

Overdue At The Library

By: Terinas

I know what you're thinking. How did this all get started? Well... It's like this...

Someone was checking me out.

I saw him, at the far edge of my vision, staring at me from one of the study tables on the far corner of the library. He had his nose poked into a book, but his eyes were peering out above it, watching me. The feeling that someone was staring at me was like electricity running through my body. I couldn't help but smile. My tail twitched excitedly, and my heart sped up. I'm not used to the attention. Not anymore anyway.

I haven't had a boyfriend, much less a date, since before I started college. My last playmate dumped me shortly after he found out we weren't going to be going to the same private university anymore. It hurt a lot more than I would have expected. With a bruised heart and a harder class load than I had expected, I closed myself off from others so I couldn't be hurt any worse. I hadn't let myself open up to anyone for a while after that: I shut down most conversations that threatened to go beyond skin deep, resisted the urge to ogle any cute guys, and I had even dressed much more prudishly than I'd ever normally tolerate. It was only after a few months had passed that I was finally feeling a bit more like my frisky old self. But even now, garbed in my tightest-fitting outfit from my "Everyday Wear" clothes, I hadn't really expected to get any attention.

Had it been a few years ago, I would have probably put back the book I had just withdrawn, sauntered over towards the boy's table, and planted a big kiss on his cheek right there.

Yeah.

Back when I was a rambunctious sixteen year old, I wasn't exactly subtle.

I tried to resist that urge, though. College is a chance to remake oneself, and I didn't quite want to be as brazen as I had been in high school. But it felt so good to be stared at! My admirer had caught my attention and I was going to reward him for that. But I wasn't going to rush right over, no. Instead, clutching my copy of Austerhoff's *The Tangled Yarn of the Mind and How to Weave It*, I turned and walked past my observer, pretending to myself and the world that I wasn't keeping him squarely within my peripheral vision. Without the barriers of bookshelves blocking my view, I had a bit of a better chance to circle around him and get a good look at my observer. He was a husky, silver coat, with pointed ears. Loose blue jeans wrapped around a tight butt, and draped around his chest was a black shirt with a snarky saying on it. Something involving algebra, with pink hearts instead of variables. He was staring at me with deep chocolate eyes, with a slender muzzle leading to a pitch black nose.

I won't deny I had a fondness for dogs. Several different ways to approach him sprinted through my mind, racing each other for the chance to be put into motion. I handed my book off to the smiling ferret behind the librarian's counter. While she was checking it out, I decided to finally take the opportunity to check out my admirer. Turning my back away from the librarian's desk, I turned and swept my gaze around the room. I ended it squarely on him, and for a moment my eyes locked with his. His eyes widened for a moment before he pulled the amber-covered book up to block his and mine. And then

after a moment, he turned his head, book and all, away, as if averting his blocked gaze.

He was adorable.

I decided to consider the awkward moment between us as an invitation and pushed myself away from the counter. He wasn't looking at me then, so I allowed myself a moment of vanity. I needed to ensure I didn't look too disheveled as I approached. I hadn't worn an appropriate outfit to pick up guys today. Since getting to college I didn't spend nearly as much time on my appearance as I had in the past. My brown hair was just combed back along my head, bouncing against the back of my neck. I ran a paw through it to try and flatten it down. I was wearing tight-fitting gray denim cutoffs, but I noticed they were sagging at an angle, so I pulled them up to make sure I didn't look slovenly. I pulled my white shirt down to cover my belly button.

He had the book pulled over his face, pointed straight forward. No one would have believed he was reading something like that. So I decided to make it obvious and sat down right next to him.

“So, hey.”

I watched as his eyes flashed over towards me, then back forward to pretend he was still reading. “H-hey.” Between the two of us, his voice was deeper.

I wasn't sure how to proceed. Briefly I entertained the idea of running a finger down his thigh, just to see how he reacted. I suppressed it. I was trying to avoid being so flagrant in public, especially with someone I'd just met. Didn't want to scare him off, after all.

Instead I just sat there next to him, feeling out of place. “That's... that's a good book, is it?”

He mumbled a quick “Yeah.” in reply and fell silent. It left me wondering exactly what I was doing here.

“What's it about?” I lifted my hands off of my lap and set them on the table, arcing in his direction.

I was getting nowhere fast. “Look, I saw you staring.” I gave what I hoped was a warm smile. “I'm not angry. I'm curious.” I leaned in a bit closer to him. “Come on. Talk to me a bit. I promise I won't bite.” As I paused. “What's your name?”

At last I was rewarded with some measure of success. The book slid down from across his face, allowing a pair of brown eyes unobstructed access to my whiskered face. “K-Kristoph.” He stumbled over the name, like a man trying to recover after slipping on thin ice. “W-what's yours?”

I turned to gaze into his eyes. “Teri.” Actually, it was Terry, at least until I saved up enough to get my name legally changed. Not that anyone would notice if you just said it aloud anyway. “You're a pretty shy one, aren't you? I'm surprised you were brave enough to watch my butt for so long.”

Yeah, I'm *still* not exactly subtle.

His ears drooped and his eyes widened. “I wasn't s-staring at your butt! I mean...” He looked away. “I'm

not usually I-like this, but...”

“You're not intimidated by little old me, are you?” I chuckled, pointing at myself.

“N-no! It's just...” He looked away. “I guess I'm just curious about... well... you, I guess.”

I chuckled. “Curious about me, or my butt?”

He squirmed. “I'm not interested in your butt!”

I had to suppress my laughter. We were in a library, after all. “That's not nice. You've hurt my butt's feelings.”

“I... but... arf...” he looked back and forth, stammering all the while.

I took pity on the poor doggie. “Alright. You want to know me. I get that. Tell you what. I'll give you a do-over.” I reached into my pocket and slid a scrap of paper out of it, holding it between two fingers. Setting it down on the table, I grabbed a pen and scribbled down my phone number on it. Then I picked it up and pushed it lightly into the pocket of his pants, leaning down close enough to him so that he could feel my breath against his clothes. “Call me and we'll arrange for a private meeting. You can hear all about me, my awesome butt, and anything else that comes to mind.”

I was near enough to his chest that I could hear his heart beat. People were probably staring at us as I got so close to him. One quick glance downward confirmed my suspicions: the puppy was quite stiff between the legs right then. It's all the confirmation I needed of his intent. I looked up at him. “And if you're lucky, maybe we'll do more than talk...”

I pulled back up away from him, watching him squirm a bit and probably enjoying it way too much. If you're wondering right now how exactly I can say I'm trying to be more restrained while at college, well... let's just say back in high school I was very VERY forward, and leave it at that.

At that point my new friend Kristoph was entirely too flabbergasted to say a word. I stood up, pushing myself away from the table, and started to saunter off. I hoped he was watching as I left. Inwardly, I was atwitter. He was definitely interested in me, and he had a body to die for. I really loved the brawny types. He was a bit shy, but that was probably just because he wasn't used to someone being a bit forward. A bit of time around me would definitely cure that. After all, there's no cure for being uncomfortable with something like pouncing right into it.

It was several days before I heard from Kristoph again. I'd like to say I was waiting eagerly for him to call, but that would be less than honest. At that point Kristoph had been a momentary curiosity, but nothing more. But when I heard from him next, my entire world would change just a little...

I got a text message from Kristoph on the 15th of March, five days after I had met him. Inside was a brief greeting and an address Google Maps said led to an apartment complex just outside of campus. I was a little surprised by that; Freshmen were required to live on campus, and I had pegged

him as being the same year as I. A second text appearing soon afterward gave a time he'd like to meet there. I thought it was a little bit creepy, really. But receiving the text brought back the memories of our first meeting up, and with them, all the curiosity that had drawn my attention to him. I thought about leaving a note for my roommate, but decided against it.

I'm not going to lie: if my life ever became a horror movie setting, I'd be the first to die, guaranteed.

The time he wanted to meet clashed with one of my later classes, so we rescheduled for two hours later. It didn't give me much time to prepare, since I'd have to head straight there after class if I didn't want to make him wait. I looked at myself in front of a mirror while I considered what shirt to go with: Orange fur with black stripes and white underbelly fur make color coordination a pain sometimes. I settled on a pair of white khaki shorts and a green belly shirt. Just to be safe, I tucked a can of mace into my backpack.

A few hours and a few classes passed. After a brief walk I stood outside the bright red door of Kristoph's apartment at the Sunrise Vista apartments, knocking on his front door. As it opened with a brief creaking sound, I saw Kristoph: Broad-shouldered, four or five inches taller than me, with a small smile across his face. "Come on in." He waved an arm across the threshold of his apartment, then turned around and walked further inside as I followed.

His apartment didn't raise any red flags: Older furniture, a well cleaned kitchen area, a few band posters, a few bookshelves... but nothing out of the ordinary. That was good. If I had just walked into a serial killer's den, at least he was good at hiding it. He led me over towards his personal bedroom, as I past another shut door with the name "Ike" written on it on a whiteboard mounted to the door. "Is Ike your roommate?" I asked, trying and failing to resist the urge to draw a smiley face on the whiteboard.

Kristoph looked up. "My roommate. He's going to be gone for a few days, though."

I perked my ears up at this. "Interesting..." as we walked past the door. "Kind of an odd time to be leaving the campus, though, isn't it? Spring Break ended last week."

"Oh, Ike does stuff like this every so often." Kristoph turned the knob on his door and held it open for me, as I walked into a small bedroom equipped with a bed with sky blue sheets, a small bookshelf, a computer seated on a desk, and a dresser. "Every month it seems like he's going somewhere exotic. This month he's off someplace called Burkina Faso."

I shrugged. "Fair enough." I stood as he sat down on the bed to look up at me. "As far as first dates go, this is certainly... memorable."

He looked away. "I wasn't really intending on it being a date. I meant what I said: I just wanted to know more about you."

I tilted my head. "About moi?" I pointed a finger at my head. "I could spend a month talking about myself, but what exactly do you mean?"

"It's just... how you dress, how you act, everything about you. How can you act like that without any-"

“-Embarrassment?” I stuck my tongue out. “Fear? That churning feeling in your stomach that isn't hunger?” I folded my arms and swayed my hips. “Well, do something long enough and eventually you get used to it.” I smirked. “So people stare. I bet that half the time they're enjoying what they see.” As I gazed down at him. “So, do you?”

“Do I what?” Kristoph raised a paw to his chest.

“Like what you see?” I stretched my arms out to point at myself. A bit cheesy, I know.

“Ah... um...” he had gone right back to stammering. I was beginning to suspect why.

I walked forward and sat down next to him, making sure I was close enough on the bed so he could feel my body near his. He didn't move away. “Kristoph, does anyone know you're gay?” I looked at him.

He poked his fingers together. “N-no... I'm not... I just... wanted...”

I sighed. “Kristoph... let me tell you a story. This is about a young tiger who wasted way too much time trying to please other people.” I reached up a paw to slide along his shoulders, letting it rest on the far end of the husky's body. “Everyone he grew up with expected him to be one thing, but growing up his whole life he knew deep down he was another. He never showed interest in any of the stuff he was expected to. He never wanted what other people wanted for him. But because it would make them happier than if he was honest, he told them lies and pretended they were true. And he made himself miserable all through middle school and through a lot of high school because of it.” My eyes shut as I tried keep from focusing on massaging this poor guy's shoulders. “But that young tiger was just wearing a mask. He was hiding an inconvenient truth because it was inconvenient, and that bothered him. At first a little bit, but then more and more, and even more. And eventually the pressure in the little tiger's head built up so much that it caused him to just sort of... snap.”

Kristoph turned his head. He looked me square in the eyes. “Snap?”

I nodded. “Yes. Snap.” A sigh escaped my lips. “That's why he's currently at a public college with student loans instead of at a prestigious university on daddy's dime.” I put my free paw on his other shoulder. “The point is, don't do that. I don't know why you'd ever willingly wear a mask. Hiding how you really feel always drives you crazy eventually. And a lot of the people you might anger or offend might just think worse of you for not telling them. I decided well before I came to college that I wasn't going to let anyone else decide who and what I was around others. If I did, then I'd never try this.”

I lunged my body forward and pressed my lips firmly against his, using my arms to push him down. My body pressed against his as I felt his muscles tense, and then relax. My arms wrapped around his back and I pushed my tongue into his muzzle.

A few moments later we both broke off for air. “W-wow...” He mumbled, looking at me with a bit of a distant expression on his face. “That was the first time I've ever been kissed...”

Gawd it was adorable, looking at the stupid grin on his face. I rubbed his back gently as I feigned an expression of horror. “No. Don't tell me- You're still a virgin?!?” A smirk returned to my face as I narrowed my eyes and softened my voice to a quiet purr. “Clearly I have much to teach you.” The

fingers of my right arm crawled down towards his waist to grip at the hem of his shirt.

The puppy gasped. "I... I didn't want..."

I reached a paw down to feel between his legs. Just as I thought, he was steadily growing harder. I gazed into his eyes and growled lustily. "It's not a question of want. You NEED this. I can tell." As my paws returned to grip at his shirt tightly. "And I don't think you're going to say no."

Kristoph let out an odd noise that sounded a bit like a "meep" mixed with an "urf". "Should... should I be doing anything?"

I licked my lips as I moved my head away from his. "It's your first time, puppy. All I want you to do for now is sit back and relax... as I make you feel so very good." My paws pulled his shirt up slowly, tracing several fingers along the fur on either side of his back. I looked up at him. "Lift your arms for me like a good puppy."

He complied as I pulled his shirt off and threw it to the floor nearby. I lifted my body up off of his to admire my view. I had known he wasn't scrawny before, but with his shirt off I could see how toned Kristoph's body really was. The husky clearly spent a lot of time at a gym, given that I could feel the makings of a six-pack underneath his grayish fur.

I giggled as I reached up to rub his belly. "Aw... such a good puppy." His breathing was a heavy panting. As I stroked his chest and waist his fingers were curling and gripping against the bed. I traced a single finger up the middle of his chest, curling to circle his right nipple, and was rewarded with a low moan as his head squirmed back and forth. I envied the doggy beneath me if this was his first time feeling like this. "But I wonder if he tastes good?"

I leaned down towards his bare chest, moving my paws to either side of him, stroking his sides as I pushed my head against him, taking in his scent. Opening my mouth, I slid a rough feline tongue along the center of his chest. A low moan escaped his muzzle as I began to lap at his exquisite body, "cleaning" his body. He smelled of sweat and Old Spice. One of my paws went to his groin, gently rubbing at it through his denim pants. Kristoph's manhood was already tightly pushing against the confines of its prison, eager to be set free. I wanted to set the puppy free that night in more ways than one.

My fingers moved from stroking the bulge in his pants to fiddling with the zipper of his jeans. As I lapped down his chest towards his waist with flicks of my tongue, I was also slowly tugging the zipper down. At the end of its descent I dragged the pants away from him along with his underwear (tighty whities, for shame!) and stopped to admire the bounty beneath my gaze. At full mast he was nearly 8 inches long... which suited me just fine. I licked my lips. "Is this a kitty toy? I wonder if I can make it squeak?"

His head shot up. "H-hey, wait-" He started as I moved down, opening my mouth. I exhaled right next to the peak of his cock, letting my warm breath caress the tip. It had been months since I had let myself enjoy going down on someone, and I was going to enjoy it so damn much.

And then he reached up and pushed me away. I don't think he was trying to hurt me, but he shoved my

head away from his private parts. I was so startled I lost my balance and went tumbling backwards. This led to me rolling off of his bed, hitting the floor on my back with a nasty thud.

It took me a few moments to actually process what had just happened. Kristoph shot up and stared down at me. He had tears in his eyes. I don't know when they got there. "DON'T! Just... Just go." He stared at me, eyes wide, ears drooping. Like I had a gun pointed at his head.

I didn't understand what was happening. I pushed myself up off the floor. "Kristoph..." I raised an arm up to try and touch his leg. "I was just trying to show you what you were miss-"

He wasn't even looking at me anymore. "G-get out or I'll make you leave." He said, his voice quiet, but as tense as a drawn bowstring.

I pushed myself to my feet. I grabbed my backpack, turned, and got the fuck out. I wish I could say I tried to talk to him. I wish I could say I cried on the way home. I wish I could say that I felt sympathetic towards him, or something that would make me sound like a decent person at all. But those would all be lies. I haven't been that pissed off in a while. Not since before college, at least. It felt like I had offered him an extravagant gift and he had spit in my face. The walk back to my dorm was both long and cold.

We didn't see each other for a bit after that. Days passed, but that night kept bothering me. I couldn't let myself stop thinking about it. It took me a full week before I could stop and think about what happened without wanting to slap him. And the more I thought about it, the more I felt like maybe I shouldn't have been so quick to jump into bed with the guy. Looking back, it didn't seem like he felt comfortable in his own skin. Maybe I had come on way too strong.

Maybe it had been too much for him, too soon.

After my last class for the day, I decided as horrid as I was at it, I needed to apologize. And I had absolutely no idea how to go about doing that. I had his phone number, but he could just hang up on me. Text messages could be ignored. I could try going over to his apartment complex, but that seemed way too desperate, and I wasn't quite willing to swallow every bit of my pride. While I was walking from class to the library, I realized I didn't actually know anything about Kristoph. Trying to find him on a campus of thousands with no knowledge of him as a person seemed nearly impossible. I pushed my paws against the glass of the Library's front door, letting out a sigh. As I walked inside the library, I started to resign myself to having to go to his apartment complex and hang around his room like a creepy stalker ex-boyfriend. The thought wasn't appealing in the slightest. I browsed through the shelves, found a copy of the psychology tome I was looking for, and carried it over to a study table to peruse it.

The campus library was about as empty as you'd expect it to be early on a Friday night: anyone with half a life was out doing something a lot more exciting. That's why when Kristoph walked into the building through the same door I entered, I saw him immediately. I nearly dropped my book against the table. I watched him for a few minutes, trying to think of how to approach him. He walked over towards the ferret behind the librarian's desk. She smiled as she handed him some books, and he turned

and started walking back towards the front doors. He was leaving.

I dropped the book, snatched up my backpack, and bolted past the study tables after him. As I shoved myself through the library's front doors, I raised my arm up to wave. "Kristoph, wait!"

He turned around, his eyes wide. Then, he turned and started to walk swiftly away.

But I walked faster, and caught up with him. We walked side-by side. "I wanted to apologize. I shouldn't have-"

"I don't really want to talk about this, Teri." He stopped, and turned to look at me. "Not with you, and not here." His tone was stiff.

My ears drooped as I folded my arms. "Ok, what if we go some place more private?"

He narrowed his eyes. "Like the last time we met?"

I raised my paws up in front of me. "No, no! Nothing like that. I promise, I'll be on my best behavior." I sighed. "Look. I would understand it if you never wanted to see me again. But give me a chance. If you ever get to me better you'll learn that I never apologize for anything. Don't let the rare chance to say you actually heard me apologize pass you by. Let's just go somewhere, you can pick where, and talk this out, alright?" I fell on one knee. "I will do whatever it takes to get you to forgive me, ok?"

Kristoph sighed. "Fine..." He turned to point over at a building. "The student center is over there. We'll find a quiet spot and get this over with." He turned and started walking. "Hurry up."

The upper floors of the student center have a lot of study nooks separated by wooden walls. If you squeeze in, up to four people can fit into one. They aren't the most comfortable spots to talk, especially given the lack of pillows, padding, or anything soft at all inside them. But if we wanted privacy, there were few other places nearby that would have been suitable. Kristoph found one that was unoccupied and we squeezed ourselves in. Kristoph sat on one side, and I slunk into a seat on the other side. He shut the wooden flap that functioned like a door, and stared up at me. "So now what?"

I sighed as I crossed my legs. "Now I try to explain why the hell I thought that was appropriate." I turned to look over at one of the walls, desperate not to make eye contact. "I haven't been intimate with anyone in almost eleven months, Kristoph. Not since starting school here. I guess when I noticed you were staring, I thought-" I put a paw against my face. "Frig, no. I'm making myself sound like a desperate creeper."

Kristoph shifted his weight so his back was firmly pressed against his seat. "I was going to say..."

"Let me try that again, ok?" I reached down to grab the tip of my tail. I do that sometimes, when I'm not exactly comfortable with how things around me are going. "I thought I was going to help you! You didn't seem like you had any idea how cute you really are, and I thought that if I came on to you really strongly, I'd-" I realized that I was basically telling him I thought fucking would have been a golden ticket towards self-confidence. "Shit, argh."

I dropped any emphasis in my voice and just spoke blankly, trying to force something even marginally acceptable out. “My behavior, whatever the reason, was inappropriate and far too aggressive around someone I just met and knew very little about. Whatever your reasons for being curious of me, I shouldn't have come on so strongly and definitely should have backed off when I noticed how uncomfortable you were getting. I apologize for my behavior and hope that you can forgive me for it.”

There wasn't any response. Nothing but silence between us, disturbed only by the vague noises of the world outside the study nook. I looked up at Kristoph. He had his eyes closed and his right paw under his muzzle. His expression was blank. If it weren't for his position, I'd have thought he was sleeping.

I stood up and started heading towards the door-flap. “So, I guess that's all I really wanted to say, and now since you aren't really in a talkative mood, I'll just be go-”

“Y-you think I'm cute?”

I froze. “...is there any answer that won't make things more awkward between us?”

“C-could you just answer the q-question straight?” I heard the rustle of clothing behind me as Kristoph changed his position.

I paused to consider my words carefully, trying to say something that wouldn't make him uncomfortable again. Then, I decided to throw caution out the window, since he asked for a “straight” answer.

“Kristoph, if I were in a more flirtatious mood, the word I would use to describe you is more accurately “yummy”. You're taller than me, ripped without looking grotesque, and you've got gentle eyes. The fact that you tend to wear tighter clothing also helps.” I paused for a moment. “You're also shy, which is adorable in its own right, especially when the person in question doesn't know they're cute.”

“You j-just described me as “Yummy” right there.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yes, but only as an example.”

I'm pretty sure I had made him a bit uncomfortable there, but he had asked for honesty. I turned around to stare at him. “Seriously, how have you not realized that you're desirable by now?”

Kristoph poked his pointer fingers together. “Part of the reason I, um, do look like this is that no one had taken an interest in me before.” He looked away. “I work out a lot. It's a good way to vent when I need to... and s-something I started doing back when I needed a distraction from urges I didn't want to think about.”

I went back to my seat. “...would you like to talk about it?”

His ears fell flat against his head. “About what?”

I looked up into his eyes. “About why you get so uncomfortable about liking boys.”

He whimpered a bit. “I-”

I put my right paw on the table as I interrupted him. “Kristoph. I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't really want to. Not anymore. But I think that you are bothered by this, and I don't think keeping it to yourself is going to help you at all. If you would rather not talk about it, just tell me to go. But I am willing to listen, if you need someone.”

He squirmed a bit. “I don't... I d-don't even know where to start!”

I smiled and relaxed against the back of the wooden chair. “Start from the beginning. How did you realize you were attracted to guys?”

Kristoph sighed and folded his paws together. “I... I think it's been since my second year of high school. I just tried not to think about it. I guess, especially at first, I thought that if I didn't act on it, it'd go away. That I could be normal.”

I barely suppressed the urge to object to his opinion of “normal” and tilted my head. “But that didn't happen, did it?”

He shook his head. “It only got worse.” He looked back up at me. “But I kept it out of my life as much as I could. I never wanted to understand it. I tried to avoid people who were interested in me like that... no matter who or what they were. But I had dreams about men. I couldn't control THOSE. And every so often I'd just give in, and let myself look at porn to get it out of my system, and then just try to forget about it afterward so I didn't hate myself.”

I tried to keep my face blank, not to show any hint of emotion. “And why do you feel like you would need to hate yourself for that?”

He pointed up at himself. “I'm not supposed to be gay! I'm supposed to be like my dad. I don't act like a gay guy would. I don't want to act like that! I don't want to become like... like that.” His eyes were tearing up again. “And the more I let myself give into it, the more it felt like I was standing on a line I couldn't let myself cross. What would my friends think? How could I ever tell my parents? What if no one ever treats me the same again?” He closed his eyes to cut off the tears. “That's why I was staring at you. The outfit you were wearing... it was like you're everything I can't let myself be. And I couldn't help but wonder how you can be like that!” He looked away. “And I know that saying all this in front of you must be so horribly offensive, but I just don't know how else to say it, and I'm sorry, and I don't want to-”

I decided to take a risk and put a hand on his shoulder. “Kristoph, please calm down.” I made sure to keep my gaze locked straight on his eyes. “I think I understand.” I looked at him. “You're worried that if you allow yourself to embrace this side of yourself, by crossing that threshold and accepting it, you'll change into something beyond recognition. Something that can't be accepted by those close to you. Something that you feel wouldn't really be you anymore. Something more like me. Is that true?”

Kristoph was silent. He nodded once.

I smiled weakly. “That's the beauty of it, Kristoph. Being gay isn't something that makes you anything different than what you are right now. The only thing that sets 'homo' apart from 'hetero' is which gender you go for.” I folded my arms. “Nothing else is fixed. You are still who you choose yourself to be,

regardless of whether you like the ladies or dig the dudes.” I paused to think. “Well... maybe you'll be a titch happier after taking that big plunge. After all, they call us 'gay' for a reason, you know.” I stuck my tongue out, trying to cheer him up a bit.

He looked down at his feet. “I guess that makes sense, but...” he pointed at me. “Coming from the guy I first saw wearing clothes that showed off his bulge in public, it's a bit hard to take seriously.”

I laughed. “You noticed it, so it worked!” I pointed at my top. “Clothing's all about advertising, you see.” I looked down at the black pants I was wearing. “The clothing you wear expresses the message you wanted to send. Wearing those, I'm surprised you were the only person I caught staring!” I smirked and reached into a pocket.

I chose not to address his concerns regarding his friends or family. I doubt he would have liked it if I had subjected him to my opinion on *those* subjects.

He raised an eyebrow. “So what message were you sending back when you caught me staring?”

I smirked. “Well... probably something along the lines of 'I'm hot, stare at me some more?' In your case, it seems to have gotten the point across.” I pulled a card out of my pocket and pressed it against the table. “I'm shit as a spokesperson, but this is a card for LAGOS: Lesbians and Gays Offering Support. It's a group on campus for students that works to help people from all walks of life build better understanding of themselves and others, love and peace, yada yada.” I look away, ears drooping. “I... may have gone there a few times when I first came to campus. To help get sorted out.”

He looked at the card. “I really d-don't know...”

I lifted my paw and left the card on the table. “Yeah, I know the name's not the most PC, and they'll probably have to change it or catch some flak, but...” I looked up at him. “It might help you to see how 'normal' we all are.” I smirked.

He reached down and took it. “Alright. I guess I'll think about it.”

I nodded. “And, um, if you ever want to try out an actual romantic encounter with another male, I would totally volunteer if you were willing to give it another chance.” My tail was twitching excitedly.

He gave me a weak smile. “I'll think about it.”

It was a few weeks before I heard from Kristoph again. It was mid-April, and college classes were winding down towards a close. I had seen him around campus more than once, but circumstances had prevented me each time from actually approaching him. I thought about him once or twice, wondering how he was doing. But I never felt right about calling him for some reason. I had meddled in Kristoph's life enough, and I felt like I shouldn't shove my front paws back into his affairs unless he invited me back.

The first thing I heard from him was a text message: “Sup, u want 2 go out wit me?” which immediately led to my end-of-semester resolution to break him of poor typing habits. After a few bits of conversation, we worked out the when and where of our get-together. To say I was excited was like the understatement of the year. I was going to see that hunky husky again, and find out if he was the better or the worse for my having met him in the first place. And possibly something more... purr.

Our Friday night out was eventful. I learned that Kristoph spoke German. He learned I liked to sing. We saw a ridiculous comedy movie, then dined on Chinese food at a mediocre restaurant near campus. We talked about classes. He learned I'm a Psychology major. I learned he's in the Math program. Both of us had more diet soda than is healthy. Neither of us brought enough money for the bill. We had to scramble to find an ATM. They threatened to make us wash dishes. Does anyone even do that anymore? But what really made the evening memorable was that Kristoph was still a bit bashful, but he seemed a lot more relaxed than I'd ever seen him before.

And he smiled. It was marvelous, that smile.

I could go into more detail about the time we spent out, but I'd rather talk about what happened once we came back in.

Kristoph and I had just gotten done eating. He and I were both tired and it was getting late. I stared up at him outside the restaurant, while the stars stared down at us. I smiled at him, gave him a goodbye, and turned to walk off. I was actually prepared to leave it at that.

But as I walked away, Kristoph grabbed my arm.

“Hey.” His voice was quiet, and there was a pause before he spoke again. “What we were about to do before I chased you off that night... would you be willing to give it another go?” His words were slow, and felt deliberate. If I had to guess, I'd say the boy was trying very hard not to stutter.

My heartbeat quickened. His paw on my arm felt nice. “It's not nice to tease people, Kristoph... are you sure you're ready for that?” It took nearly every bit of willpower I had to say that.

His response was to pull me back towards him. Midway through his pull I decided to go along with it, and spun around. He was staring me right in the eyes, without hesitation. Without fear. And then he kissed me. The sheer surprise I felt almost kept me from noticing how poor a kisser he was. Almost. I let him have control of the moment, letting him kiss me until he had to come back up for air. Kristoph held onto my arm as he took a breath. “I want to be ready. And I want it to be with you.”

How could I say no to a line like that? I held up my arms, putting them on his shoulders. “Well... I guess we do need to burn off some of that pent off energy of yours.” I smiled weakly. “Your place, or mine? Wait, my roommate's in my dorm room. I don't think we want to use mine. How about yours?”

Kristoph let go of my arm as he started walking past me. “That would work. Ike's off looking for some idol in Pyongyang.”

The trip back to his apartment was quiet. I don't know why Kristoph wasn't talking to me, but I knew why I wasn't talking to him. I wasn't sure how far to take this. How comfortable was he with being with

another man? How much of this was just acting tough? As freaked out as he'd been before, it was hard to believe he was suddenly so gung-ho about it now. What if I gave him the full Teri experience and it made things worse rather than better? It's rare that I get gunshy, but with him and me having a bit of an ugly false start, I decided I couldn't fuck up his life again, and that meant not fucking him up.

I decided right then and there, standing outside his apartment complex, that I'd let him off easy. I'd give him a kiss or two, maybe some light petting, and then make up an excuse to let him off the hook. It'd lead to me playing jacks with blue balls the rest of the evening, but I was willing to endure if it meant not breaking the cutie again. He held the front door open for me. Then he did the same for the door to the stairs. We ascended in silence, save for the sound of our paws against the stone steps. At the time, I guess I was a bit confused as to why he was being so quiet.

He let me into his room. Holding the door open for me again. He had a goofy grin on his face, like a child about to receive a treat. He slammed the door and looked at me. "Um... where do we..." He looked around the room. "The couch? The table? Uh..."

I gave him a weak smile and a glance. "I appreciate the enthusiasm, but let's stick with the bed for now, puppy dog. I rarely give much thought to tradition, but it's a bit more comfortable than most of the other options around here." I turned and walked past him, heading towards his bedroom.

I'm pretty sure he was staring at my ass as I passed, because he responded just long enough for the silence to be awkward. "Y-yeah. Right."

I sat down on the bed, looking at my claws as he walked in. He circled the bed and sat on the other side. After a few moments, he reached over and grabbed my paw. "You're acting a lot different than I thought you'd be. Aren't you excited?" He said flatly.

I made sure I wasn't facing him, because I'm a terrible liar and I wanted to lie to him. I had already decided neither of us were getting any tonight. It was hard to be excited about that. "After your freakout last time, I wasn't sure it would be good for you if I gave you what you wanted." Instead, I said that. I'm as surprised as you are.

I didn't see him smile. But somehow I knew he did. "How many ways do I have to tell you, Teri?" I heard him chuckle. "No more freak outs. I promise you. I'll also promise not to push you away again. The floor can't have been tremendously comfortable."

I let a moment of silence pass between us as I processed that. "So if I were to pounce you in a more characteristic fashion and attempt to inflict perverse and depraved ritual pleasuremaking on your body, it would not be poorly received?"

"Well, no, although--"

I spun and lunged at him with one fluid movement, pushing him down against the bed as I let gravity push my chest into his. I felt myself begin to purr loudly as my paws rubbed up and down his sides, my mouth pressing against his as I gave him a firm kiss. He'd said all I needed to hear. His paws reached up to grip my shirt, guiding it up my body. I broke the kiss to let him strip it off of me, and gazed into his eyes. "You smell nice." he whispered as he swung an arm to toss my shirt across the room. "Like

strawberries.”

I giggled, putting my paws on his chest and pushing myself up from him. “I sort of guessed you preferred fruity guys.” He cringed a bit at the pun, but stopped complaining as I dragged his shirt up his body. Tossing it aside, I moved a finger down to circle his right nipple. “I think I like you better like this.” I smirked, gently pinching the sensitive piece of flesh, and listening to him gasp.

His back arched as he panted, looking up at me. “Aah-are you going to do that thing with the tongue again?”

The smile on my face grew up to about my ears. “A trick gets less exciting if it's the only one you've got. I have more ways to make you moan, puppy.” I moved down towards him, pressing against his neck and biting against his flesh. Not hard enough to break his flesh, but firm enough so that he could feel it. His breathing quickened. My paws slide down his sides, tracing paths along his waist until they reached the top of his pants. Tucking my fingers inside his remaining articles of clothing, I pulled them down, dropping both his pants and his underwear down below his butt, and exposing his erect cock. A paw of mine reached up to grip at it. “Aw... it looks like poor pent-up puppy is already juicy!” As I rubbed a bit of his precum between my fingers, sliding it along my fingers and then smearing it back along his length.

While my right paw milked his cock, my left paw was busying itself with my pants. Specifically, with removing them. I got the zipper down and began to tug my pants down. With them went my undies, but I had to lift my bottom to get the articles of clothing off of it. Kristoph had a front row view, looking up at me and raising an eyebrow. “Are... Aaah!” he stuttered, trying to keep from moaning. “Are those... (ah!) pink... (uh!) panties?”

I gave him a smirk. “Men's underwear is just icky.” I tossed my panties and my pants aside. His cock was quite slick now, just as I hoped. I lifted my tail and lifted my rear, moving just over his cock. After a few moments of arranging, I began to sit down on it, feeling his manhood press inside me. I tried to avoid wincing. Even with it as slick as it was, this was a bit uncomfortable at first without some lube to grease the pipes a bit. I didn't want him to worry he was hurting me.

Kristoph's reaction was like a man being electrocuted. His back arched, and his lungs rose and fell. His arms squirmed and his fingers clung into the bed. “Aaah... so tight...” He groaned, as I slid down as far as I could go on his pole. I froze for a moment, savoring the feeling of having someone so deeply inside me. It had been a while. Purring, I began to slide up and down the spear impaling me, listening to the sound of Kristoph breathing. I'll admit he surprised me when he reached up and gripped my cock tightly. Kristoph grunted at me. “Not gonna let you do all the work.” he managed to grunt out, as he began to pump back and forth. We began to fall in time with each other, the movement of my body and his fist in perfect unison.

His head tilted back as he moaned loudly. I could tell he was very close. I tightened myself around his shaft and began sliding down it slowly, so he could feel every inch as I gazed down at him. “Cum for me, puppy.” I purred, reaching down to stroke his chest as he howled. He fired inside me as I sat just above the knot of his cock, reveling in the warm sensation of being filled as his paw tightened on my cock, stroking faster and faster until I couldn't take it anymore. I fired only a few moments after him, my seed spattering onto his chest.

The only sound in the room was the panting of both of us. I begin to pull myself off of him gently, shuddering from the feeling and then rolled over to lay on the opposite side of the bed.

Kristoph looked over at me. "Can we do that again? In a few minutes, after I feel a bit less like I've ran a marathon?" He gave me that stupid, eager, adorable grin again.

I gazed back at him, licking my lips. "I guess that answers the question of whether it was good for you or not." I couldn't help but feel a bit flattered. I reached a paw over and traced a finger lightly along his chest in soft circles through his fur. "You know, tonight's your first time. This is all about you, Kristoph." I smiled. "If you want to be up all night, I'd be happy to indulge you."

His ears perked up as he turned his head to look over at me. "I can think of worse ways to lose sleep, I think."

It was at that point that I resolved myself to staying up late. Such a horrible sacrifice, no?

My first night sharing Kristoph's bed was educational for the both of us. We did get some sleep, eventually, but not until long into the early morning. Some of the lessons may have been a bit long, and the hard ones might have taken a while to penetrate properly. Certainly it took a while for Kristoph to wrap his head around at least one thing. But taken into the end, we both had a lot of fun even if we stayed after class much longer than either of us had expected. Thank the school system that tomorrow was Saturday.

I remember waking up sometime just after ten am. Kristoph was still asleep. I wasn't entirely sure what to do with myself. After a moment or two of indecision I started to slink out of Kristoph's bed to at least get my clothes on. I was still a bit nervous that Kristoph would wake up and freak out, and I had decided that I'd rather have faced a panicked puppy with my pants on.

I guess I wasn't quite as stealthy as I thought, because I heard a low moaning from the bed. "Mmm... yer notta dream... could'a sworn..." I turned around, midway through tucking my cock into my undies, to stare at Kristoph as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

I paused, body tense. "Kristoph, how do you feel?"

He reached up to brush some hair out of his eyes and looked up to me. "Sleepy. 'bit groggy. Want sum' coffee."

The tensing of my muscles relaxed itself. "I'll go make some, ok?" As I pulled my pants up all the way. Deciding to leave my shirt for later, I sauntered out and rummaged through his kitchenette to get some Instant ready for us to drink.

Two cups of coffee later we both sat at a small kitchen table, staring at each other. Kristoph reached his arm up to scratch his back, looking away from me. "So... where do we go from here? Are we, you know, dating?"

I looked down into my coffee mug, turning it to watch the residue at the bottom of the cup swirl around.

“Kristoph... would you be comfortable dating right now?” I let my tail sway slowly back and forth along the floor. “After last night, knowing what you know about yourself, what do you want?” I deliberately chose not to even mention what I wanted.

He closed his eyes and pressed his fingers together. “What I want, huh?” A moment of silence passed between us. “I want... I think I want some time. To get more comfortable with myself. I've never let myself be open about my urges or desires. I don't know how my life will change because of this, if it even will. I don't think it'd be wise to date anyone until I've worked more of that stuff out.”

I reached over and took his paw, entwining my fingers in his. “That's a pretty mature response, puppy.”

He snorted and glared at me. “Why have I been letting you call me that again? I'm older than you are.”

I chuckled. “It isn't age, pup. It's mileage.” I gave him a grin. “So... friends, then? Maybe we try this again later and see if things go anywhere?”

Kristoph smiled back. “I think I'd like that, yeah.” He leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek.

I reached up to grip the back of his head and pulled him into a proper kiss. After a few moments we both came up for air. “And maybe, until you do figure out what you're after, we can try that a few more times? Just for fun?” My smile hopefully didn't betray the hopeful tone in my voice.

He snorted. “I dunno. You might need to romance me a bit first.”

I stuck my tongue out. “Oh like you weren't the one in a hurry to get me in bed with you last night...”

Our conversation went on from there for a while longer, before we finally parted ways.

And that was it. Not the most exciting ending, I'll admit, but life isn't always like a big-budget blockbuster. And to be fair, this wasn't really a true ending, anyway. My time at college, and my time spent with Kristoph, were both just beginning...