingers into the ground, ripping up clumps of grass and earth as she felt him filling her so completely. For long minutes they remained that way, just reveling in the sensation of being connected. Each shared the same sensation of deliciously alien pleasure, the human and the fur.

By unspoken consensus, they both decided they were ready. Keeping a tight grip on her hips, Kenneth pulled back out of her. Grace gave a delirious whimper of pleasure, rocking her body forward at the same time. As he then pushed back into her, she drove herself back until his hips slapped against her ass.

Kenneth had thought about sex for years, had always imagined what it would be like. But here, right now, fucking Grace...It was absolutely nothing like what he'd thought it would be. She was so soft, so warm, so wonderful around his cock. Every movement that he made inside of her sent pleasure rocketing through his body, more than he had ever experienced in his life. He wanted it to last forever, wanted this joy to never end, no matter if the rest of the world came crashing down around them.

For Grace, it was much the same thing. All of her fantasies, those terrible, glorious, illicit fantasies that she'd had about Kenneth, were coming true right now. She'd lied to herself, told her that she didn't want this, but now that it was happening...Now that she had made it happen...She couldn't imagine herself ever wanting something more. His cock was nothing like one of her species. He had no knot, nothing uncomfortable that she had to cram inside of herself, just a long, thick, magnificent cock that was fucking her everloving brains out. Waves of bliss were cascading through her body, clouding her mind with a narcotic haze that made her forget where, when, what she was. All that mattered was for him to keep fucking her, to keep filling her.

All good things must come to an end, and their union was no different. Before he was ready for it to happen, Kenneth felt his balls draw up close to his body, and that familiar tingle start at the base of his cock. With a guttural cry, he drove himself to the hilt into Grace's pussy, the muscles in his rear bunching up and twitching as his cock began flooding her womb with his cum. Grace pushed herself up on her arms, tilting her head back and drawing in a deep breath. As she reached her peak with him, she let out a long, loud, canine howl, her voice reaching up to the full moon, echoing through the trees.

It was an hour before Kenneth was able to move again. By that time, he'd slid out of Grace's body, and was lying next to the female fur. She had her tail draped over his body, and was propped up on one side, looking at him in amusement. Her hand was on his chest, a finger tracing around over his skin in a lazy circle.

"Wimp," the senior said. "Two measly orgasms, and you're all wiped out. What happened to your runners' stamina?" Grace smirked at him, gazing at him with her dark brown eyes. She was actually impressed with him. He'd managed to stay with her through the whole thing. Many a male had given out halfway, disappointing her, but not this one. This one was different.

"Give me a break," Kenneth managed to say. The freshman, a virgin no longer, sat up very slowly. He could tell he was going to be sore in the morning. "I just started. You need to give me a chance to get acclimated."

"Ooh, look who thinks he's getting more chances."

"Well, you're going to have to study for the final, right?"

"Good point." Grace leaned over and kissed him on the lips. "Tell you what, nerd. Let's go back to my place. We can sleep, and then maybe see if you're up for round two. Be nice to have someone who can keep up with me, for a change."

Kenneth chuckled. "Sounds good to me, psycho."

“Well! Evil to some is always good to others.”

- Jane Austen