

A Special Night

Written By: Skabaard

She wept, but she prayed to God no one would stop to watch her. It was Halloween. There were children, most accompanied by watchful parents, nearly everywhere. Surely no one would notice the ghost wandering down the street with her face in her hands. She wasn't supposed to be a ghost; she just *was* one. She couldn't do anything about it. Why were people so... *hurtful*?

Hayley was an albino. Her brother and sister both had the normal, white and black coloration of the huskies that they were, but her own thick fur was stark and colorless from the tips of her triangular, canine ears to the pads on the bottoms of her digitigrade feet. The meticulously primped hair she had falling down her back in an elegant braid was the same, snowy color. Everything about her was pale and washed out. Even her eyes lacked any normal coloration, being an icy blue so ghostly that even they seemed to be white.

She had known it had been a mistake. She had *known* better than to let herself get excited. He was cute; he had asked her out. She hadn't thought... She should have expected what he had done. People had treated her like a freak her entire life. Why had she thought he could have been any different? The little cafe he had invited her to... She had, in her naiveté, believed that so many people wouldn't have laughed at his jokes at her expense. All the people that had been there were probably his friends, invited to have a laugh she hadn't known she would be providing.

Her dress, a tasteful maroon affair, knee-length and frilly, had been a terrible waste. She didn't want anyone to see her wearing it, to see that she had been so blindly hopeful, and she pulled her heavy jacket closer to her, dragging the hood up over her ears to hide her shameful tears. It helped that it was particularly cold that night. Kids were running gleefully from house to house, and their respective parents were half-breathless from keeping up. No one would pay attention to her.

She wished her tears would stop, wished her ragged whimpers would quit crystallizing in the autumnal air in front of her face. She had been teased and taunted before, but it was made so much more visceral by her stupid, ignorant hope. Her ragged, weakly-suppressed sobs made her stop, leaning heavily on a sturdy, wrought-iron fence as she tried not to shake.

As she rubbed stubborn tears from her face, her ears quirked upward in her hood. She heard a familiar voice—*his* voice. She sighed tiredly. He was the last person she wanted to deal with right now. Likely, he was hunting her down, trying to see how much candy her "costume" had netted her. Looking out, she saw him down the street a way, laughing with a few of his friends, one of them a tall, buxom cat who was tucked possessively under his arm. She looked to be wearing *half* of a respectable vampire costume.

Her breath caught in her throat. Why was she surprised at the sudden salt in the wound? She... she wasn't in much of a mood to face them again. Her eyes darted around, looking for an out, eventually landing on one. There in the fence behind her was a gate that stood slightly ajar. Darting over to it, she pushed it a little further open and slipped through it, letting it shut behind her with a noisy clash that she hoped wouldn't encourage anyone to come looking for her.

Moving her feet quickly, she bounded up the narrow path that followed the contour of a few squat hills. She ran until she was far from the road beyond the fence, panting as she leaned

against a sturdy slab of rock that jutted up from the ground. She didn't know when her gasps turned back into rough sobs, but she quickly crumpled to the ground, sliding her knees up to her chest and hugging them to herself.

She was such a child, but she couldn't stop herself. She was glad there was no one around to see her weep like a baby. Her tears came as if from a faucet, matting the fur of her cheeks and running down into her jacket. She sniffled and whimpered and whined, and she wasn't sure what shamed her more, her childishness, or her naiveté.

"Hey," she heard a soft, feminine voice murmur to her, "are you alright?"

With a startled jump, she jerked her head in the direction of the woman intruding on her privacy. Her unwelcome visitor stood over her, a concerned expression blanketing her face. Hayley blinked at the sight. The other woman was clearly canine like her, but harder, more feral features and shaggier fur around her head clearly proclaimed her lupine origins. Fur that was a grey dark enough to almost blend in with the nearly lightless night around them covered her body, lightening somewhat toward her throat and belly.

Eyes that were a bright, clear green looked down at her, and the wolf had her hands crossed anxiously in front of her as she repeated her question, tail wiggling nervously through the air. The husky just blinked again. Her abrupt guest was in costume, as what she wasn't sure, but the simple clothes that covered the wolf's body, a loose, dark blue t-shirt that contrasted with a much tighter pair of black denim jeans, were tattered and bloodstained in a most convincing way, showing splashes of fur through ragged holes.

As if the Universe was intent on continuing to mock her, she felt a dull wave of hot, aggravating jealousy bloom in her chest. The wolf looked much like her would-be suitor's catty friend, tall and voluptuous, clearly beautiful despite her ragged clothing. "What do you want?" she grumbled perhaps a tad more angrily than she intended.

The other woman accepted her question with a patient nod, rolling her shoulders in an unsure shrug. "Well," she admitted, "I was planning on scaring the pants off of whoever came into the cemetery tonight, it being Halloween *and* a full moon, of all things, but it's no fun if the prey's already crying. Are you okay?"

Quickly, with the edge of her hood, she wiped away the tears that had gathered at the corners of her eyes and were threatening to fall. "I'm not crying!" she lied, "I'm just... I... just go away. Just leave me alone."

"Hey," intoned the wolf, padding closer to sit next to her, leaning casually back against what Hayley realized was actually a thick, polished granite gravestone, "it's Halloween! Tonight's the night to party and have fun, not sit in a graveyard doing what was *clearly* not crying in any way. Tomorrow's the day you wake up hating yourself while you puke up all that candy and the extra tequila you drank the night before, right? Or did I get that wrong the past few years?"

The wolf's hand lifted to rest on her shoulder, and Hayley snapped. The albino husky turned and lashed out, pushing the young woman away with a vicious shove as she cried out, "I said leave me *alone*!"

The wolf was bigger than her by a few inches and a couple cup sizes, and all she really managed to do was knock them both over, away from each other. When she pushed herself back upright, she froze. The other woman had already recovered and was staring at her, eyes wide in shock. "Oh..." the wolf murmured in disbelief, "Wow..."

Hayley scrambled awkwardly to her feet and backed up. Her hood had fallen down off of her head, and her visitor was busy gawking at her unnatural coloration. "Fine!" she shouted, "Get

a good look! Is this what you wanted to see?! Laugh all you want! God, what is with you people?! Why can't you just *leave me alone*?!"

She left the wolf behind as she stalked further up the hill, letting the woman blink numbly at her back and her bright, white tail thrash angrily behind her. "Hey..." she heard the soft voice call up at her, "wait... Stop. Stop! *Stop!*" Hayley skidded to a halt as she felt a hand clamp down on her shoulder and spin her around. It was her turn to blink; she hadn't heard the wolf running up to her. "That's not fair!" the ashy-colored lupine woman huffed at her, "What the hell did I do to you?!"

At the question, the husky felt her petulant indignation recede slightly. "I..." she grumbled, "You were staring, and I... You just... They always... I-I'm sorry. Sorry." Her ears and tail drooped forlornly, and she laced her fingers nervously together, holding her jacket closed against the breeze that was more prevalent higher up the hill. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snapped at you. You didn't deserve it. I've just... had a really bad night and I'd like to be alone right now."

An understanding smile crept over the wolf's attractive face, and she shrugged again. "I can get behind that. Why don't we get out of the wind where you can tell me all about it, hmm?"

A clawed, strong-looking hand reached out to her, beckoning her to take it. She didn't know why, but she did. Smile broadening, the wolf pulled her back down the hill, off of the path and into the quiet rows of grave markers. She found it a little unnerving, but the confident fingers around hers just pulled her onward, deep into the cemetery. Nestled between two grass-covered hills, the breeze was mostly blocked, and her smoke-colored lead encouraged her into a little alcove between mausoleums and simple nameplates set into the well-manicured grass.

There was a bench set up against a thick, stone wall, and the wolf plopped down into it, patting the seat next to her as she dug around in a bag, as tattered as her clothes, that rested against it. Pulling a large thermos from it, she twisted the cap off, and a delicious aroma wafted over Hayley's nostrils. "Name's Bianca, by the way. Coffee?" Nodding, she had a flimsy plastic cup full of black, steaming liquid pushed into her fingers. "I don't have any sugar or anything, but I think the warmth'll be nice."

"That's okay." said the husky, taking a sip as Bianca poured herself a similar cup, "Thanks. I'm Hayley." The wolf looked at her, eyes bright over the rim of her own drink. "Listen." she murmured slowly, "I'm really sorry about before. You really didn't deserve that kind of treatment for just trying to talk to me. I just... It's really hard... people are always so..."

Bianca scooted closer, pushing her side into Hayley's as she let a hand fall onto the husky's arm. "Relax. Don't worry about it. Why don't you just tell me what happened. What brought you up into a graveyard wearing something so sexy? You don't really look like the usual mourner or Halloween vandal or prankster, myself included. What was wrong?"

Between sips of coffee, Haley told Bianca everything that had happened to her that night, and then started to work her way backward through her life. She talked and talked and talked for what felt like hours, only interrupted by an occasional comforting word or probing question from the wolf. She was crying again, and Bianca's shoulder made for a soft, warm pillow to rest on as she gently shook. A dark grey arm went around her own shoulders, pulling her close and holding her until she could regain her composure.

Those green eyes bored into her, and the wolf just briskly rubbed her arm as if to scour away her anguish. "Damn..." Bianca sighed heavily, "What a prick... Some people right?"

"Yeah..." she admitted, "I guess so."

Scoffing the curvy woman barked a short laugh. "Don't worry about it, Hayley." she said with a tone of supreme confidence, "Not everyone can be like that. It's their loss. You've just got

to find the right person! I, for what it's worth, think you're lovely. Your fur's so smooth, and your hair's so glossy. That dress really brings out the way your eyes shine, not to mention what it does to your figure. I say flaunt it! Let them stare! And, when they come crawling back to you to grovel, swing that sexy ass around and tell them to kiss it!"

She swallowed hard, a fierce, red blush coloring her cheeks at the sudden tide of compliments, and Bianca threw her head back and laughed, shaking against her in good natured mirth. "I know that if I had the chance," murmured the wolf intimately, "I sure as hell wouldn't be able to turn you down. But really, stop obsessing about what everyone else thinks about you. Just do what feels right and roll with it. Don't worry about things you can't control. You were born like this, and I think it's a gift. Who else can be like you? Hot damn!" Bianca turned, her bright eyes shining with excitement, "God... Hayley, can I kiss you?"

Instinctively, the husky pulled away, slipping out from under the arm that rested over her shoulders as she recoiled in shock. "Wh-what? Why? I-I... I don't..."

Bianca didn't push forward, but neither did she back down. "It just that you're so warm in this chill, and the way the moon's shining through your hair is... so entrancing. It doesn't have to mean anything, I promise. I just want to feel it."

Huffing in her consternation, she didn't know what to say for a time. "Bianca... I don't... I mean you're nice and all..." Her blush threatened to set her cheeks on fire. "Bianca... we just met... and I'm not really... into girls." That wasn't exactly the *entire* truth. Maybe, when she had been younger, just getting out of high school, she had done some experimentation and found it to her liking. But still, there were all those times she had been hurt...

This time the wolf did scoot sideways, toward her. "Really?" she said with earnest vehemence, "Then why are you breathing so hard?"

She snapped closed her gaping mouth, ignoring the urge to pant as her heart started to beat faster. "B-because someone I just met is coming onto me so hard I can't think of anything to say. Because it's cold, and my ears are numb, and I don't know what to do about you getting so close."

Bianca stopped her slow, creeping advance. "You're right." she sighed, "I'm sorry." Straightening her back, she reclined back against the bench more casually, throwing a shapely leg over the other. "I'm just not one for taking things slowly." The wolf chuckled amiably, "That's gotten me into trouble before, I guess. Sorry. I didn't mean to sound pushy or needy. I just think you're cute, and it's been a long time since someone's just talked to me." She turned her vibrant irises back on the husky, smiling fondly. "You're a special girl, Hayley, and I'm not talking about your... *condition*. I suppose I should really be thanking you."

"F-for what?"

Lips pulled back further, broadening the wolf's smile. "Like I said, for just talking to me. You're not the only one that has had a few people issues in the past. So thanks, for what it's worth coming from me."

Twining her fingers together in front of her, Hayley scuffed her paws on the grass, staring sullenly at the ground. "Okay..." she whispered after a few minutes of tense, if companionable, silence.

Bianca looked back over at her, genuine confusion etched into her lupine features. "What's okay?"

The husky met the wolf's eyes hesitantly, fidgeting against the bench. "You can kiss me." The sentence came falteringly, barely audible.

"Are you sure?" the grey-furred beauty asked, surprise flickering in across her face. "Like I said, it's alright. I didn't mean to be weird or anything. I don't want to pressure you or anything. I was just-"

"It's okay." Hayley interrupted with an assurance, "Kiss me."

She watched Bianca lick her lips, stiffening in an internal struggle. Eventually the wolf either won or lost it because she relaxed and quickly sidled closer, pushing near to her side once more. The comforting weight of an ash-colored arm slipped over her shoulders again, and her breath came faster as Bianca leaned in toward her. Hayley found herself leaning back, lifting her head up to meet the wolf's as it came down to her level.

Her heart stopped when their fur met. Bianca's muzzle slipped along her own, brushing softly. The hand on her shoulder tightened affectionately as the wolf's lips pressed into her cheek. Despite the chaste location, it lasted a long time, not forceful or probing, but calm and patient. Hayley's breath wouldn't come. The body that hovered next to her, just shy of touching her, threatened intimacy.

It wasn't until the grey-furred canid pulled away that she was able to pull air back into her lungs. Her heart was given a kick-start, and it shuddered back to life, hammering at her ribcage as Bianca pulled back an inch, breathing heavily. "Hayley..." said the wolf in a half-growled whisper, "I... I just... Can I-"

"Yes." she interrupted, turning her face more toward Bianca, inviting another kiss. She was more nervous than she had ever been, but she left herself open and forced herself to keep from shying away from the gorgeous creature that was looking so tenderly at her. "Bianca... God... What am I doing?" Her hand found the wolf's, fingers squeezing as she steeled herself. "Do you really think I'm pretty?"

Anxiety constricted her chest as her suitor finished closing the distance, wrapping both arms around her. Bianca's big, expressive eyes were half-lidded, and a heated smile parted lupine lips before they pressed in over hers. "Yes. Very much."

She whimpered as their mouths met, uncertain and afraid. She moved awkwardly. During her life, she hadn't much opportunity to really practice, and it showed. Bianca, however, just accepted her efforts, cupping a hand beneath her jaw, using gentle, insistent pressure to guide her as they moved against one another. Taking the initiative, the wolf pushed further forward, gripping her shoulder with soothing strength as she let her passion ooze into the husky.

It heated her blood, the low-burning ardor that her aggressor pushed against her. "Relax..." whispered Bianca, "You're so stiff. Just loosen up. I've got you. Here. Just move with me, like this." The wolf's strong, confident fingers petting her shoulders through her dress and jacket did it, and she felt herself melting against the bench as much as the soft body next to her. She tried to keep up, and Bianca kept it slow, teasing. "Have you ever done it with another woman before?" a quiet, breathless voice asked her.

"Y-yes... I guess." she moaned as she shifted, "A couple times."

She felt surly frustration kindle in her chest as Bianca drifted away, lips floating a millimeter before hers, brushing tantalizingly against her between words, "Did you like it?"

The truth poured out of her, forced out of her to make room for a rising tide of urgent heat that shoved away the cold around her with just as much vigor. "Yes."

Shaking in a quiet giggle, Bianca hugged her tighter. "What happened your first time?"

God... Why couldn't she stop herself from talking? "My college roommate, she talked me into it. She used her fingers... and then there was this really... *really* big strap-on. It was thicker than my arm..."

At that the wolf's eyebrows rose. "Oh? I knew there were some kinks tangled up in there. How much of it did she get in?"

She swallowed hard around a lump of embarrassment. "She was a great dane; she spent all the time out of class either screwing around or working out. She... she was *huge*, and she took it all."

Bianca looked surprised. "So *you* were the one dishing it out?"

"Sh-she talked me into it, Yes..."

"Oh you are just too much for me, cutie." the coal-coated wolf murmured, sliding over such that her entire body was pressed against Hayley. The husky pushed back, just a little. Her breaths were shallow. Bianca's lips were infuriatingly difficult to lock down, and she meekly chased them as they danced over hers. Breasts that eclipsed hers squished into her arm, moving with the other woman's breaths. They sat high on Bianca's chest, barely needing the support of the lacy blue bra that cradled them, visible as it was through her torn shirt. The wolf caught Hayley staring, a grin showing sharp, predatory teeth before letting herself fall back down into another, more forceful, kiss.

Neither breaking contact nor opening her eyes, Bianca slipped off of the bench, holding the husky down as she spun in front of her and climbed back up. She plopped her curvaceous rear into the slender lap that was still seated, straddling Hayley as she rested on her knees. The position left her looming over the smaller canine, pinning down the albino dog and tightening her grip with possessive tension.

Hayley moaned more loudly, more shamelessly. Bianca pushed forward, pressing her back into the bench as dark-furred hands lifted to her face, caressing her cheeks and sliding back to cradle her skull. The wolf arched over her mined her lips with merciless vigor. A wet, probing tongue danced with hers. She couldn't stop herself from trying to return the favor with clumsy, earnest enthusiasm. Her own hands lifted up, cupping her benchmate's shoulder blades.

What she felt surprised her. There was a startling amount of strength there, lurking beneath half-shredded clothes and delightfully soft fur. Lean, wiry muscle moved under her fingers as she explored Bianca's back. It contrasted with the plushness of the curves that were so firmly pressed into her. Bianca had it all, she realized, perfect figure, athletic fitness, and those beautiful, partially-lidded eyes that occasionally flared open to look down at her tenderly, bright, vibrant green orbs that glinted in the wan moonlight.

She let herself go, let the wolf atop her have her way, but her unexpected lover was never more than cautiously gentle, despite the force with which she was shoved into the bench behind her. She didn't know how to take it, or what to do, but it seemed Bianca was there for her. "God..." an ardent, breathless voice whispered into her, "You're so wonderful. Did you know that? Those douchebags don't know what their missing out on. They can go screw themselves. I can take care of you. Let me take care of you."

Unable to form the requisite words, she just whined a tinny affirmative as the wolf slipped bold fingers under her jacket, pulling it open and sliding up over her shoulders. With dainty tugs, Bianca slid her jacket off of her torso, letting it puddle where it might, free from her body, as she jerked her arms out of the sleeves. Hayley shivered, but not from the cold. More of her icy fur was visible, her arms, her throat, a shallow slash of cleavage filling the neckline of her dress, which shined the color of dried blood in the moonlight.

The wolf's greedy fingers roamed, fondling the contour of her collarbones, drifting down to her arms, squeezing her dainty limbs, and Hayley couldn't stop herself from doing the same. She felt the woman with whom she was so intimately connected, really *felt* her. Bianca was more

than soft, inviting curves and hard, feminine muscle; she was warm and so very alive. The husky felt a hammering heartbeat through her fingers, heard tiny, barely audible noises, sounds of lust and desire, rattling in the wolf's lungs. It was desire for her, lust for her body, the body Bianca was so fearlessly caressing. The wolf wasn't off-put by her color, or her ghostly eyes. Someone thought she was beautiful, and not just some toy to play with and drop.

She shuddered as she felt it burn through her inhibitions, sudden, blinding want, not want for sexual gratification, but specific want. She wanted Bianca, right then and there, and it looked like she was going to get it. It wasn't that she couldn't, but she *didn't* stop her hands as they darted down, worming beneath the hem of the wolf's nearly-destroyed shirt. Her lover hummed appreciatively at her ignited aggression, and her hands slid upward, playing along a taut abdomen, brushing over a silky bra, dragging the shirt up with them.

Bianca let them part for only a split second, the time it took to help Hayley tear the tattered remains of the shirt off and throw it carelessly to the side, before diving back in. Without the shirt, there was so much more to touch. A blissfully endless expanse of velvety fur and dense, twitching strength, she fondled and kneaded arms and back. With hands that were growing more courageous, she let her fingers fall, gingerly resting on the sweeping curves of the wolf's big, tight rear, tightening as Bianca nodded and squeezed her arms encouragingly.

Hayley let her fingers lay there, raking blunt, canine claws over firm, muscular flesh as she massaged the wolf's backside. Despite how her panting breaths clouded before her nose, she felt nothing but scouring, lustful heat filling her as Bianca poked fingers beneath the straps of her dress, coyly pulling them off of her shoulders and letting them hang limply down her arms. "Come on..." the wolf growled, "Let me see those perky little boobs. I just want to sink my teeth into them, just a little."

In response, she rolled her shoulders, letting her dress fall further down her slender body, but the modest swells of her chest caught the fabric, holding it stubbornly to her breasts. Parts of a gauzy, almost transparent, black bra were visible cradling the upper curves of her bosoms, and Bianca grinned lasciviously. Dark grey fingers, looking like starless midnight atop her colorless fur, wandered lower, teasing, tugging at her dress. The wolf unwrapped her like a birthday present, peeling the maroon fabric off of her feminine assets. "There they are." murmured a low, reverent voice.

Her dress was sitting around her waist with her jacket, and she gasped as Bianca's lips drifted down, transitioning to her jaw as hands closed over her filmy bra, cupping her breasts through it. "Do they like to be touched?" muttered a soothing voice into the fur of her neck. She whined a sharp yes. "Tell me. Tell me what you want me to do to them."

"My bra..." she panted, holding onto Bianca's ass for dear life, "tear it off!"

Fingers tightened on her chest, claws digging beneath the lacy border of her bra in preparation. "Tear it?" hissed the wolf, "Do you like it rough?"

"Yes!" she breathed, shaking with need.

Her breath froze in her throat as more fingers slipped beneath the paltry piece of clothing, bracing against her sternum. Bianca pulled experimentally, getting the feel of it, teasing her. And then, with a sudden violent motion that had the wolf's body tensing against her own, she was free, bare. Her pert, rounded breasts moved with her, bouncing as the savagery jerked her body. The cold air swept over her pale, washed out nipples, making them stiffen further, poking out and rubbing against the wolf's still-clad orbs. It made her whine desperately. "What now?" Bianca intimated, pressing lips back against her throat, pushing her head up.

She let all her desire well up to the surface, drawn out by the wolf's lips against her wintry fur. Her lover's hands snaked between them, holding her chest in fondly squeezing fingers. Her smallish bust was easily covered, enveloped in an affectionate embrace, and she knew what she needed. "Lick them."

Without argument, Bianca bent over further, letting her lips fall over her shoulders, down her upper chest, tracing a trail of slow kisses until the wolf found her breasts. Pulling a faint mewl from between her lips, a hot, probing tongue ran over the rock-hard lump of her aching flesh, and her back arched spastically, pushing forward as Bianca did it again... and again.

"Yes..." she moaned, her quivering hands clamping down on the voluptuous curve of the rump that rested in her lap. Moving slowly at first, Bianca quickly built herself to a pace that had her writhing beneath her lupine lover. Her humble chest was savaged with lapping kisses, punctuated occasionally with bouts of gentle suction. Her fur stood on end; her ears twitched furiously atop her head. "Yes! Harder... Please!"

Bianca growled, gleefully bearing down on her. The sturdy stone back of the bench was cold against her fur as she was forced against it. She could feel her tail thrashing excitedly though the air behind her, feel the wolf's doing the same. Bianca was bent in half over her, contorting herself, undulating against her, making sounds reminiscent of a starving woman presented with an endless buffet. "God... you're so hot!" a rough, hungry voice vibrated against her.

Trembling as icy spikes of pleasure swept up her spine, she pulled a hand off of the wolf's firm butt to lace her fingers through short, wind-tousled hair, inky black. "Bianca," she said in a coarse grunt, "use your teeth. Please."

With an intrigued hum, the wolf immediately did so, closing her sharp teeth around the stiff bud that prodded into her mouth. They tightened threateningly, pinching and twisting as the excitement of Hayley's lover grew. "Like that?" Bianca mused between increasingly forceful nibbles.

"Harder!"

Her whole body stiffened, folding backward, trying to force more of herself into her lover's mouth as Bianca bit down. "Oh, you like that?" the wolf said through a giggle, "What if I did... this?" Hayley jumped, held down only by the weight of the canine resting her beautiful body on her, as she found herself abruptly ravaged with greedy persistence. She quaked and squirmed under vigorous hands and vicious teeth, her shameless vocalizations growing more and more impassioned.

When her hips started to jerk up into Bianca's legs, the wolf pulled away, panting through a broad, excited grin. "Easy there, cutie. We've got all night, and I haven't even got my pants off yet." In response, Hayley's hands dug into the waistband of the other canid's ripped-up, black jeans, tugging furiously. It made the lupine woman laugh heartily before gently sliding the husky's hands into her own. "Here, let's get... comfortable, hmm?"

Forcing air into her lungs, she did her best to keep breathing as Bianca slid off of her to sturdily padded paws. As she was pulled to her own feet with the wolf, the grinning woman pulling her inward, showing Hayley how much shorter she was. Her face wavered hesitantly over breasts that were much larger than her own, hidden only by a thin layer of cloth. Pressed together, they forced away the chill, wrapped in each other's arms.

Faced with the wolf's almost intimidating beauty, nervousness once more bubbled up inside her, and were in not for Bianca's wiry limbs twined around her back, she might have backed away. Instead, she was pulled further in, her head lifting instinctively into another kiss.

Dauntless hands drifted over her back, appreciating as hers had done before. They raked over her slim shoulders, sliding down, making her feel so small and girly, thin and frail compared to Bianca's sturdy, womanly frame.

The hands slid under where her dress collected around her waist, held up by her compact hips. Comforting fingers reached around, taking up her own perky rear, groping her brazenly before sliding the dress down, over her legs, to pool around her ankles. Bianca's eyes didn't leave hers; they didn't need to. "You're not wearing underwear." Hayley felt the familiar, distinct heat of embarrassment burn visibly through her almost transparent fur. "Hoping to get lucky, hmm? Good thing I was here. It would have been a tragic waste."

Stepping away for only a moment, the wolf collected Hayley's jacket along with her own shirt, laying them out over the grass, forming a barrier over the cold ground before stepping over it. The husky was pulled forward to stand on her jacket, drawn in close, shadowed in tender arms. Bianca's eyes stayed on her face, despite how she was so suddenly nude, her snowy fur practically glowing in the moonlight. "Now." said the lupine woman in a confidential whisper, "Try again, cutie. I won't run away."

With how frantically her heart raced, she couldn't understand how she moved so slowly, fingers meandering up the contours of the wolf's back. Finding the clasps of the bra that blocked her view of Bianca's heavy chest, she took a moment to fiddle with them, constantly distracted with how her infuriatingly tantalizing lover nipped playfully at the tips of her ears, caressing her back with coolly encouraging claws. When it came loose, she gasped in relief at the feeling of the wolf's full breasts being freed and coming into contact with her own chest.

Slipping the straps free of long, graceful arms, she let the bra pool to the ground around their feet with the rest of their discarded clothes. "Is this weird?" she asked, uncertain, "Is doing this weird? This is a cemetery..."

Bianca wiggled, rubbing her lush chest against the husky's. "I don't know. Is it? There's no one else here to see us, and it's not like we're going to wake up the one's who're all asleep. Besides, they might like the little extra heat on such a cold night. It's Halloween, after all."

Before she could think of another half-assed excuse to fight the desires that were so deeply entrenched in her mind, Bianca pulled her in, kissed her hard and fast, nearly pulling her off of the ground by her shoulders. She went limp, leaning hard into the supportive wolf; she couldn't think of anything else she could want more than more of *that*. More she was given, and she practically fell into Bianca's arms, being literally swept off of her feet. She was less held and more cradled as the wolf slowly dropped to her knees.

She was deposited on her back, atop her jacket, her legs sticking out into the chilly grass. The wolf was looming over her, breasts, finally bared, heaving with excited breaths. Sauntering, rolling her hips, Bianca strode around her, stepping in front of her, framed by her legs, which hesitantly spread. The air was frigid against her flesh, moist as it was from her desire, and the wolf stared down hungrily at her, finally taking her in. "Damn..." the lupine woman growled heavily, "You are... really something."

Her position couldn't have been more compromising, more vulnerable. Her skin ached for attention. The more Bianca stared, the more she wriggled on the ground, desperately needy. She wanted to touch herself, but the act felt like it would have been almost sacrilegious under that starving gaze. She was trapped under the weight of her want, and Hayley could only lay there and wait for the wolf to make the move.

When Bianca finally shifted her weight from foot to foot, the husky actually moaned in anticipation. The wolf grinned at Hayley. Blunt-tipped claws lifted up to cup the buxom mass of

her chest as she took a step forward, threatening action. Her hands swept down from her chest sliding along her athletic shape before poking her fingers underneath the waistband of her jeans. She rocked her hips from side to side, each rolling contortion baring another half-inch of dark grey fur, a larger splash of the lighter color on her underside.

Bianca dragged off of her tattered jeans, leaving her standing before the husky in nothing more than a pair of plain, dark blue panties. "These are all yours." she murmured as she gently lowered herself to her knees, crawling forward, waving her hand vaguely at her clothed crotch, "But I just can't wait. You're just sitting there, all neat and pretty, just *begging* to be ruined. Let me take care of that for you."

Hayley whined feverishly as claws swept up her calves. The wolf wiggled in closer, between her legs, before sliding her hands further inward, brushing along the fur of the inside of her thighs. Fingers teased closer, and if her legs were spread any further, her pelvis would have snapped in half. Her own hands found her jacket, clenching the fabric in a pair of fists as Bianca bent down as if to inspect the contents of her loins. The wolf apparently approved, because a pleased hum vibrated in the burdened chest above her.

Arching her back, she felt Bianca's hot breath on her exposed flesh, promising so much more. "Don't be afraid to get into it, cutie." reassured the wolf. She promised she wouldn't, begged for it with words that were more a slurred mess than discernable speech. She shook as hands fell onto her hips, pressing firmly down, holding her to the ground, and that beautiful face lowered toward her crotch, green eyes burning with attentive enthusiasm.

There was brief stillness full of hard, anticipatory panting, followed by shockingly blissful contact. The kiss that Bianca pressed into her most intimate of places was soft and dainty, like one would give to a doting lover, long and slow. It was repeated again and again, each time growing a little faster, a little more forceful. A tongue slipped free to run along her feminine flower, taking a lingering taste of what Hayley had to offer before going back to her deft ministrations.

She gasped as she looked down the length of her snow-white body. Bianca's head moved against her. The wolf's back was bent, breasts pressed against the ground, head down, the upper curves of her butt lifted into the air, tail wiggling with furious happiness. It sounded wet and... sticky. They were sounds coming from *her* body, from that profound contact, and every time she heard the wolf whisper a soft, lustful sound, she moaned in reply.

One of Bianca's hands hooked around her thigh, bracing, but the other wandered over her fur, groping her youthful, girlish curves. Claws raked over her stomach, slipped down, trailed along the contour of her side as her lover's eyes closed. Her unimpressive rump was savored in confident fingers as her euphoria gorged itself on the sensations that were rocketing through her body. Lips and tongue found her clit, peeking timidly from its hood, and immediately latched onto the sensitive button, abruptly ravishing it.

Tendons snapped taut, drawing her legs together and clamping her thighs around the head between her legs as she grunted a staccato whine, unexpectedly fierce. An impish chuckle bubbled against her, but Bianca didn't let up. Wet, greedy lips were shoved against her, hot and searching for any way to heighten her bliss, and every time they found one, they pressed in on it, scraping and licking with unabated zeal. Hayley heard her voice growing almost violently ardent, rising in pitch and volume, mirroring the growth of the tension that was tightening her muscles.

She knew full well where she was being taken, and as her hands darted down the length of her body, weaving fingers through Bianca's hair, she egged it on. She did a series of rapid half-sit-ups, her shuddering abdomen lifting her shoulders free of the ground as they started to

spasm with the first waves of the onslaught of her release. Fingers tightened on her thigh as if to remind her not to hold back, and she didn't think she could, even if she were so inclined.

When it happened, it rocked her to the core. She choked in a startled, ragged gasp, filling her lungs as it exploded behind her eyes. The urge to scream pulsed through her brain, but Hayley couldn't make herself do anything other than squeeze out a tiny, pitiful whimper, made shaky by her spasming diaphragm. Waspish hips jerked aimlessly, overriding the wolf's control of her crotch as she blindly humped herself against Bianca's face. Her lover just laughed, angling her head so as to give her as much surface over which to grind her shuddering womanhood as possible.

Her vision blurred with tears pushed from her eyes by the explosiveness of her release, and she laid and quivered for a long, long moment before she felt Bianca pull gingerly away from her hot, feminine flower. Hayley blinked downward. Her incidental lover's lips were pulled back in a supremely pleased grin, a thin ribbon of clear, vicious fluid still connecting mouth to her crotch. A tongue slipped out to lap it up, and the wolf shifted upward, beginning to crawl forward.

Weight pressed down into her, stomach to stomach, breast on full, soft breast, and as Bianca lay down atop her, she still shivered with the stunning aftershocks of her relief. Lips pushed over hers, a tongue invaded her defenseless mouth. Hayley tasted herself in the layer of slime that coated most of the wolf's face. It was delightfully lewd, and she returned the kiss as hungrily as she could manage with her nerveless body. "Thanks for that." Bianca muttered into her twitching ear, "I have to admit, I've got one hell of an oral fixation, and that was... delicious."

The weight on her chest was delightful. She was pinned down, and her fervent panting made it difficult to articulate a response. "N-now it's... your turn."

"Already?" the wolf chortled, "I don't even think you've stopped cumming yet. Why don't you just ride it out? That way, I get to build you up all over again."

Whining, she tried in vain to push Bianca's weight off of her torso, but she couldn't make her arms move the way she wanted them to. A shove turned into a light, eager caress; a play for leverage became a hard, needy grope as both her hands dropped to her lover's firm, round butt. When she was kissed again, she returned it with nearly bestial passion, pleading with awkward, unpracticed movements to be allowed to return the favor Bianca showed her.

The wolf eventually relented, pushing herself off of Hayley, rising to her knees, straddling the husky's chest and looming suggestively before continuing her rise to her feet. Her hand went down, hovering over the supine canine, and it was taken in shaky fingers, used to haul the albino dog to her own paws. She led the smaller woman back over to the bench, standing near it before taking Hayley's hands in both of her own, laying them gingerly on her hips, over the fabric of her panties, the only thing that remained to separate them. "Alright, cutie. I'm all yours. Just don't be afraid to get a little rough. I can handle rough."

With an experimental shove, Hayley pushed Bianca back. The wolf's knees hit the bench and folded, dropping her onto her ass and making her weighty breasts bounce delightfully. Getting the idea, the feral lady scooted forward and spread her thick, toned thighs, opening herself up as the husky let herself drop to her own knees, hovering with clear intent.

Her head drifted between those long, shapely legs as she wiggled forward. The chill of the ground was mitigated by her thick, icy fur, but was more tenaciously shoved from her mind by the desire that colored her cheeks and made her ache for what was coming to her. Bianca was wet, very much so. The fabric that hid the wolf's crotch was slick and dark with lusty moisture. It

was lust for her that had done it, she knew, and it only made her all the more eager to reciprocate that need.

Hayley's fingers lingered on the flared curves of luscious hips for a moment before her claws found the cloth of the wolf's panties. She pulled, and Bianca rocked her hips from side to side to allow herself to be bared. The offending clothing dropped to her ankles, where her lover kicked it off, leaving her naked and open to the husky's breathless, awed gaze.

She had never seen anything so perfect before. Thick, fleshy lips, made full and ruddy with blood and lust, were half parted, revealing a practically pulsing entrance, furious for contact. The bud of a fearless clit, begging to be touched and kneaded, made itself proudly seen. Flesh shone wetly in the moonlight, already slick and ready. "Y-you're so wet..." Hayley breathed reverently, "Did... did you already-"

"Like I said," answered the wolf, "I *really* like oral. Now come on, cutie, before I lose my patience and jump you. I'd just... hold you down and lick you until you pass out."

That alone was almost enough to make her wait for it, but her own patience was wearing frightfully thin, and she needed what was put so shamelessly on display before her more than she had ever needed anything. Hayley nervously licked her lips as she meandered inward. "I... I've never done this before." she admitted nervously.

"Not even with the great dane?"

"N-no..."

"Then take your time. Figure me out. I'm real easy; I promise."

She nodded and moved gingerly forward. After licking her lips again, anxious, timid, she looked up, blinking uncertainly at Bianca's lovely green eyes. The wolf smiled and nodded herself, and Hayley let out a cloudy breath as she finished closing the distance, closing her eyes. Her mouth made contact with an almost blisteringly hot womanhood that throbbed beneath her lips.

She explored slowly, listening to the wolf moan softly above her. Her hands, their claws digging into thick, ashy fur, savored the Bianca's plush hips. The sounds of fur rubbing over fur signaled her lupine lover's hands finding her own, generous chest eagerly massaging. Hayley's tongue delighted in soft, yielding folds, and every time she hit a spot that made the wolf tense or whine excitedly, she focused on that location, building a mental map to Bianca's bliss.

The sensitive skin beneath her lips grew more and more slick with heady, liquid lust as she worked. Despite her inexperience, the way the wolf was quivering told her that she was, at least, doing *something* right. Her nose brushed against the stiff nub of her lover's rock-hard button, and Bianca squealed at the touch, legs shaking around her, threatening to collapse on her as hers had moments before. Hayley licked and loved, practically grinding her face against the slippery slit before her, begging to hear more of her lupine lover's rapturous vocalizations.

As Bianca grew more and more audibly excited, she felt herself doing the same. Her hand slithered down her body, tweaking a perky bud before snaking between her legs to tease fingers against herself. She was just as lubricated as the wolf, and her fingers easily slipped into her tight passage. Hayley raked her blunt claws against her spasming tunnel as she did her best to have Bianca screaming against her.

One of the wolf's hands fell to her head, taking her by the base of her long, thick braid, using it for leverage as she was guided. Her lover was strong, but the strength was not needed, as she eagerly went where she was directed, pushing her tongue and lips against anything that was presented to her. Her own fingers scraped against her twitching entrance, probing her insides, raking her walls and making her moan against Bianca in irregular bursts. The wolf's voice rose

with her in desperation, and the two canine women gyrated against each other, growing more and more heated.

When she squeezed another orgasm out of herself, she lost her hold on reality. She squeaked and shoved herself forward with enough force to almost push Bianca back into the bench. Instead, she just pushed her lover over the edge of her own teetering peak of ecstasy. As she shuddered against herself, she felt the lupine woman into which she as so decisively buried react, bucking her hips and thrashing with barely controlled passion as the hand on her head aided her in her savage mining.

When she heard it, she opened her eyes, her own release temporarily overridden. Bianca grunted, her chest rumbling in a harsh, primal growl. Only splashes of vibrant green were visible as her eyes rolled backward in her head, unseeing under fluttering eyelashes. Vicious, predatory teeth were viciously clenched, lips pulled back in a bestial snarl. The lean, tight musculature that lurked nearly invisibly beneath her thick fur rose up as her body tensed, each muscle standing in stark contrast as her release bent her forward far enough for her breasts to be pressed against Hayley's back.

The wolf came with startling violence, the sudden tide of thick fluid smearing over the husky's lips and face as she did her best to fuel Bianca's euphoria. It sounded like there may have been words quaking in that growl, but the way the wolf slurred made them impossible to comprehend apart from the furious, unleashed lust that assailed Hayley from above and before. She wasn't sure if she came again, or if she just remembered her thunderous relief, but it shot back through her limbs at any rate, and were it not for the arms gripping her luxuriant hair she would have fallen over from her sheer, aggressive flailing.

The released, passionate heat cooled with blissful, delirious slowness, and she was shrouded in shadow for a long several minutes, until Bianca had the wherewithal to pull herself back upright and release the terrifying grip she had in Hayley's hair. "H-holy... God damn..." panted the overwhelmed wolf, blinking blearily down at the husky between her legs, "It... been so long, I'd forgotten how good it was. You're... r-really good at that."

As Hayley pulled away, sticky strands of thick fluid connected her to the wolf, and she broke them with a shaky hand as she leaned back, sitting on her legs, panting heavy clouds of wintry mist that quickly dispersed. "R-really...?"

A clawed hand lifted to rake through a shaggy mop of short, black hair as Bianca hummed a gleeful affirmative. The wolf was sitting in what was practically a puddle of her own juices, almost hot enough to steam in the chilly air, and her other hand drifted upward with its sister, taking the weight of a bountiful breast and squeezing it firmly.

Her lupine lover watched her as she pushed a shaky paw beneath her, lifting herself to unsteady feet. She only had a second to contemplate the change in altitude before Bianca lashed out with both arms, twining them around her waist and pulling her forward. The wolf's leg went between hers, and she was forced to sit on the proffered lap as the feral woman growled possessively, "Now... my turn again."

She whined in confusion, but was quickly silenced as she was dragged into a fast, forceful kiss. Their fluids met and mixed, and they tasted of each other. Sitting on Bianca's leg as she was, her head was almost level with the wolf's, and they locked themselves together in a tangle of arms, pressed nipple to nipple. Hayley wasn't sure if she had any more in her, but those doubts were immediately washed away in an abrupt, bright flare of need that prickled in her skin and made her fur stand on end. It was fueled by the quiet, gruff sounds that rattled in the wolf's throat, harsh, natural sounds of wanton, blinding desire. The green eyes that occasionally met her

pale, icy orbs were barely seeing through the lust that hazed them, but what Hayley saw in *them* excited her greatly.

The wiry, graceful limbs that held her flexed, dragging her forward, simultaneously grinding her tender womanhood along a shapely, muscular thigh, and she moaned, a sound that boiled up from the tips of her toes. She did the same, her arms tightening as she shoved her own, more slender leg against the crotch she had been buried muzzle-deep in a minute ago. Hayley's wetness matted the fur beneath her, and Bianca's fluids likewise slicked her thigh, but she could do nothing but welcome it as the lips pressed into hers fought for more.

"God..." thundered a voice that filled her ears with the depth of its need, "You're so, so hot. I wish I'd met you sooner. That's it, just hold me; let me do the work. I've got you... right where I want you. Just hold on. Don't let me go."

Hayley didn't, nor did she plan to any time soon. She kept herself stable, letting Bianca move against her, hips undulating and thighs stroking up and down with long, fast motions. The two women bucked against one another, using each other as toys against which to rub themselves as they built themselves up one last time. Their lips never left the other's, always frantically probing with tongues before parting to emit thick clouds of mist.

The familiar, rapturous tightness in her loins built up yet again with disastrous rapidity, and she whined her proximity. Bianca didn't slow, only growling a terse assent, her voice growing hoarser and hoarser as she moved faster and harder. Her airy, girly moans and whimpers sounded so light and feeble compared to the trembling grunts of the wolf into which she was being so vigorously pulled.

They peaked in pitch as she reached her climax with explosive suddenness that robbed her of her breath and made nerveless limbs tighten in ecstasy. Her head fell back, breaking their kiss for a short split-second before her quaking muscle threw her forward. She humped wildly, no longer able to move with any semblance of rhythm, and Bianca let her wail into her shoulder as her face pressed inward to meet the dark grey fur.

The wolf was close as well; it could be heard in the wavering of her voice. "That's right, cutie. Cum on me. Cum all over me. Make me all wet. Yes! Just a little harder... just a little... more! Yes!"

Heaving against her, Bianca's form twitched and shuddered, and teeth snapped together a scant hair's breadth from her ears as the wolf came again. Hayley felt the fresh wave of steamy fluid flow out against her leg, slicking her fur and making an unholy mess of her lover's crotch. They spasmed against each other's bodies, their tails monochromatic blurs behind them as they flailed. Her delicate cries were followed by the coarse rumbles of Bianca's own vocalizations of release.

It was enough to squeeze tears from her eyes, and she hugged the sturdy, voluptuous body in front of her into her chest with urgent insistence. Her orgasm swept through her, turning her brain to putty and stiffening her limbs to rigid bars, only capable of moving in jerky bursts as she clawed Bianca's back in her impassioned throes. Hayley's release didn't ebb, pushed on and on by Bianca's harsh voice, with its goading words, drilling into her ears.

Nothing could last forever, though, and she eventually just couldn't continue, sagging heavily, gasping hysterically, as she drooped into the wolf's accepting arms. Her lover's breaths were no less fervent, but a hand lifted to pet her head as soothing words drifted into her lust-wrecked mind. If the leg between hers hadn't supported her weight, she would have been flat on the ground, her limbs turned to jelly by her relief.

Composure came slowly to both of them, and their breath even slower. Hayley didn't care. Her eyes were closed, her hands curled over Bianca's shoulders. The chilly, autumnal air around them sluggishly pushed back into her, highlighting how naked she was, how she had become sweaty, and she shivered. Her front, though, where it was pressed into the wolf, was still delightfully warm, heat trapped by their bodies. She didn't want to pull away, ever, if it could be helped. The husky had never been so close to someone else, so accepted.

She whined when Bianca's arms pushed her away after she shivered again. The wolf grinned at her. "Come on, now, cutie. No sense in you catching pneumonia over a hug. Let me help you."

Struggling for a time, she eventually surrendered, letting herself be pushed up to her feet, followed by her lupine lover. It was late, and it was getting colder as time wore on. Bianca grinned and jumped up, seemingly unwilling to let the husky see the affect the cold was having on her. She never once shivered. The wolf picked up her dress and handed it gingerly to her, helping pull it back on over her head. "I don't think you'll be able to wear your bra out. I tore it up pretty good."

She had the temerity to blush after all that. "It's... fine. I've got more. It was worth it."

Bianca laughed lightly and pulled her underwear back on, bouncing gleefully back into her jeans with a little more-than-necessary effort, just for Hayley. The husky threw her jacket back over her shoulders, wishing that she had worn something under her dress. The sheen of slime that was matting her thigh was cold, and the moisture that had remained on her loins was not doing much for her internal temperature.

After pulling her tattered shirt back on over her bountiful chest, she stepped forward, gently dragging the husky into a warming hug. Hayley knew what would come next. It was late, and she had work tomorrow. She didn't want... "Bianca?" An interrogative hum vibrated in the wolf's chest. "Thank you." She took a deep breath. "Listen... if you're not busy... could we maybe... talk some more sometime?"

The wolf blinked down at her for a short, painful second. "Really? After all that, are you asking me out?"

"Y-yes..."

A warm chuckle shook her and Bianca rubbed her arms through her jacket. "Of course I'd like to talk sometime. We kind of skipped that part and jumped straight to the good stuff. We need to play catch-up hmm? How about this; same time, same place? No... wait. Earlier in the day, the afternoon, say... two? I'd like to see the sun on your fur. I bet it's magnificent."

Excitement giddy enough to wash away all hesitation made her arms tighten around Bianca's ribcage. "Yes! Yes, I'd like that! I'll be here, I promise. Two o'clock!" Her tail brushed against the hem of her jacket as it wagged spastically through the air. "What... what are you going to do now?"

"It's still Halloween for an hour or so, right?" intoned the wolf, "I've got kids to scare, remember? After that, probably what you'll do: get some nice, contented sleep and dream of you." Hayley could only hope that was what she dreamed, Bianca's arms around her. The wolf walked her out, fingers closed around hers. "Thanks, Hayley, for being crazy enough to run into the graveyard like some angsty teenager. I'm glad you did."

"I'll keep that in mind whenever I'm running from someone."

Bianca chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't go *that* far. I'm sure there are better places to run; you know... the police station, your home, someplace a little more brightly lit. But as for fourth or fifth options, there are worse places, I guess, although I can't think of many off of the top of my

head." Far too soon for her liking, they stood before the imposing wrought-iron gates through which Hayley had run what felt like an eternity ago. "Okay, cutie. Get going. I'll see you around, alright? Next time, you bring the coffee, two sugars, no cream."

The husky nodded happily. "You got it!" She shifted anxiously fumbling with the hood of her jacket. "Thanks again, Bianca. I owe you. I'll make sure it's *really* good coffee, the expensive brand."

"It's a date!" barked the darkly furred wolf, "Now get going before you scare away all the other angsty teenagers in need of pissed pants."

With a giggle and a brief, fond kiss that they shared, she slipped through the gate and strolled down the street toward her apartment. Her hood was down; her jacket was open. The wind, unsheltered from hills as she was, caught the pleats of her dress, made it billow around her thighs, but she didn't have it in her to feel cold.

Hayley couldn't be sure if the week flew by or dragged on forever, but she eventually made her way through it, thinking almost constantly of the upcoming weekend. It came upon her after an eternity, finally, and she left early. The husky stopped by her favorite cafe to get two of the most expensive coffees she could get her hands on and made her way onward.

In the daylight, the cemetery was an entirely different place. The quiet was calm and contemplative, rather than cold and uninviting, and it was much less creepy to be there alone. Navigating it with only a vague memory of where she had been led that night was a task, but she managed it. The breeze was warmer in the sun, and she had forgone her jacket in favor of a loose, black blouse and a knee length, blue skirt that she hoped accentuated her hair.

After a few minutes of aimless wandering, she managed to find the familiar bench, overlooking a small number of modest plots, and she lowered herself onto it, leaning back, basking in the sunlight and sipping her coffee. She had gotten there almost twenty minutes early, partially out of nervous tension, so she had a few minutes to stew in her anxious excitement. She had left her long, colorless hair in its braid, and she toyed with its tip with happy fingers as her tail flitted around behind her.

Two o'clock came, and her ears perked up, attentively seeking out any source of sound that wasn't her. The wind blew through the short, perfectly-manicured grass. For a short time, she heard hushed conversation over her shoulder, an elderly couple. She sat, and it was two thirty before she began to worry. Her coffee was gone; Bianca's was cold. As clouds drifted lazily by above her and the sun sank lower and lower into the sky, painful, icy dread sank into her gut.

A light, chilly breeze ruffled her fur as she sat and stared at the ground. She felt like crying again, but she could decide for what reason, that she had been stood up, or that she had been stupid enough to trust someone again. She was probably just something to check off of someone bucket list at this point. Hayley sobbed, but it didn't quite get the point of open tears, and she slowly rose to her paws, cool on the grass below her, and turned to go home.

What she saw as she spun made her drop the still-full coffee to the ground, splattering it over her feet and staining her icy fur dark brown. There hidden amidst others, was a squat, unassuming grave marker. What made her stop were the familiar words etched into the polished granite:

In Loving Memory
Bianca Ravenwood
Loving Daughter, Sister, Friend
March 17, 1988 - November 1, 2013

It reached out slapped Hayley across the face with sudden realization. She remembered... remembered hearing about it on the news. They had talked about it around the office. A young woman had been driving home from a Halloween party, hit a patch of black ice, lost control and wound up in a ravine. She had managed to call for help, but it was one of the coldest Halloweens on record, and the rescue party hadn't been able to find her until the following afternoon. The young wolf had been cold and alone at the end.

Her feet carried her forward, dropping her to her knees in front of the humble marker. She traced the letters of the name with numb fingers, claws rasping over the smooth stone. Her tears fled her, as if the act of crying would have been an insult, but she sat there, hunched over, arms thrown off the cold rock until the sun had nearly reached the horizon. She just... didn't know what else to do.

"That's not fair, Bianca..." she sobbed, "That's *not* fair! You can't do that to me, get my hopes up and then tear them away like that! Where do you get the nerve?! That's... that's not fair! You... you bitch! You can't do that to me! You were so sweet and warm! I *felt* your heartbeat! Why would you do that to me?!"

She screamed inarticulately, raging at the lump of rock in front of her, shaking it in her spindly arms as if trying to tear it from the ground. Her fury dissolved as quickly as it had come, however, rapidly leaving her limp and breathless, leaning against the gravestone for support, and finally crying. Tears soaked into the fur under her eyes, drenching her cheeks and running down onto her blouse. Hayley wasn't sure for whom the tears were being spilt, but she couldn't make herself stop. "That's not fair, Bianca." she whispered.

Movement came slowly to her, and she didn't for a long time as she mourned for the woman she had never known. Eventually though, she pulled away to look down at the familiar name once again. She wiped away her tears with the edge of her sleeve as a bolt of mirth struck her. "Same time, same place, huh." she giggled, confused at her own sudden levity, "I guess it's my fault for not asking what you meant." Her fingers lingered on the top of the grave marker, petting it affectionately. "Am I crazy Bianca? Did it actually happen? Did you actually say all those things about me, or was that me just wishing? Were you really that pretty, or that nice, or that... eager?" Her ears and tail drooped as she held tightly to the gravestone, melancholy threatening to overwhelm her again. "That's not fair..."

She, after a long while watching the sun set, slowly pushed herself back to her paws, collecting her dropped cup and muttering a low, "Does this count as a libation?" Shrugging at Bianca's resting place, she took a few steps back, so as to not be standing on her. "Bianca..." she stammered, "I... I-I won't forget what you told me, and if I see you again, you are in so much trouble! Do you understand me? I... I have to go, but... If you really are dreaming of me, just know that I did dream of you, and I'm thinking of you, alright? S-sleep well, okay?"

Hayley stood there silently as if expecting an answer, staring down at the quiet, peaceful grave. "I'd stay but... I can't. But I'll be back, I promise." Turning, she ran from the silent, little corner, sprinting wildly until she was far away, out of the cemetery and down the road. Her skinny legs burned, and she rested her hands on her knees as she gasped, throwing away the empty cups in the nearest garbage can. She didn't want to look at them anymore. She didn't want

to do much of anything at that moment, and she went home as fast as she could, throwing herself into her bed and crying herself to sleep.

Her life in the following weeks felt like it passed her by. She went to work, but the days drifted by her; she didn't know what had happened, and she couldn't reconcile it. A month had passed before she once again worked up the courage to return to the cemetery on a weekend, this time in the morning. Bianca's gravestone was still there, and she sat on the bench and stared at it. It was different this time. She felt comforted, and she found herself talking. She talked about life, hers and others, gossip and worse, and once she started, she couldn't make herself stop.

She came again the following weekend, this time with more coffee, one for her, one for the wolf. She did more talking, and when she left, she left Bianca's coffee there, sitting in the shadow of the simple slab of stone. Hayley came when she could, talked when she could, and despite the ritualism of the act, she couldn't find any awkwardness in her feelings, so she kept doing it.

Months blurred into each other. She celebrated her promotion at the graveyard. She celebrated her birthday there with Bianca, an irony that wasn't lost on her. Eventually a full year rolled past, and Halloween was once again upon her. Hayley was afraid, but she had to know. The husky dressed her best, classy and warm for the cold night it would be, and left with characteristic punctuality. She greeted the barrister at the cafe, who had her coffees ready almost before she had made it to the counter, and moseyed her way to the cemetery along the path she had nearly worn into the sidewalk with her paws.

This time was like all the others. She plopped down heavily into the bench, sipping her coffee and waiting for two o'clock to come around. Her thick hair glinted in the sunlight, and she dug her toes into the grass while it was still pleasantly warmed by the sun. "Please, Bianca. Don't let me be crazy. Everything's actually been pretty good since last year. It's a wonder what someone having fond thoughts for you can do."

She listened to the clock tower in the county courthouse chime the second hour, and she felt apprehension tighten her gut. As the bell died away, a soft, familiar voice murmured into her ear, "Is this where I say boo?"