

A Two-Edged Sword

By Mantrid Brizon

Table Of Contents...

Chapter One: Critical Error	Page 1.
Chapter Two: Side Effect	Page 9.
Chapter Three: Tension	Page 20.
Chapter Four: Release	Page 28.
Chapter Five: Coming Down	Page 41.
Chapter Six: Decisions	Page 48.
Chapter Seven: First Date	Page 58.
Chapter Seven: Drawn The Sword	Page 64.

Chapter One: Critical Error

The headboard slams repeatedly against the wall, swaying back and forth as the couple enjoy themselves and each other. Francine grips her lovers back, the long and bushy tail of the feline Voeldahn swaying between Greg's legs as he thrusts into and out of her. Her lover, a male

Voeldahn with an equally feline appearance, grunts and groans as he works Francine as best he can. Greg struggles to hold out until after she finishes. It's quite the task, all things considered. His white fur with light brown spots is matted from his sweat, his muscles burning from the exertion.

Francine's cream-colored fur is equally matted, her clawed hands gripping the back of Greg's neck as he holds himself up by his hands and knees. She moans and groans, squeezing him tightly between her legs as the toes of her digitigrade feet spread apart and then curl. Crying out loudly, she trembles as she orgasms, cumming hard on her lover's member. White cream oozes over and around Greg's package as he pumps harder and faster, finally able to let himself go. Leaning forward, he necks his lover and fondles her large breasts as his pleasure rushes toward its peak.

"Please, baby." Francine moans. "Give it to me."

Greg doesn't disobey, and why would he? Roaring loudly, he buries himself deep inside of his partner before unleashing the aftereffects of his pleasure. He closes his eyes tightly and grips her ample breasts in his hands, squeezing them as he kneels between her legs and fills her with his fertile seed. His long and thin tail sways gleefully as he holds himself in place, his body trembling from the immense pleasure. Francine gasps, her body shivering from the wonderful sensation.

“Oh my god...” A voice murmurs.

Greg’s eyes shoot open as he turns his head toward the bedroom door. Francine gasps and struggles to cover herself with the sweat drenched bedsheet as the lovers look on in horror. Greg’s wife, Victoria, stands in the bedroom doorway, a hand brought up to her face and covering her gaping maw.

“Wait, babe!” Greg exclaims, withdrawing himself from his lover. “This isn’t what it looks like!”

He falls over as he struggles to climb up from the bed. Vicky, as she is often called, is quick to flee the home. Her stomach twists into a tight knot from the discovery and nausea overcomes her. Though it makes it difficult for her to flee, she manages to find her way back to her car before Greg can stop her. She gasps for breath as she jumps into her vehicle, escaping the scene. How could her husband of seven years do this to her? What did she do wrong to earn such treatment?

They met in college at eighteen-years-old, marrying two years later. The couple earned their degrees together. They built their well-paying careers as a team. They met all of their struggles head-on. Greg, an executive for a successful and wealthy advertising company, had always been a caring, loving and attentive husband. The last eight months, however, he has been unusually distant and now she understands why. Vicky, a pediatrician with her own

practice, had been exceptionally busy during that time, but she always tried to make time for him. He is, or was, the love of her life.

After staying with her mother for a week in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Vicky decides to give Greg a second chance. Unfortunately for the both of them, the trust that they once shared has been shattered and cannot be easily repaired. Greg's limited patience doesn't last and he soon stops trying to make amends. What makes matters worse is that Greg soon resumes his affair with Francine, visiting her at the MotorCity Casino hotel after his regular business meetings to Detroit are completed. Though Vicky can't actually prove it, she heavily suspects it. It doesn't help that Greg's suspicious behavior has only worsened. It only serves to drive a wedge between them.

Nearly a month after walking in on the lovers, Vicky sits in her 2017 BMW Z4 Roadster, driving down the lonesome road that leads away from her small-town home. The hyper orange car with a jet-black hardtop convertible roof zooms down the road as she grips the steering wheel tightly. She clenches her teeth as her eyes well with tears. Soon unable to contain her emotions, she pulls over and parks her car. The feline Voeldahn covers her short snout with her hands, cupping them around the sides with her fingertips resting near her eyes. She stares at the emblem on the steering wheel as she takes a deep breath, the image blurring as tears run down her face.

Composing herself, she finishes the drive to the home of her friend and business partner, Carina. The human woman of Asian descent, with pale skin and long, raven black hair greets Vicky at the door. They have been friends since before college, meeting in their senior year of high school and both majoring in the medical field.

"Now you know why I never got married. Use 'em and lose 'em." Carina jests, pouring a cup of tea for her guest.

"That's not funny." Vicky grumbles, staring into the caramel colored liquid.

"I'm sorry." Carina begins, sitting across from Vicky. "I don't really know what else to say..." She admits.

"I appreciate you trying"

"So... Is he still seeing her?" Carina asks.

"I don't know, but I think so. We're not intimate and he never talks to me anymore. He claims to be busy with work and stays overnight at 'the office', but it isn't *that* far to Detroit from here. He could be home with me if he really wanted to be. He often doesn't even call." Vicky explains.

"Oh..."

"I don't know what to do anymore." Vicky drops her head.

"Well you could always get even." Carina remarks.

She takes a drink of her tea as Vicky looks to her. Carina merely shrugs her shoulders.

“You mean cheat? ... What good would that do?” Vicky asks.

“Put him in his place? Make you feel better? Make you feel *a lot* better?” Carina winks.

Vicky remains deathly silent.

“I... I don’t know... It was stupid suggestion. I don’t know why I said it. Forget I mentioned it.” Carina says.

Vicky changes the subject and the friends have a cordial yet awkward meeting. Though she spends time with her friend, who does her best to keep Vicky entertained, the betrayed wife can’t help but contemplate what the human suggested to her. After visiting for several hours Vicky returns home. While driving back she ponders the recommendation, her mind discretely imagining.

“I’m home!” She calls out as she enters the house from the attached garage.

Walking through the large, dark house, she finds it void. Greg must have stayed at the office, yet again. She considers calling him to find out where he is and why he isn’t home, but the thought of him missing her call as he potentially has sex with his mistress is an unbearably humiliating prospect. Instead, she makes herself a simple dinner before heading for bed. She strips off her clothes to take a shower before sleeping, leaving them in a pile on the

bedroom floor. Turning to the master bathroom, she stops when her eyes catch her own reflection within the sliding mirrored doors of the bedroom closet.

Looking at the reflective panel that stretches nearly floor-to-ceiling, she examines her unclothed body. At twenty-seven-years-old, the feline Voeldahn is not unattractive. Standing barely five feet and four inches tall, she weighs just under one-hundred and ten pounds. Her slender frame has a distinct if subtle hourglass shape, and her modest breasts match her firm buttocks which isn't too large nor too small. She is the epitome of height and weight proportionate. Her body is covered in a soft coat of short, milk chocolate colored fur with no discernable pattern.

Vicky's dark brown hair, straight and reaching just past her shoulders, is parted at the middle and frames her face. Her big brown eyes look over her reflection, the soft amber light from her nightstand lamp reflecting off of her fur with a subtle sheen. She turns to look at her relatively flat belly, running her clawed hands over her body from just above her breasts and down to her thighs. From what little she saw of her husband's lover, she is easily equal in attractiveness, if not far greater. If a woman like Francine can snare a once happily married man so easily, then she can find her own lover just as easily.

Heading into the bathroom, Vicky turns on the faucet of the large jacuzzi tub. Sitting on the edge of the tub, she turns to the mirror above the sink which reveals a portion of her upper body on the far edge. Leaning over, she looks at

herself once again. She is still a prize, and she has plenty of time to enjoy her looks before they begin to fade. Perhaps Carina is right? As the tub fills with hot water, Vicky decides that she has just as much right to enjoy someone else if her husband can.

She turns off the faucet and dips her toes into the warm water. Slowly lowering herself into the tub, she turns on the jets and relaxes. Her mind is made up; Greg will get what he deserves, and if he can't handle her infidelity, then at least she will enjoy herself at his expense before the inevitable divorce. The only question now is how will she go about it? She hasn't dated since her late teens when she met her husband. Should she bar hop, or attempt to find a man on the internet? She chuckles at the thought. She's far too attractive to use the internet; no one will believe that she is genuine.

Lying down alone in her king size bed, she glances over to the clock. It's fifteen minutes to midnight and Greg still isn't home, nor has he called. Her chest stings at his absence, his rejection hurting as badly as his initial betrayal. As she had done several nights before, she struggles to sleep, routinely dabbing her watery eyes with Kleenex. Eventually she succumbs to exhaustion, but the poor rejected wife suffers continuous nightmares of being alone and unloved. They haunt her dreams like angry ghosts or demons bent on the destruction of her very being.

Chapter Two: Side Effect

Waking up the next morning, she turns to the space beside her to see that it's still empty and unused. Turning to the clock, she has awoken at 9:41 in the morning. Shutting off the alarm before it has a chance to chime, Vicky leaps from her bed. Her office isn't open today, as she and Carina always keep the weekends for themselves. Heading to her closet, Vicky eagerly begins trying on outfit after outfit, taking some time to dress for the occasion. It isn't every day that she sets out to cheat on her ungrateful snake of a husband. After over an hour of trial and error she finally picks out her clothes, building a uniform fit for any disaffected wife.

Her bra and panties are silky and shiny, both purple in color. The bra pushes her bosom up just enough to create considerable cleavage no matter what she wears, and her panties hug her lower half like a second skin, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. A short black skirt that she hasn't worn in years and had even forgotten that she'd owned hangs on her waist. The jagged ends of the skirt barely reach to the middle of her thighs. Not owning any tube tops or anything that would reveal her midriff, she instead wears a tight-fitting tank top, dark purple in color.

It too had sat in the back of a drawer of blouses for nearly as long as the skirt. She can't remember where she even found such a top, or if she had worn it before. Vicky slips her paw-like feet into a pair of shiny black Voeldahn boots with short tops that are made of a durable and glossy

vinyl. She spins around, her long tail whipping and her skirt swishing as she twirls. She grins at her image; Vicky can't recall the last time she found herself so attractive. She's never been the arrogant type, but at that moment she would dare anyone to find a more pleasing feminine image.

Heading down to the garage where her BMW Z4 Roadster waits, she removes her wedding ring and leaves it atop the kitchen counter. Leaving her home, she heads for the nearest town. Vicky and Greg had purposely built their home on the outskirts of Lansing, living in a rural area nearly an hour north of the state's capital. The nearest town is both small and sparsely populated, with rarely used highways that see such little traffic as to hardly need maintenance. This was the way the couple liked it, buying land and building their large manor away from prying eyes. Now, however, it serves to only alienate the lonely and betrayed wife.

Vicky pulls into the parking lot of a local bar often visited by singles of the nearby towns, as well as travelers heading to or from Lansing. As soon as her fingers grip the door handle, she begins to tremble like a child caught in the middle of stealing money from their mother's purse. Can she really go through with this? She hasn't had sex in months and pleasuring herself has ceased relieving her tension. Carina made valid points, and Vicky knows that she needs it, but does she have the will to actively betray her husband who so easily did the same to her? What kind of men would she even find here if she could?

Without pulling the handle, Vicky loses her nerve and restarts her sports car. Backing out of the lot, she drives aimlessly for some time. She doesn't want to head home but has nowhere else to go. She doesn't want to bother Carina with her problems, even though her friend would certainly be there for her. After nearly an hour on the road, passing fewer cars than she has digits on her hands, she finally pulls over. Her mind racing and her pain swelling, she shuts off her car and cries, resting her head on the steering wheel.

She doesn't know how long she is sitting there and she doesn't care. The tears run down her snout and drip off her pink nose as she looks down at her lap, her forehead against the steering wheel. She sniffles as she hears a strange sound that catches her attention. Glancing up at the road, a large, gleaming semi-truck with a black and orange two-toned paintjob pulls over just before her car. The metal beast spews air as the driver engages the brakes, parking the massive vehicle barely ten feet in front of the sports car before shutting it off.

She immediately reaches for the ignition, quick to leave the scene before the trucker can approach her. The door of the rig swings open as she reaches for the button, drawing her attention. Vicky stops in her tracks when a young human man hops out. He looks nothing like what she expected from a truck driver. His skin is lightly tanned and without blemishes, his long, sandy blonde ponytail swaying behind him as he walks. His face is clean shaven and his body toned; he obviously exercises.

She gently bites her bottom lip as the human man approaches her car. Greg had always harbored a touch of bigotry against humans, even back in college; Vicky did not. In fact, before meeting Greg in college, she had dated several human boys in middle and high school. In her experience they weren't really all that different from Voeldahn boys, their physical appearance aside. Vicky finds the human form equally as appealing as the Voeldahn, and in her opinion, this human is exceptionally handsome.

"Hello, miss. Do you need any help?" The young trucker asks with a pleasant smile.

His voice is rather deep, but with a pleasant aura about it; it's masculine yet kind, strong yet tender.

"Uh, I... Uh..." She gulps.

Vicky struggles to find her words. She hasn't been so affected by the mere appearance of an attractive man since she first met Greg. She stares up at him through the open driver's side window, gazing into his vivid hazel eyes, nearly amber in color.

"Uh... Did you break down?" The trucker asks, raising a thin eyebrow.

"Did I?" She murmurs.

"That's what I was asking." He chuckles.

“Oh, uh... No.” Vicky closes her eyes tightly, forcing herself out of her infatuated trance. “I just had to pull over for a minute.”

“Oh, good. Because this car looks way too expensive for me to be able to fix.” He says with a smile.

“Yeah.” She says softly, looking back up at him.

“So, are you lost? I know this area really well.”

“No.” Vicky answers.

She doesn't know what comes over her but she impulsively reaches for the door handle. The young trucker steps back as she swings open the door, pulling herself out of the small sports car. His eyes grow visibly wider as she emerges from the vehicle. He cannot help but quickly scan her magnificent form, taking her in with his gaze. Vicky flushes beneath her fur, her ego bolstered by his admiring stare. He obviously doesn't share Greg's bigotry as he seems to grow increasingly nervous around the young, beautiful and well educated Voeldahn woman.

Resting her clawed hands atop the open door of her car, she leans forward to show off her bust. She turns her eyes upward, glancing at the trucker who stands around six inches taller than her. The trucker turns slightly to the side and scratches the back of his neck nervously, but his eyes glance down at her breasts. Her lips curl into a little grin as she watches his every move. He doesn't disappoint her in the least.

“D-do you mind if I ask why you uh... Why you stopped?”
He asks, his tone a little less confident and jovial than before.

“I needed to think.” She answers with a half-truth.

“Oh...”

“I appreciate you stopping though.” Vicky quickly adds, not wanting to lose the potential moment.

“It’s alright.” He says, turning to face her. “I was just worried that you might be stranded here. I wouldn’t be able to sleep tonight if I didn’t stop to help.”

His answer is genuine; his voice strong and his body language honest. Vicky smiles uncontrollably, glancing down at the ground between them.

“That’s very sweet of you.”

“I have my moments, miss...?”

“Vicky!” She says as she looks to him, extending a hand.

“Vicky. Short for Victoria?” He asks, taking her hand.

His touch is surprisingly gentle as he stares into her eyes.

“Yeah.” She nods.

“That’s a beautiful name. No wonder it’s yours.” He grins.

Vicky looks down again, her grin growing wider. As corny as his line was, his sincerity still flatters her.

"I'm Liam." He adds.

"Liam. That's different. Are you Irish?"

"No." He chuckles. "My parents just wanted me to be tormented all through school."

"It's a nice name though!"

"At least one of us thinks so." He murmurs.

Vicky closes the car door, her tail swishing as she leans up against her BMW. The gentle Michigan breeze flows through her dark hair and flutters his ponytail, her milk chocolate colored fur gently shifting with the wind. She leans closer to Liam who also moves closer, while avoiding contact with her expensive car.

"So, what are *you* doing out here?" Vicky asks.

"Driving home." He answers.

"You live near here?!" Vicky's interest peaks.

"Oh yeah. I have a little ranch house all to myself. I like the seclusion."

"I see. Don't those usually have trailers?" She points to his semi-truck.

"Yeah, but I just bought it."

“Really?!”

“Yeah. I wanted to take a week or two to myself before picking up contracts.” He explains.

“Does it pay well?” She asks.

“Owner-operators make a lot of money. Sometimes six figures after taxes. It’s the best a blue-collar jerk like me can hope for.” He says with a little grin.

Vicky chuckles, side-stepping even closer to him. Her fur gently brushes the tanned flesh of his arm.

“Do you mind if I ask you why you needed to sit alongside this road, alone?” He suddenly asks.

Vicky stands straight, her heart aching as her mind begins reflecting on Greg’s betrayal, their shattered marriage and her tattered personal life. She looks to the human who shows more genuine concern for her, a total stranger, than her own husband does. Her eyes well with tears as she crosses her arms in front of her chest. Stepping around Liam, she walks beyond the front of her car and stands just behind his semi-truck, trying to keep him from witnessing her sorrow. Unfortunately for Vicky, he can’t stand idly by while she suffers.

“Vicky, are you alright?” He asks with a soft and gentle voice.

Her head drops down as she sniffles, struggling to hold in her emotions. He steps up to her, gently resting a hand on her shoulder. Liam's touch is soft yet firm, comforting yet painful, healing yet harming. Standing beside her, he leans in closer.

"You can talk to me if you'd like. I'll never tell anyone else what you say, and if you just want to vent I'm good for that too." He speaks quietly as though someone might hear them.

Vicky turns, bumping into the human who stands so close to her. Resting against his chest, she looks up to speak but her tears run free and her voice solidifies in her throat. Liam reaches up with a hand and gently brushes away her tears with his thumb. He looks down at her with such compassion that she crumbles in his arms. Resting her head on his shoulder she openly weeps. Unsure of what else to do, Liam wraps his arms around her and softly shushes the woman, his hand gently stroking her back.

"Everything will be alright." He assures her with a soft voice.

"No, it won't." She cries.

"Sure it will. It might be bad now, but whatever is wrong can still be fixed."

"What makes you think that?" She asks, sniffling.

"You're a beautiful young woman; you have plenty of time to work through your problems." He says.

Her lips curl up at the compliment. Did he even realize what he said, or the implications? She holds onto him tightly, his grasp warming her the way that Greg used too.

“I have some Kleenex in my truck. Would you like something to drink? That might make you feel better.”

Liam steps away from her, heading for the passenger door of his rig. Vicky watches as the human quickly pulls it open and climbs in, leaving the door ajar. She heads for her car and reaches inside, grabbing her purse out of force of habit. Walking up to the semi-truck, she slings her purse over her shoulder and climbs inside. Sitting on the exceptionally comfortable passenger seat, she leans over and glances into the back of the rig where Liam takes out a canned soft drink from a built in mini-fridge.

Turning toward the door, Liam jumps back in surprise, startled by the sudden appearance of the beautiful feline woman. Sitting on the passenger seat, she takes hold of the door and pulls it closed behind her, never once taking her eyes off of the man. Clearing his throat, Liam sits down on the edge of the bed that stretches across the back of the sleeper. He extends the can out to her, using a finger to point at a travel sized box of facial tissue. Vicky takes the can and sets it in a cup holder near her seat before climbing into the back with her companion.

Liam scoots over to give her room. Though he appears nervous as she sits down beside him, he manages to push it aside and continues comforting her. Without hesitating, he slips an arm around her slender frame, holding her rather tenderly. She rests her head on his shoulder, sniffing for a moment before briefly glancing up to him.

"My life has been falling apart the past few months, and I just haven't had anyone to really be there for me." She begins.

"Well, I'm here right now." He says softly.

"Thanks, Liam."

"Of course, Vicky. I'm glad to do it."

"You're glad to listen to a strange woman crying about her miserable life to you?" Vicky asks with a subtle laugh.

"You seem like a good person and I think you need *and* deserve the support."

"You're sweet." She murmurs with a grin on her face.

"... If I had a woman like you in my life, I'd always be there for her no matter what. I'd go to the ends of the earth and back again if it made her happy."

Vicky looks over to Liam, surprised to see that he isn't looking at her at all but instead staring at the floor before his feet. His eyes gloss over as he reflects on his own life. Perhaps he is struggling as much as she is? Could he be overcome by loneliness, or the pain of betrayal too? It never occurred to her that Liam might also be suffering tremendously, and yet in his state he still stopped for a

stranger. It goes a long way to revealing the depth of his character to the woman. Vicky's heart still aches, but now it's not only for herself.

"I'm sorry!" He exclaims, turning to look at her. "I didn't mean to... My problems aren't your problems."

"And mine aren't yours either, but you still care enough to be here." She retorts.

Reaching out, Vicky rests a hand on his cheek, gently stroking his smooth face with her fingertips.

"And I care enough to be here for you..." She smiles.

Chapter Three: Tension

Leaning in, Liam steals a kiss from Vicky. Though surprised, it's a pleasant one. Her eyes narrow before closing entirely, her hand finding its way behind his neck. Their heads tilted slightly and their lips press tightly together, the pair stay locked. Neither can recall who acts first, but the other happily follows along when their partner opens their mouth and releases their tongue. They French-kiss for some time, holding each other tightly in their arms. Slowly pulling away, Vicky and Liam open their eyes and gaze longingly at the other, both grinning cheek to cheek.

“That’s the kind of passion I would love to have someday.” Liam chuckles.

“How about right now?” Vicky asks with a wink.

Liam grins as he leans back in for another kiss. Vicky is taken aback by the look in his eyes; it is far too compassionate to be pure lust, as if he were with someone that he truly cared for. She had seen a similar look before when she first began dating Greg, though it had long since faded. He rests a hand on her side as their lips touch. Liam is a remarkable kisser, a born natural who is loving, lustful, timid, aggressive, submissive and dominant all at once.

Both push against each other but Liam is stronger. Vicky lies back as he looms over her, surprised by how comfortable the small bed actually is. Liam rests on a forearm as he leans in, his free hand gently running along the length of her torso. She trembles at his touch; she hasn't felt so desired since sometime late last year. With their lips pressed together and tongues wrestling with each other, the pair stretch out on the bed. Though only a twin or double in size, they both easily fit atop the mattress.

Liam's hand rubs her side and over her shirt before gently sliding up and underneath her tightly fitting purple tank top. To her surprise, he doesn't reach directly for her breasts as she would have assumed. Instead, he continues to feel her side as if he were entertaining himself with her coat of soft, milk chocolate colored fur. Her tail sways uncontrollably as she reaches out for him, resting her hands on his shoulders at the base of his neck, her fingers gently

squeezing him. He works his way around, taking his time as he explores her body.

Vicky eagerly awaits his touch, silently hoping that he'll continue the act. She finds herself in her mind's eye, begging him to do more. Liam is clearly interested, and the kind, generous and compassionate man is also an alpha male; he acts when he wants to and he will not be rushed. Liam is the kind of man that Vicky both desires and needs. Why couldn't she have met him in college? How old was he when she even went? She pushes these thoughts from her mind so as not to become too distracted.

Her body aches for him as she silently hopes for progression. She doesn't have to wait long. Though moving at his own pace, he does eventually pull away from Vicky's lips. Kissing alongside her snout, he moves toward her cheeks before reaching her neck. Vicky struggles to kick off her boots; she knows what will happen when he reaches the sweet spot on her neck. Liam notices the sound of the rubbing vinyl and rises. With a pleasant smile on his face, he quickly yet gently unzips and removes her boots for her. He sets them carefully on the floor before returning to his work.

She flushes at his gentlemanly behavior, thankful that her fur prevents him from seeing it. She can only imagine how red her flesh is beneath the layer. As his lips touch her neck, Vicky loses herself in the moment. Hitting her sweet spot, she moans and coos, grabbing roughly at his clothes. The stubby toes on her paw-like feet coil and release uncontrollably. Her claws would have ruined the interiors of

her boots. Liam's hands both explore her body, though one arm still holds him aloft.

With the hand of his supporting arm rubbing her mid-back, his other more mobile appendage caresses her supple body. It rests atop the silky prison that cages her breasts, his fingers slipping beneath the wire that gives the bra foundation. He lifts the bra above her breasts, resting a hand atop one and giving it a gentle squeeze. A wonderful shockwave, like a bolt of divine lightning, rushes through the woman. This is exactly what she has hoped for. He slowly lifts up her purple tank top and Vicky is quick to help him.

Without hesitating or even thinking twice she leans up for a moment to remove the garment. Before lying back down, she also eagerly reaches back and attempts to remove her bra as well. In her haste, however, she fumbles with the clasps and even briefly snags a claw on one of them. She feels herself growing embarrassed as he sits back and watches her. To her surprise, he doesn't laugh as she struggles with her clothes as though this were her first time.

"Let me help." He says softly.

Vicky nods and turns away. His hands grab her sides gently. It's a very comforting feeling. Pulling his hands back, his fingertips glide over her body and run through her soft fur as he slowly reaches for her bra. With virtually no effort, he unhooks the clasps and peels away the device

that so tightly clung to her chest. He spins her back around so that she'll face him before removing the bra completely. Liam clearly wants to enjoy the view as much as he does her actual body. It makes her feel so beautiful, so feminine, and so desired.

As her bra falls away, his eyes grow wide at the sight of her perfect breasts. Natural and unaltered in any way, they are a modest B cup in size, but they are nearly identical in form. Sitting atop her chest, they are plump and full; they don't sag or sway in an unappealing way. Her two nipples are small but noticeable, peeking through the soft, short coat of fur that otherwise covers the entirety of her body. He leans in and gives the fur of one of her breasts a kiss before gently licking the pink flesh of her nipple with the tip of his tongue.

Vicky rests a hand on his head, slowly removing the elastic cord that holds in his ponytail so that she may run her clawed fingers through his sandy colored hair. He holds her body firmly in his hands, yet he seems to show her very form a reverence that she has never experienced, even with Greg. Liam is a man unlike any that she has seen before, dominant and yet respectful to her, though she is at his mercy. She tugs at his own plain black t-shirt, quickly pulling it up to reveal his tanned flesh beneath. He helps her along, pushing off his shoes and removing his top.

"I was almost expecting ghostly white skin." Vicky remarks, as his shirt falls to the floor.

“Oh, yeah. I like uniformity. A driver’s tan wasn’t going to cut it.” He chuckles.

“And your... Firm muscles...” She continues, gently touching his toned chest.

“I try to stay healthy.” He grins.

“So do I.” She coos.

He leans back in and continues to kiss her. She wriggles a bit so that she lies directly beneath him. Taking the not-so-subtle hint, he kneels beneath her and takes hold of a leg, spreading them apart and placing one along his opposing side so that he now kneels between them. Liam lifts the jagged edges of her black skirt, flipping it over and revealing her silky purple panties beneath. Her fingers grip at the waistband of his black jeans.

Vicky rather violently tears at his clothes that so conceal the object of her carnal desires. She has thoroughly lost control of her senses and faculties, acting purely on instinct. Liam takes note of this and grabs her wrists. She gazes up at him, mouth agape and trembling. She has never desired a man so much before, and the agony of waiting is too much. His warm smile ever present, he releases her wrists and properly undoes his pants, pushing the button through the slot and lowering the zipper.

He rises to his feet for a moment to push both his jeans and boxer-briefs to the floor, stepping out of his clothes. Vicky’s eyes grow wide at the sight of his nearly fully erect member, which is considerable in size. She had slept with a

few boys before she met Greg, and though Greg wasn't the largest of her previous lovers, Liam beats them all hands-down. Each testicle is nearly the size of a chicken's egg, hanging beneath the impressive length *and* girth of an organ that reaches, at minimum, eight solid inches from the tip to the base.

The circumcised package sways slowly as he climbs back onto the bed, as though it were exceptionally heavy and cumbersome. She attempts to measure him in as subtle a way as she can. Pulling a leg up to her chest, she sways the appendage over and blocks the space between her thighs. He smirks and rests a hand on her knee, gently pushing it aside. As he opens the way to her body, she rests the base of her foot against the underside of his engorged flesh.

He looks down as she gently rubs his full organ with the relatively soft flesh of her paw-like foot. She grins lustfully as she turns her eyes back up to him, still rubbing him with her foot. Liam is far larger than any that she had previously measured in this fashion, easily more than two of her feet in length; Greg was just over one. He gently grabs hold of her ankle and moves her foot away from his genitalia, spreading her legs and leaning in.

"It's about eight-and-a-half inches." He says softly before necking her.

"Wha?" She feigns ignorance.

“Don’t think I didn’t see that, Vicky.” He says before kissing her cheek. “All you need to do is ask.”

As their lips touch, she takes hold of him with both arms. He lies over her and stretches out. His burning hot flesh rests over her pelvis and stretches up to her belly, whilst his large scrotum sits just against her loins, a thin layer of soft fabric between the two. His member feels quite heavy as it lay atop her body. Kiss after kiss and she can hardly stand it any longer. She needs him more than she could have possibly imagined. Liam, already in tune with her body, knows exactly how long to make her wait before backing away.

Coiling his fingers around the elastic band of her dainty panties, he pulls the shiny purple fabric away from her body and down her legs. Vicky lifts her butt up from the mattress to quickly unzip her skirt. She holds her legs high in the air as her lover pulls the panties off of her and sets them gently on a countertop that sits above his fridge. Turning back, his view of her loins is blocked by her skirt which she rather frantically tries to slide off of her body. He silently chuckles, grinning wide at the sight. He helps her take off the skirt and drops it onto the floor before gazing upon her magnificent form.

Chapter Four: Release

One of Vicky's hands gently caresses a breast as she teases him, her lips curled into a smug grin and her knees crossed to block his view. She barely has time to take in the moment before he carefully opens her legs with both hands and mounts her. Though he is a little rough at this point, it's not unpleasant; she enjoys his masculine dominance. His flesh grinds against her flesh as the pair enjoy the moment. Her juices overflow from her body as it cries out for attention. The scent of her arousal floods the sleeper of Liam's truck.

Vicky flushes when she realizes that if she can smell herself, Liam certainly can smell her too, and she isn't wrong. He is quick to act and ceases his playful teasing, driven by the intoxicating aroma emanating from her flesh. Having already discovered her sweet spot, he returns to her neck and entertains the both of them. With a hand on his package, he teases her loins with the tip, driving her wild. She grabs tightly to his back as he presses the head of his member against her nether lips, giving her only a brief moment to prepare before he works his way inside of her taut flesh.

Though she had noticed his girth at a glance, she admittedly focused solely on his length. Now, however, as her new lover enters her unyielding loins, all she can notice is the thickness of his full organ. The engorged flesh spreads her apart in ways that she couldn't have imagined, and yet it isn't painful. Though nervous, she doesn't

struggle and allows her lover to work her body as he sees fit. Her trust in him isn't betrayed. Liam works his way deeper and deeper inside of her burning hot flesh, gently inserting his length before giving her a sudden reprieve.

He returns only to drive himself in a little deeper, repeating this process until Vicky's body has somehow accepted the entirety of his package, the largest penis that she has ever personally experienced. Liam's full testicles and tightly packed scrotum rest against the soft fur of her firm buttocks; she loves the feeling. His flesh is as hot as hers, yet the burning skin somehow cools her. The wonderous feeling of fullness at the hands of the strange human who, only thirty minutes earlier was completely unknown to her, melts away her pain and satiates her lust.

She grips tightly to his back and moans in pleasure. Her lover grunts and groans as he begins his work. It doesn't take long for her to feel herself building. Is it the lack of physical satisfaction, or perhaps the way in which Liam uses her body? Is it his talent, or merely his exceptional size? Is it his dominance, or is it his tenderness? Perhaps it's a perfect mixture of all of the above? Vicky doesn't dwell on the reasoning for long, swiftly losing herself in the moment.

With her legs in the air, her feet dangle and her toes curl. Her tail sways gleefully from side to side between his legs. Liam brings her to the edge in only a few minutes, and he knows it. He never ceases his thrusts, nor do his hands stop fondling her supple body or his lips leave her neck. He

makes a concerted effort to give her every ounce of pleasure that she can stand, a fact that does not go unnoticed to her. Vicky loses control and rakes at his back with her claws. She soon realizes what she has done and looks to her lover.

“I... I’m...” She struggles to speak, gasping for breath. “I didn’t mean...”

“Shh.” He leans in. “It’s alright. Keep going.” He says before giving her a passionate kiss.

Is it that he likes the pain or that he doesn’t want her to constrain herself? In any case, Vicky follows Liam’s instructions and lets herself go. She rakes her sharp claws down his back, leaving behind very visible and potentially painful scratches. He never ceases his thrusts, nor does he stop enjoying the rest of her. He licks and sucks on her breasts and nipples, his hands gripping her firm buttocks tightly. She can’t hold out any longer and experiences her first of many orgasms with her new lover.

He briefly stops to straighten his back, looking down at his handiwork. With his large member buried within her flesh, he watches her body releasing a thick, creamy substance. Vicky can’t help herself and turns her head down, gazing at the big organ that burrows between her legs. The exposed flesh, what little of it there is, is coated with a fine layer of a white substance that she had rarely seen before. Greg had managed to coax it from her before after exceptionally long and passionate sessions, but Liam has done it in only minutes.

Vicky flushes and lies her head back down, gazing at the ceiling of the sleeper. She giggles and rests her hands on her breasts, her fur slowly starting to mat from her sweat.

“What’s so funny?” Liam asks.

“I’ve never cum so fast before. You haven’t even really started have you?” She asks, glancing down at him.

“No.” He replies with a smirk.

Liam leans in and straightens his legs, kissing her passionately on the lips before working his way back down to her neck. A hand fondles one of her magnificent breasts while the other arm supports him as he leans over her.

“Well, lucky me.” She coos, his lips touching her neck.

“I was just thinking that very same thing.” He says softly back.

She grips him tightly as he returns to his work, thrusting into and out of her repeatedly. Her feet bob up and down, drawing small invisible ovals as her legs sway back and forth in conjunction with his thrusts. His scrotum occasionally drags against the underside of her tail before plopping against her buttocks. Everything about Liam, from his physical build, his attitude and the size of his genitalia, is a perfect match for Vicky. Similarly, Liam has never had a woman like her before. She is everything that he has ever

wanted, right down to her looks and how she feels as he penetrates her.

With their bodies united, they present each other with a perfect, if somewhat carnal image; each is the embodiment of what the other has always desired. It is as though they were born for each other and, somehow, simply failed to meet previously. As she holds onto her lover, Vicky can't help but wonder where she would be in life if she had met Liam first. Would they be married with children? Greg never wanted any, but Vicky secretly does. Thrusting himself home, Liam feels similarly. What he wouldn't give to have a woman like her in his life, though he wonders if he even deserves a woman as beautiful and refined as Vicky.

As they enjoy each other it is hard for them both to avoid the thoughts. Their carnal pleasure, however, is quick to erase them from their minds. The lovers lose themselves entirely in the moment. Vicky moans and groans as Liam pushes and thrusts. She bucks against his hips to meet him as he grunts louder, breathing ever heavier. Unable to hold back, she soon orgasms yet again, another wave of pleasure rocking her body, which trembles uncontrollably.

Her body washes her lover's member with even more creamy white ooze, physical proof of his talents. It is only a matter of time before he loses the battle himself, and Vicky knows it. Will he bother to remove himself before the expulsion, or will he remain buried nearly arms-length within her body? Furthermore, she cannot bring herself to be afraid of the ramifications if he should choose the latter. Her

sensible mind reminds her of the recently purchased condoms sitting in her purse only feet away, but she cannot find the voice to warn him; she truthfully has no desire to.

Whatever Liam chooses to do she will accept, and a small part of her mind secretly hopes for fertilization. She nearly chuckles at the thought of Liam trying to slip on an average sized condom over his exceptional length and girth. Thrust after powerful thrust coaxes a third orgasm from the Voeldahn woman. Vicky shivers continuously, like a leaf in a fall breeze. She can barely hold onto her lover and has even lost the strength to buck against him. Liam grunts louder and louder, both hands sliding down to her buttocks as he pumps into and out of her.

She knows what is about to happen, and she simply doesn't care. As a matter of fact, she relishes the release of his seed; what better place for it than her own body and its fertile eggs? He pushes harder as he tries to drive himself even deeper in her, but he has already fully sheathed himself within her loins; her body struggles to contain his substantial organ. Her nether lips press firmly against the bare flesh of his pelvis and his testis pull toward his body. With a loud grunt, and a groan that sounds akin to a roar, he allows himself to release.

The pleasure washes over them like a tidal wave. Vicky cries out loud, calling out Liam's name as she claws frantically at his back. She wriggles beneath her partner as he floods her body with his considerable volume. The sensation of his copious seed rushing through her cervix,

into her uterus and toward her fallopian tubes wrenches a fourth and final orgasm from the woman. She hasn't experienced sex so pleasurable and intense in all of her life. She is silently grateful that she pulled over when she did, so that Liam would find her.

As her lover lay over her, their bodies pressed tightly together, Liam kisses her cheek and lips with a tenderness she hadn't felt since her first year of marriage to Greg. Without ever removing himself from her body, he holds onto her like she was his own wife. It's a feeling even more powerful than the carnal act that they had just carried out. She rests her chin on his shoulder, gently stroking his back. With closed eyes, she loses herself in the moment as they hold each other for what feels like an eternity, though it only lasts for a minute.

Finally, he pulls himself away, though she would prefer that he didn't. Withdrawing his immense member from her thoroughly used loins is a slow and intense process. Vicky groans from the sensation of his organ as it pulls on her vagina, tugging at her taut loins as he removes himself. She glances down to witness the sight as he pulls out, her big brown eyes growing wide at the image before her. Inch after inch he takes away, yet she still feels full. Their flesh makes an amusing popping sound as the still engorged head of his fully erect penis leaves her body.

Vicky can't help but giggle, grinning seductively at her partner as he kneels between her legs. She lies back and

stares at the ceiling once more, resting the ankles of her digitigrade feet upon his shoulders.

“Uh oh.” He suddenly says.

Vicky looks down at him.

“Looks like we’ll stain my bedsheet.” He winks.

“Well, we can’t have that.” She coos.

She slides herself down until her nether lips press against the underside of his still erect member. Softly groaning from the feeling, she bends her body at the waist, tilting her pelvis upward and preventing Liam’s semen from escaping her. His fertile seed races through her, filling every millimeter of her uterus and fallopian tubes. The process may have already begun, and in her state, she wouldn’t stop it even if she could. Suddenly, Vicky has a perverse thought and turns her head down to her lover.

“Could you hand me my purse, babe?” She asks.

“Sure!”

Without removing himself, he takes hold of a cabinet built into the back of his sleeper. Holding tightly to the sturdy plastic furniture, he leans over and takes hold of the purse strap with his fingertips. It takes him a moment and Vicky watches in amusement as he tries to carry out the

task without disturbing her; she finds it exceptionally adorable. He eventually retrieves her purse and hands her the small bag. She promptly takes out her phone and checks the battery before dropping the bag to the floor and snapping several pictures with her camera app.

She takes several photographs with his now limp but still impressive member as it rests over her groin and reaches up to her belly. Once she has finished, she allows him to pull away so that she may photograph the aftereffects of their sexual intercourse. The pictures illuminate just how thoroughly Liam had used her. After several minutes her hole is still noticeably stretched and a large gob of his cum somehow manages to ooze out and run down toward her anus. That single photograph alone begins to arouse Vicky all over again.

Setting the phone aside, Liam lies down beside her. With a hand over her belly and the other sliding underneath her head, they rest for a moment and cuddle. It's as though they were the only two people on the planet at that moment. Liam nuzzles her face with his straight and pointed nose. Vicky soaks up his affection like a sponge and returns it in kind, nuzzling him back and giving him little kisses.

"I've never made-love like that before." He rather nervously admits.

"Really?!" She asks with a little grin.

He nods in response. She takes his words as a significant compliment. What's more, she finds his phraseology very endearing. Liam is unlike many other men, regardless of race. Both human and Voeldahn men are so eager to enjoy themselves and then leave after the act, as she herself experienced in her dating years; Liam, however, is not. He didn't even call it 'sex', or any of the more vulgar terms at his disposal. It only makes her appreciate him more.

As he snuggles with his lover, she suddenly feels a tinge of sorrow. Not for her actions or for her failing marriage to Greg, but for not finding Liam first, and for having to leave him and return to her lonely home. Her chest stings, yet her body is warm in his embrace. Looking to the very visible window at the front of Liam's semi-truck, she has yet to see a single car. No one has passed them in all this time. She then decides that for as long as she has him, she will enjoy him.

After some respite, she is quick to initiate another session, kissing him passionately and with considerable fervor. Liam doesn't disappoint either. Though he had already given her a great deal in both his energy and fluids, he takes only a moment before he is ready to carry on. This time, however, Vicky wants to try her hand. Turning him onto his back, she briefly attempts to fellate him; her tongue caresses his flesh as she first cleans her own juices off of him. With hair swaying and head bobbing, she struggles to accept him. He is certainly an Adonis in his own right.

During the act, Vicky can't help but snap a few more photos of her handiwork. Liam never questions it or complains. Her sensuality and eagerness further intrigues and excites him. It isn't long before Vicky finds herself attempting to mount her lover. She uses both hands to wrangle his member, feeling for the first time the true weight of him in her hands. He grips her hips with considerable yet careful force; he squeezes tightly but never harms her.

She winces and grits her teeth as she takes him in all over again. This time, however, she grows used to him rather quickly and in only a moment sits atop him, taking him down to the base. Vicky grins wide and appears quite proud of herself for handling her lover's impressive size. He finds the sight absolutely precious. With her seated firmly atop him and his scrotum pressed tightly against her firm butt, she rocks and sways her hips. The subtle motions pleasure them both as his large penis shifts and rubs within her stretched loins.

Vicky grunts, groans, moans and cries out as she works him to the best of her ability. Liam struggles to maintain his own composure, soon gasping for breath and groaning in kind. His skin glistens from a fine layer of sweat whilst Vicky's soft fur darkens and mats. Some strands even shed and stick to her human lover's legs, chest and belly like glue. It doesn't seem to bother him in the least. Vicky uses her phone to take several more photos, holding the device behind her and photographing the sight. It catches several impressive shots of his large testicles pressed against her taut behind.

It takes only a little while longer for Vicky to bring herself to orgasm as she uses Liam like a toy, but she manages it far swifter than if she had been with Greg, regardless of his actions. After one orgasm, she decides to spin around, facing her back and tail toward her lover. Again, she takes more photos with her phone as she rides him. Before she can have a second orgasm she is suddenly interrupted by Liam shifting beneath her. She looks back and over her shoulder as he sits upright, his arms wrapping around her and just beneath her breasts.

Without saying a word, he suddenly takes control. Moving her from atop him, he places her on her hands and knees as he kneels behind her. Taking her phone from her, he leaves the camera app open as he rests his large organ against and between her buttocks. She flushes as she looks over her shoulder and back at him. With one hand on his member and the other holding her phone, he penetrates her from behind, quickly stuffing himself back into her eager vagina, all the while the phone clicking away.

She can hear the shutter sound effect as he snaps several more photos from underneath her body. He must be taking pictures that look up and toward them. Liam soon sets both hands on her hips after placing her phone on the counter above his mini-fridge. Vicky loses herself in the moment, her fingers coiling and her claws tearing at his bedsheet. In what feels like only seconds he brings her to a second orgasm. As she nears a third, he leans over and rests his sweaty chest against the matted fur of her back, his hands taking hold of her breasts.

Liam fondles her while also lifting her up, bringing her to a kneeling position as he moves himself back and forth, into and out of her. Thrust after thrust he grunts louder. Vicky grins at the prospect of another wonderful overflow from her mate. As she nears a third orgasm, Liam beats her to it. This, however, only forces her pleasure to crest. She rests a hand over Liam's as he grips her breasts, the other reaching back and resting on the side of his head. Jet after jet floods her and pushes her over the edge.

Her body trembles as she gasps for breath, panting like a thirsty animal as Liam slowly lies her back down. Her head and chest rest upon the mattress, but her legs hold her buttocks up in the air. Before removing himself, he takes her phone and swipes the camera button. He snaps several more pictures and even a short video clip of himself withdrawing from her loins. He feels every subtle curve of her body, while she feels every millimeter of his member; every thick vein and the rim of the head tease her on their way out, popping once again as he departs her flesh.

This was the most intense and memorable sexual experience of her life. Even without the pictures, she could never possibly forget a moment such as this. As Vicky dwells on it, it may actually be the most memorable experience, period. She nearly chuckles at the thought of being an elderly woman who long since forgot her wedding day in place of this sordid affair.

Chapter Five: Coming Down

Again, Liam snuggles with her in bed for what feels like an eternity. Vicky feels truly content for the first time in many months, wishing that this moment would last forever. Looking to the sun outside of the truck, she realizes that the day hasn't stopped for them. She turns with a sullen expression to her lover, who immediately notices the sudden and dramatic shift in her demeanor. Holding her tightly, he gives her a kiss on the cheek.

"It'll all be okay." He whispers into her pointed feline ear.

"Will it?" She murmurs, speaking rhetorically.

"Well, you can always call me if you need anything." He says.

It's obvious to her that he is offering more than just his number; he would be a companion to her if she so desired. As she regains her senses, she has a flood of thoughts. Perhaps he is only worried about whether she is pregnant, and only wants to make sure that he isn't on the hook for a baby? Perhaps he just wants to sleep with her more in the future? Or perhaps he really does care about her feelings and wants to be there for her and see her happy?

Though she is certain which is the truth, she can't make sense of it; he barely knows her, and she him. That aside, she sees the door that he has opened with his offer; she is

quick to stick her foot inside before it can close. Though it makes little sense, and the speed and intensity of her interest in him is jarring, she won't allow that to stop her.

"Alright." She says, gazing up at him. "I'll take your number. I *might* want to call you sometime." She teasingly winks.

She is certain that they both realize that she will talk to him soon.

"Alright." He grins wide, though he struggles to contain it.

As the unclothed lovers lie beside each other, Vicky reaches for her phone and enters her password: 'Greg'. As the password is based on a number keypad, Liam simply doesn't realize the significance, but it cuts into Vicky with each tap of the screen. As soon as the lock screen disappears it reveals the last image on the phone; the duo is treated to a picture of Liam's member as it sits freshly plucked from Vicky's stretched loins. Her buttocks is visible both behind and to the side of his large organ, her tail up in the air. Liam's phallus looms over her in the photo like a proud hunter beside a prized buck.

Vicky grins wide at the sight, her eyes turning over to Liam who briefly flushes. He scratches the back of his head as he turns away, nervously clearing his throat.

“You naughty boy.” She chuckles.

“I saw you taking pictures and I got caught up in the moment.” He sheepishly defends himself.

“I wasn’t complaining.” She coos.

Leaning over, she gives him a kiss. As they do, she strategically uses the moment to back the phone to her home page and quickly press her contacts button; she had memorized the location long ago, and she did not want Liam to see an image of her and Greg together, a background that pure stubbornness had forced her to keep. He shares his phone number with her and checks to make sure it is correct. Vicky once again assures him that he will ‘probably’ hear from her, but as she looks back at the handsome human, she doubts she can stay away for long.

“Alright. Maybe I’ll hear from you.” He concedes, a pleasant grin on his face.

The couple share a final kiss before slowly dressing. The cool summer day has become swelteringly hot so Liam turns on the truck and the sleeper’s air conditioner. Even after having slept with her, he is still polite and charming. Though she would love to spend her time with him, she worries about what will happen if Greg returns home to find her gone and her wedding band on the table. Their relationship might still be worth salvaging, after all. Leaving the truck, Liam helps her down and walks her to her car, opening the door for her and being as gentlemanly as ever.

“You take care, Liam.” Vicky says, trying not to sound sullen.

“You too. Remember, if you ever need anything...”

She grins and coils a single finger, motioning for him to come closer. Leaning into the window of the sports car, she rests a hand on his cheek and kisses him one last time, just in case.

“Such a sweetheart.” She says with a wink.

“I have my moments.” He smirks.

Waving to the human, she backs up before returning to the road. She can’t help but glance repeatedly toward her mirror as she drives past the shiny black and orange truck. It’s grille, chromed and gleaming, has the appearance of a 1940’s era freight train, back when they tried to make them appear futuristic. Her eyes water and her lip quivers as he disappears over the horizon. Why does she have to be married? Fate is not without a sense of irony. She heads directly for the home she shares with Greg, wondering if he will be there this time.

As the garage door slowly creeps open, she is unsurprised to find that his Mercedes SUV is nowhere to be found. She sighs as she shuts off her car, the garage door closing behind her. Slinging her purse over her shoulder she enters the home, not even bothering to call out; it would be

the epitome of futility. It is still relatively early in the afternoon, and she has nothing else to do. A part of her wants to pick up the phone and call her friend Carina. Her only reason would be to share every sordid detail of her affair with her friend.

“Am I really such a pig?” Vicky thinks aloud. “All this time thinking men are dogs and all I want to do is brag to Carina about a guy I slept with.” She murmurs as she slips on her wedding band. “... Or is there more to it than that?”

The ring somehow looks and feels out of place on her hand, as if it weren't meant to be there anymore. The sorrow and pain of betrayal is replaced with a void of loneliness. Vicky struggles through the rest of the day, alone. She changes and washes her sweaty clothes, hoping to remove the fairly large white stain from the inside of her panties. She cooks a chicken dinner that, while appetizing, doesn't make her feel any better, then sits on her genuine leather sofa to watch hours of Investigation Discovery.

The channel and its programming bring little joy to the woman, who's mind keeps spinning, dancing around the endless possibilities and her hopes for the future. She herself can hardly make out what it is that she truly wants, but if she could pin it down into words, it would be 'to be loved'. As the evening ends and twilight creeps in, she heads upstairs and takes a bath in her jacuzzi tub. The jets and bubbles bring her only physical sensation, but it isn't as amusing as it used to be.

Lying down in her king-sized bed, still unmade from the night previous, she turns to the empty space. She can't help but think that even if this were a cheap double mattress, it would be vastly more comfortable with someone lying beside her. The mere presence of someone like a college age Greg or Liam would make it so much easier to sleep. Vicky struggles to drift off again but manages to capture a bit of rest. As her dreams commence, they take a decidedly dark turn.

In her mind she sits alongside a road in the dark. The void surrounds her on all sides except for a streetlight that shines a warm amber glow. A cold wind blows over her, a chill running through her spine. Hands suddenly grip her shoulders, holding her gently. The chill leaves as quickly as it had come. Liam wraps his arms around her and nuzzles the nape of her neck with his nose. The human makes her feel so warm and comforted; even the wind around them doesn't have an effect.

"What are you doing?" Greg's voice suddenly calls out.

To her horror, he stands before her and watches the pair. Liam, surprised and confused, backs away from Vicky and stands beside his rival.

"I've been your husband for seven years. We've been together for nine. What the hell are you doing? Why are you with this... Human?!" Greg asks with a hint of disgust.

"He makes me feel special." Vicky sheepishly answers.

“But a *human*?! How could you?”

“You cheated on me and left me here alone! You’re still not here!” Vicky cries out, her eyes watering.

“You never were a good wife. Why do you think I stepped out? Why do you think everyone will abandon you? You’re not worth it.” Greg grins sinisterly.

“I tried...” She whimpers.

“Not hard enough. You need to choose.” Greg says calmly.

“I don’t know if I can.” She says, looking between the two men.

“You better...”

Vicky hesitates to answer her husband as he steps away from her, taking off his ring. Liam appears certain that she will choose him, but her prolonged silence shakes him to the core.

“Seriously? Was I just a toy to make you feel better?!” Liam finally asks.

Vicky tries to speak but she can’t find the words. He looks furious. She brings her hands to her face, covering her eyes as she turns her head down to the ground. She hears the clanking of metal and peers between her fingers. To her shock, Greg has dropped his wedding band and walks away. Even more terrifying, Liam has already disappeared entirely, crushed under the weight of her neglect.

“Wait!” She calls out. “Don’t leave me here alone!” Her voice trembles.

A cold wind blows through and chills her to the bone. She shivers and looks up at the streetlight as the amber glow begins to fade, soon leaving her in pitch darkness.

“Wait...” She murmurs as she awakens from her nightmare.

Sitting upright, she looks to the clock on her nightstand to find that it is just past 1:00 in the morning. Her fur damp and matted from sweat, she runs a hand over her forehead and briefly cries. The dream’s message was clear; She can’t live her life like this. She doesn’t want to stay married to a man who would so easily throw her away, forced to settle for a lover to attain her affection. It’s not a fate that she, nor anyone else deserves. The nightmare forced her into a position that she wasn’t fully prepared for; she has to choose one or the other and act accordingly.

Chapter Six: Decisions

Picking up her cell phone, the choice is clear. Hopefully her judgement isn’t mistaken and her trust misplaced. She speed-dials Liam, her stomach tightening as the phone

rings. One ring, then two. Will he even answer? A third ring and she nearly loses her nerve. She takes the phone away from her ear but then suddenly hears a voice.

“H-hello?” A groggy Liam answers.

“Hi... It’s Vicky...”

“Vicky?! How are you?!” He suddenly sounds refreshed.

“I’m good... I...” She pauses.

“You’re calling kind of late. Are you alright?”

She tries to answer but her voice catches in her throat. Only whimpering sounds and a shaky ‘no’ is what comes out. Crying openly and loudly, she nearly drops the phone.

“I’m here if you need me, Vicky. Just tell me what you need me to do.” He says.

“I need to see you. It’s important.” She manages to choke out.

“Send me the address and I’ll be right over.” He says.

Ending the call, she texts him the address without hesitation. She has no idea how he will react to what she has to say, or if she can even say it. Home alone and inviting a man she doesn’t really know isn’t the safest option, but she has run out of time and her conscience has run out of patience. She waits for what feels like an eternity, but as the clock strikes 1:23 in the morning, barely fifteen minutes after calling him, a set of headlights pull into the driveway.

Sitting in the living room, she can see the humble, silver coupe as it pulls in. A typical car in a typical color, yet the man driving is anything but. As he approaches the house he looks around at the impressive manor, yet he doesn't seem impressed. From the window she can see the worry on his face. Rushing to the door, she opens it before he can press the button to ring the bell. He greets her with a warm embrace and Vicky's wall of strength crumbles. He escorts her inside and sits her down.

Sitting on the couch, a tearful Vicky begins to explain her situation. Liam is visibly surprised to find that she is, in fact, married. Neither she nor her husband of seven years have even filed for divorce. He is even further shocked to find that she had spent the previous day actively looking for a man to cheat on her husband with, purely for pleasure and vengeance. The revelation hits him like a Mack truck, but he gives her the chance to explain herself. Liam handles his anger well, which Vicky is exceedingly thankful for.

As she speaks, crying throughout her sorrowful confession, it is clear to Liam that she really isn't a bad person; she's an unloved, neglected wife of a man who hurt and abandoned her and she acted out. It wasn't the right course of action, but it was the course she chose. In her case, Liam was simply an attractive man in the right place and at right time. Vicky admits to having found him quite handsome, but it was his kindness, personality, and a gut feeling she had when around him that led her to behave the way that she did.

"I'm so sorry for hurting you. I really didn't want to."
She whimpers.

"It's alright..." Liam says through clenched teeth. **"I understand why you did it."**

"Are you mad at me?" She sheepishly asks.

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't upset... I've been where you are right now..." He says, sitting beside her.

"Really?" She sniffles.

"Yeah... I was twenty-three and I had a long-time girlfriend that I wanted to marry. I proposed and she said yes. While engaged, I walked in on her screwing the neighbor kid who lived next door. I beat him senseless and threw her out. The cops who came over knew me from the academy and we worked out the report to make him a burglar so I wouldn't get charged. I got my trucking license and hit the road as fast as I could, and that's where I've been for the last five years." He explains, his eyes glossing with tears.

"I'm so sorry." She says softly, resting a hand on his shoulder.

She had failed to ask previously, but she is silently grateful that the youthful looking human is actually a year older than her.

"I bought my own truck so that I could be my own boss and finally come back to my own house. I had bought it for us before she did what she did. I never had the chance to

really live there. It's always been sort of a hotel that I owned." He continues.

"I don't know what to say." She admits.

"I drove home taking the scenic route because something inside me said that I should. I wanted to take the freeway but I was compelled to use that lonely highway. As soon as I saw you parked there, I thought 'that must be the reason' and stopped for you." He says as he turns to her. "I don't know why, but I liked you from the moment I saw you. I cared for you so fast that it actually scared me. I never really believed in 'love at first sight' until that moment." He says as he stands.

"Wait!" She grabs hold of his wrist. "Please don't go!" She tearfully protests.

"Isn't that what you called me here for? To tell me to get lost?" He asks with confusion.

"No!" She chuckles, the tears running down her cheeks. "I called you here to clear my conscience, to explain myself, and to tell you that I... I've never felt like this so quickly before either. It's just like you said, 'love at first sight'."

"Really?" His lips curl into a faint grin.

"Yeah... And if you still want me, I'm going to leave my husband."

"Of course I do!" He says as he sits down beside her again. "But are you sure? You have a lot to lose in a divorce, and I'm just some blue-collar guy."

"I don't care about that. Greg isn't here for me. I don't think he even loves me anymore, and that's all I really want out of my life. That and maybe some kids. I never wanted a

big house or a nice car if it was just going to be a substitute for a loving relationship.” She answers.

Liam silently chuckles and wraps an arm around her. Her answer was more than he could have hoped for. He struggles to find the words to express himself.

“My ex never wanted kids.” He remarks.

“Neither does Greg.”

“I do though...” He adds.

“So do I...” She replies.

Turning to him, Vicky and Liam gaze into each other’s eyes for some time. They simultaneously lean in and share a kiss, holding each other tightly. As soon as they pull away, Vicky takes off her wedding band and sets it on the coffee table.

“I can’t stay here anymore. I’d rather sleep in a motel.” She thinks aloud.

“You can come home with me.” Liam offers.

“You mean that?” She asks with a touch of disbelief.

“Of course I do! ‘Love at first sight’, remember?” He winks.

Vicky giggles and hugs him, resting her chin atop his shoulder as she holds the man tightly.

"I bet you say that to all of the girls you find parked along the side of the road." She chuckles.

"Just you, babe." He coos, rubbing her back. "Do you need help packing?"

Vicky nods her head and snuffles. This has gone far better than she had imagined. She so feared that he would lose his temper and hurt her or storm out and abandon her. Even if he could overlook the dark circumstances of their meeting and was willing to continue, she assumed that he would at least be apprehensive and mistrustful of her. After all, 'once a cheater, always a cheater'. Although perturbed, Liam is still willing to be with her and even offering her a place to stay. It's more than she could have ever hoped for.

The couple makes short work of packing; she doesn't really care about much in the house besides herself and Liam. She can't explain her feelings for Liam in any other way than 'love at first sight', just as he described. After packing as much of her clothes as they could and placing her more valuable and expensive belongings into a large suitcase, such as her work laptop and some sentimental jewelry, the pair leave the house. On their way out of the door, Vicky turns back to take one last look. She seems deep in thought.

"Having second thoughts?" Liam asks her.

"No." She says with a smile, looking back at him. "I just remembered there's something I need to do."

Setting down the suitcase, she calls the office of her family lawyer, Gordon, an older man who had worked closely with her parents for many years. He had befriended them, and Vicky also knew him quite well, trusting him with all of her legal matters. Though she knows that he won't be in, she leaves a simple and direct message informing him that she intends to divorce her husband and to draft the paperwork in the morning. Liam is rather surprised by the display, but it only serves to prove her integrity to him.

"Okay. All done." She says as she puts away her phone.

The couple pack Liam's car and Vicky follows him to his home in her BMW Z4 Roadster. It is paid for and in her name, after all. Just as he had said when she first met him, Liam does live in a small ranch style home not far from her own. It's perhaps the oldest part of the small town, undeveloped and with very few neighbors. She exits the car and looks at the house that sits shrouded in darkness. The lights in his yard illuminate it well enough to leave a lasting impression.

It appears to be in very nice shape; The exterior is well maintained and the grass is cut, even the blades that poke through his simple gravel driveway. As she slips an arm around his waist, she takes a moment to admire the quaint home. It has a surprisingly comforting aura, even from outside. Simply put, it *feels* like a home.

"I know it's probably not what you're used to." He says.

"It's just fine." She says with a smile.

**"Let's hope you feel that way when you come inside."
He chuckles.**

Vicky can tell that he is joking, but a part of her prepares herself. As he unlocks the door and turns on the lights, she enters the home first, at his insistence. She is surprised to find it relatively well furnished, with warm neutral colors in the walls and carpeting. The living room is lined with wood veneer, and the humble kitchen looks like something from the 1970s. Everything is spotless and in excellent condition for its age. The home's interior is quite charming, like the owner.

She looks around the house to learn the layout while Liam brings in her things. Locking both of their cars, as unnecessary as that is in their locale, he returns to the home to find his guest. He calls out to Vicky, who doesn't respond. After a moment of searching, he finds her in the bedroom, the only one in the house. She sits atop his mattress, which is not quite queen-sized. It's surprisingly comfortable to her.

"Oh, yeah... I was going to take the couch if you..." He pauses.

"Why would I ever let you sleep on the couch?" She asks.

"I don't know. Because I'm too nice?" He shrugs.

“No, you’re not. You’re just right.” She says.

He slips off his shoes and approaches her, sitting beside.

“What a sweet liar you are.” He smirks.

“Hey, I’d never lie to you.” She gently pushes his arm.

Liam slips his arm around her and gives her a little squeeze. Vicky kicks off her shoes and slides up on the bed, disrobing as she gets comfortable. He is quick to follow suit, stripping off everything but his boxer-briefs. Lying beside her on the bed, they burrow under the light blanket. He slips one arm beneath his pillow while wrapping his other around her waist, his hand tucking near her breast.

“Looking for something? Your aim is off.” She teases.

“I just want to hold you.” He says.

Her heart warms at the sincerity in his voice. Resting his nose on her shoulder, Liam holds the Voeldahn woman close to him, snuggling with her as he swiftly relaxes. Vicky too grows increasingly more relaxed, finding that she is far more comfortable lying beside Liam in his bed than alone in her own at the home she once shared so happily with Greg. It takes only a matter of moments before the pair have fallen asleep, and that night neither suffers from bad dreams.

Chapter Seven: First Date

The following morning Vicky awakens to find that Liam is not lying beside her. She can't figure out how he slipped away without waking her, as she was near the edge of the bed while he was behind her and his bed is tucked into a corner. The clock on his nightstand reads '8:40 am'. A delicious aroma wafts throughout the little house, her ears pricking. Climbing up from the bed, she slips on the panties and bra that she had removed last night, wearing only those as she emerges from the bedroom. In the hall she can hear a sizzling sound. Peeking around the corner, an underwear clad Liam stands at his vintage stove and cooks.

"Well hello there." Vicky says.

"Oh!" Liam jumps, glancing over his shoulder. "Hey there! I hope you had a good sleep."

"I did." She says as she pulls out a chair.

"I didn't hear you come out. I wanted it to be ready right when you woke up. I hope you don't have any food allergies." He quips.

"I guess we'll find out." She retorts.

Liam presents her with a plate of bacon, eggs sunny-side-up, and hash browns. A second plate holds a stack of pancakes.

“I wasn’t sure which you would prefer, so I thought ‘what the hell, I’ll make it all’.”

She can’t help but grin at the thoughtful and charming Liam. Taking bites from both plates, they share their breakfast and talk. To Vicky’s, and perhaps also Liam’s surprise, the pair have quite a lot in common. After breakfast they clean the plates before heading into the living room where they sit, still in their underwear, and continue talking. Nearly everything from musical tastes and favorite foods to things like their personal and family goals, political views, and their moral compass are either identical or highly compatible.

Before either of them realizes it, it’s nearly 4:00 in the afternoon. A faint ringing stops them in their tracks as the pair talk about their favorite TV shows, which are also incredibly similar. It takes a moment for them to realize that it’s Vicky’s cell phone. Quickly retrieving her purse, which she left in Liam’s bedroom, she redials the number.

“Hello? Vicky?” Gordon’s voice asks.

“It’s me, Gordon. Sorry I missed your call. I was in the middle of something important.” She says, glancing to Liam. “What did you need?”

“About your filing... Are you sure this is what you want?” He asks.

“I’m sure. I called at two o’ clock at night, didn’t I?” She replies.

“Alright. If you’re sure. I’ve already drafted the paperwork, so whenever you’re ready.” Gordon says.

“Thanks. I owe you an anniversary card, by the way. Tell Martha that I didn’t forget.”

Returning to her companion, she eagerly picks up where they left off. As they share with each other, it’s obvious to her that Greg was a horrible mistake; they never had this much in common even when she was madly in love with him. As she sits beside Liam and talks to someone who truly understands her, she wonders why she spent so many years with Greg to begin with. It’s an opinion that she is quick to share with Liam.

“I wouldn’t be that mean.” Liam says.

“Why not? You know what he did to me.”

“I’m not saying it was right, or that you shouldn’t hate him for it. I’m just saying that everything happens for a reason. Think about it this way: If you hadn’t stayed with him in an unhappy marriage, you never would have wound up on that road and we never would have met. If anything, Greg did you a favor.” He explains.

Vicky can’t help but grin as he speaks. His points are valid, and she is better off with Liam than she ever would have been with Greg. After a time, the pair finally get dressed. Vicky tries on several outfits as Liam patiently watches, approving of each and every one. His enthusiasm and attraction make her feel exceptionally beautiful. Growing hungry, they decide to head out for dinner. Vicky

offers Liam a ride in her car, but Liam rejects the offer. As they stand in the evening sunlight in front of the house, she notices an attached one-car garage that she didn't see in the darkness the previous night.

With a hardly subdued grin, Liam unlocks the garage door and lifts it up, swinging the archaic door outward. Inside the garage is an absolutely immaculate 1978 Ford Mustang II Cobra. The shiny black car bears a painted gold and orange decal, as Liam had replaced the original vinyl when he had the car repainted. Her jaw drops open as she sees the beautiful vehicle, which is nearly twice their age. In the garage and behind the Mustang is a vintage 1972 Honda CB350 with a vintage orange and black paintjob.

"I see you have a seventies thing going on here." She remarks.

"The car is my dad's. I keep it for him. My parents retired and live in Florida, and he was paranoid about hurricanes ruining it. The bike is mine. I just like that style." Liam explains. "Let's go for a ride." He says, swaying the keychain on an index finger.

They climb into the car and he turns the key. The bored out 351 Windsor engine roars to life, humming as he pulls out of the garage. Vicky sits eagerly in the car as Liam locks up the garage and slowly pulls the vehicle carefully around the two others that sit in front of the house. Sitting at the edge of the road, he glances left and right several times, comically checking for oncoming traffic on a road that very obviously has none. Suddenly and without warning, he pops

the clutch and takes off, the car kicking up dirt and the tires screeching on the pavement as they fly down the road.

The loud engine roars as they drive. Vicky is surprised by how exhilarating this car is in contrast to her own. Though the Z4 is a sports car and is most certainly faster than the Mustang, the elegance and glamour of her foreign car seems to pale in comparison to the raw power of the vintage American muscle car. Heading into town, everyone seems to recognize the Mustang, and several passers-by wave, calling out Liam by name. They pull into a steakhouse and park.

“You like red meat, right?” He asks with a wink.

Vicky giggles and nods her head. The pair enter the restaurant where Liam seems to be a fixture. The hostess seats them right away and the pair soon place their order. When Vicky offers to pay her way, Liam is quick to reject it in favor of his old-fashioned customs. The more she sees of this man, the less she can see herself with anyone else. They share a dinner, talking more than they eat. After paying and leaving a considerable tip, they return to the Mustang and just drive.

With the window rolled down and the wind in her hair, she looks at the horizon and the spectacular pink-orange of the sunset. They finally return home just before dark, and as Liam pulls into the driveway, it feels as comforting to Vicky as if she had lived there for years. Carefully returning

the car to the garage, he locks it away and they head inside. Snuggling together on the couch, they watch Investigation Discovery and enjoy the others presence. Suddenly Vicky's cell phone rings; Gordon is calling her.

"Hello?" She answers with a tone of confusion.

"Hey, Vicky. Sorry to bother you so late." Gordon begins.

"It's fine. What's wrong?"

"It's about your filing... I called Greg not long ago. He knew nothing about this, thanks for that by the way, and he told me that he wasn't going to accept them and that you had no just cause to file for divorce. He was uh... Livid..." Gordon explains.

"No just cause? That bastard was cheating on me for God knows how long and neglected me every chance he could... *After* I forgave him for it!" Vicky growls.

"Well, that's what he said. If this becomes a legal battle, it will take a long time to cut ties with him. Do you have a prenuptial agreement about infidelity?" Gordon asks.

"We do... But I have no proof." Vicky sighs.

"Well, if you want to keep anything like the house or-"

"I don't want anything from him." Vicky interrupts Gordon. "I built my business without him and my car is in my name. I don't care about the house either. I just want to not be married to that bastard anymore."

"Well, get proof of him cheating so he can violate his prenup and this will go a lot faster." Gordon retorts.

Ending the call, she turns to Liam. Though he looks concerned, it's more for her than the situation and he is quick to comfort her. It's clear to her that this will not be over as quickly as she'd like it to be. Luckily for the both of them, they now have each other and their presence eases the other's nerves. As the lovers cuddle on the couch, their hands begin to wander. It doesn't take long for their first encounter to repeat itself. As they make-out and fondle each other on the couch, Vicky suddenly has an idea.

Chapter Eight: Drawn The Sword

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Liam asks.

"I'm sure, baby." Vicky replies.

"I'm not arguing. I just don't want you to regret this later." He adds.

"I won't. I don't want anything but a clean break from him, and if he won't grant it, I'll force it." She explains.

"Alright." He concedes.

The couple sit at the edge of their bed as they discuss what to do. Vicky and Liam quickly resume the session that they had begun in the living room, stripping off their clothes as they kiss, grope and caress each other. As they climb into bed, they nearly lose themselves in the moment. Straddling her lover, Liam takes a second to remind Vicky about her plan, which in their passion she had entirely

forgotten about. She takes hold of her phone and snaps several appropriately inappropriate photos with him.

Though her pictures from their first time were excellent, only the photos containing oral sex proved that it was actually Vicky; that's not good enough for her. She needs new photographs to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the extent of her own infidelity. Perhaps this way she can walk away from the marriage more easily? It's quite a struggle for the couple to remember to take photos that include their faces when their desire for the other is so genuine. They aren't porn stars acting for a camera; this is as real as it can be for them.

After dealing with the camera phone for some time and through several poses, Vicky has finally had enough. To Liam's delight she sets it aside and gives him her undivided attention. As she enjoys her lover's prowess, Vicky still cannot believe that she has found a man of Liam's caliber; personality and compatibility aside, she has never had a more handsome, sexually gifted or endowed man. They spend a considerable portion of that night enjoying each other, and Liam earns a new set of red stripes before the others have even fully healed.

After they finally finish, the couple showers together, once again losing themselves in the moment. It seems that nearly everything can be a difficult task when they are both so infatuated. Every time they make love Vicky feels as though she is dreaming. She often finds that even when simply sitting beside him and talking she feels this way.

Liam shares her feelings, and they both often find it surprising how strong their attachments are. The only explanation is that they are both deeply in love, or insane.

Thoroughly exhausted and ready for bed, they climb back in and Liam takes his rightful place behind Vicky. His arm locks around her waist and tucks beneath her breast as though it were made to fit. Resting his nose on her shoulder, he takes a deep breath, smelling her natural and wonderfully feminine scent. Purely for herself, she takes hold of her camera phone and snaps a candid moment of themselves cuddling. It becomes her new background image, replacing the previous containing her and Greg.

“Oh, I almost forgot!” She exclaims as she looks at the new background.

“What’s that?” Liam asks.

“There’s one last phase to my plan.” She grins.

Greg’s phone vibrates, but he doesn’t hear it over the thumping of the headboard. Staying in the MotorCity Casino hotel, he grips the hips of a human woman who is positioned on her knees, her chest atop a stack of pillows, arms outstretched and her hands against the headboard.

“I *told* you not to look at me. Don’t make me say it again.” He growls at the woman.

She complies, as she was paid to.

“Fucking humans...” He grunts as he thrusts. “Take a Voeldahn like a good human... Fuck!”

Bringing himself to a swift climax, Greg orgasms and cums inside of the expensive call-girl. Finished with the prostitute, he backs away and lies atop the bed.

“Hey, you weren’t supposed to do that! That’s extra!” She complains.

“Extra? They should be paying me for wasting good Voeldahn cum on a human bitch. I did you a favor.” He chuckles as he lights a cigarette.

She rushes to put on her clothes before taking the money set aside for her and leaving the hotel room.

“Fucking racist asshole.” She grumbles as she leaves.

“Whatever... I’ve got better at home anyway, and the right kind.” He mutters.

He sees a flashing light on his phone and checks it, assuming that Francine has called him yet again. Greg has been avoiding her ever since she told him that she was pregnant. As Francine had been a faithful girlfriend to him, there is no other potential father. Instead he sees a large multi-media text from Vicky with no subject.

"Came crawling back, like I knew she would. That little girl is as d-" Greg stops mid-sentence.

"Now we're even. 😏" Vicky's text reads.

The words sit above a half-dozen explicit photographs showing her with her lover. Bolting upright, he looks at the shocking images on his phone of *his* wife with another man, and a *human* at that.

"How dare she betray me, and with a human!" He yells to himself. "At least when I did it the girl was our kind and worth it! ... Damn, I don't think I'd even *want* to touch her now... Wait... She broke our prenup, so at least I get the house and keep my car and money." He grins wide. "Yeah, alright! If she wants out, she can have it after this. Fuck that bitch. That pig can have my filthy whore of a wife."

The absolutely vile little cat man makes up his mind to call Gordon in the morning and grant Vicky the divorce. With evidence like this, he can't possibly lose.

"Vicky, you stupid bitch... I got it all now." He laughs.

Lying in bed beside Liam, Vicky rolls over to face him and stares at him with her beautiful brown eyes. Her shifting wakes him up and he watches her for a moment.

"Can't sleep?" He asks.

"I just wanted to take a minute." She answers.

"For what?"

"To relish the moment." She sighs.

"It needs relish?" He quips.

She giggles at his dumb joke, though she's genuinely amused by it. With an affectionate kiss to his lips, she pulls him in; their legs entwined as they hold each other.

"I'm just so lucky. I have it all; everything I ever wanted is right here." She remarks.

"I love you, Vicky."

"I love you too, Liam."

Epilogue

Carina stands near the altar and watches as Vicky's father escorts her down the aisle and toward Liam, her future husband. The nervous human stands beside a canine Voeldahn, his best friend of many years. Though he looks petrified, the sight of his bride to be eases his tension, as it always does. Carina admires the loving glances the pair exchange as they stand before each other and the priest. Though the circumstances were less than ideal and the wedding somewhat rushed, no one in the audience can question the sincerity of their feelings for each other.

Now mid-October, barely a month has passed since Vicky's divorce from Greg was finalized, rushed through the courts via Greg's large wallet. It was only days later when Liam proposed and the couple announced their plans to marry. Vicky willingly walked away from her previous marriage and everything associated with it: the custom-built manor, the money and even alimony. Many couldn't understand why she would leave it all behind, but being Vicky's best friend and confidante, Carina can at least see her friend's reasoning.

As the ceremony progresses and the lovers bond themselves with a kiss, Carina wonders where they might be at this very moment had everything not happened exactly as it did. Would Vicky still be an unhappy wife? Would Liam have found someone to spend his life with? Would either have eventually achieved happiness regardless of whether or not they found each other? The possibilities are so vast as to give the woman a headache. Pushing the ponderance from her mind, she is content to watch her best friend and her new husband as they happily head for their car.

Vicky and Liam share a kiss at the base of the church steps and Carina is briefly struck with a touch of envy. Throwing the bouquet behind her, it bounces against Carina's chest and lands in her hands. The significance turns her envy into a mild anxiety. Waving to their friends and family, the couple climb into the Mustang and head for the banquet hall to meet them, the last step before their honeymoon. Once they return, they fully intend to get to work building a life together.

Their future is uncertain, as everyone's is, but the new husband and wife are determined to face every challenge as a team. They will eagerly support each other, buy or build their new home together, and when their children are born they will raise them together.