

(Back story: Thor Gunvald --normally a Buick of a centaur -- is an anthro horse, in this story, farm raised and sent to college. In previous stories, he was training Akriti, a lovely cow that happened to get bunked with him through a (convenient!) clerical dorm error. Spotting her tell-tale signs of submissive subservience, he immediately began to train and mold her as he saw fit. But... for days at a time, he would disappear, leaving her for all sorts of adventures by her lonesome. What was he doing in the mean time? Well, wouldn't you know it, there was another clerical error.)

(Warning: This story involves alcohol and alcohol abuse. You should refrain from reading it if that is a sensitive topic for you.

Another Warning: This story may get a little... bananas. You won't find realism here. It is written to specific request.)

Thor wrapped his fist around the dorm room's doorknob, and quietly pushed the door open, trying to avoid waking the sleeping girl, inside. Swerving around the door and stepping inside, closing it behind him, he waits a moment for his eyes to adjust, before peering around the room.

It was a standard room, just like his other, the only difference being the personal effects of the one asleep at his side; his bed was equally as devoid of decoration or personal belongings as the other room. His eyes adjusted to the darkness, slowly, and the nuances of the room slowly faded into view. She had fallen asleep with her laptop by her side, likely on Tumblr or something until she exhausted herself. Her clothes were a mess, and her dresser like a volcano spewing debris. She had anime posters and pictures of some Bennebun Comberditch (Or something) guy peppered all around.

Though she slept... comfortably -- with her arm slung over the bed, her hair a matted mess and the blanket a suggestion at best -- she was a meek girl, by all accounts; easily missed, teased if not; wore baggy clothes and spoke softly. Shy and reserved, it would surprise nobody if she managed to not catch a single eye her whole school term. But she certainly did. On the contrary; she was so inspirational his education of her bled into Akriti's.

Thor was at a party, one of his first days there, using good ol' Southern hospitality to meet some new people with a haste, and was enjoying much success. Well... success more accurate than enjoying, in this case. City folk were too loud and obnoxious, for his taste. He had just excused himself, using a drink refill as an excuse to take a breather, and listened in on a conversation taking place next to the table. Two girls were discussing how one of them would soon have a car,

and would no longer need to take the train to school. A glance revealed that there was a third in the group; a shade of a girl, silent and unacknowledged. She stood as though she was amongst the other two, but a closer look had them both facing away from her.

Thor moved on, having no reason to be concerned specifically, returning to a small group of young, energetic freshman. Meeting a few interesting people amongst the chaff, he never the less welcomed the chance to take a breather once his glass was empty once again, and returned back to the drink table, greeted by an ironically reversed situation.

The two girls were being verbally bombarded by the third, the one that was previously silently ghosting the two, like a lost puppy. Her posture found another 4 inches in height, as she spoke with passion, if not looking a bit sloppy. The only telltale difference between before and now was that she was holding an innocuous looking party cup, presumably alcoholic in nature. The other two looked visibly frazzled, obviously less than interested in, but completely over powered by a one-sided conversation about a little-known homosexual relationship between fictional characters Thor had never heard of. She paused ever so briefly to take a drink, and the two used it as a golden opportunity to shuffle away, and when her glass lowered from her view, they were gone.

Her gaze hazily panned from their previous location, not in the direction they went in, but at Thor, who stood just on the other side of the drink table. She spied and picked up a liquor bottle, like it belonged to her, and approached him with confidence in her swagger. She was small; most were, compared to Thor, but she was shorter than average even still. Her clothing was baggy and plain, with long sleeves and apparently in sizes more than she needed, with a flannel shirt and loose jeans, covering indeterminate footwear.

Her shirt was large and loose, but her straightened posture and stance showed she was actually quite curvy; she leaned on one hip, showing the fullness of her hips and butt, and her top two or three shirt buttons were unbuttoned, deliberately or not, showing a generous and healthy amount of unadulterated cleavage. She definitely wasn't skinny; these assets of hers didn't miraculously sit upon an otherwise thin frame. It was tough to tell, through her thick clothes, but she was definitely 'healthy', judging by her creamy neck. Curly, brunette hair draped down the back of her head. Before, it draped over her face, but now it was pulled back in a messy, angry bun, restrained by methods hopelessly obscured by her aggressive curls. Her hair was silky looking, though with the rest of her look it was more likely grease and lack of primping. A few fronds hung down across her flushed face, with big, doe-like green eyes. Her face was overall... ..average. Not ugly, but just off enough

that nobody likely called her pretty either. There was a subtle smattering of freckles across her face, like a single, broad stroke tracing a path from cheek to cheek, across her nose. They matched a subtle hint of more freckles across her candid exposures of cleavage.

She stood, confident and sexy, to the point where it made Thor wonder why she was so obscured before, with the smallest hint of a wobble in her stance. She scanned Thor's farmhand frame up and down, with scrutiny in her eyes. "...So how do YOU think Sherlock did it?" she said, with a soft voice spoken abnormally loud.

"...Huh?", Thor could only reply. Without any context...

"How did he fake his own death..!" she said, like it was obvious. Thor tilted his head a bit, certainly unaware of what she meant specifically. And yet, she did not look like she wanted to be disappointed.

"...Body double?" he said, guessing with a generic ambiguity. The girl smiled for a second, then broke out in a hearty laugh. Apparently, his answer was good enough, even if she was just pitying him over a subject nobody cares about but her.

"Oh, EVERYBODY thinksh it's that..!" she said, matter-of-factly. "But personally, -I- think it was a drug-induced coma, brought on by..." she began, before going at length into explanation about Sherlock Holmes, in some way shape or form. Her conversation slowly blended and flowed, in the sort of way a drunk person's does, into her hobbies, and she had no restraint telling Thor anything.

"--But that girl is just a... a BITCH", she said, impressed by her own vulgarity, before glancing at her glass, "--Man, beer is AWESOME, I dunno why I haven't tried it before!" she said, before noticing Thor was talking.

"--Name. What's your name." he said, with an accepting smile. She certainly smiled back, seeing no reason why not and generally cheered up even more by his demeanor.

"Sherry!" she said, reaching out a hand with enough force and animation that she was basically demanding a handshake. Thor obliged, taking her (Relatively) tiny hand in his.

"Sherry, huh? Is that short for something?" he asked, making conversation. Sherry, however, only shook her head and smiled, totally missing any cue to elaborate. She then hiccupped, once, and finished her glass in one shot. For a person that never drank before, she sure put it away. Thor chuckled.

"...Okay then... Sherry. Wanna go hang out somewhere more private? It's a bit noisy down here" he said, deciding to monopolize this naive, inebriated young lady. She looked down at the bottle she took before, and nodded, well-equipped for the future. "Sure..! Just as long as you're not boring!" she replied.

"Honey, I'll make the night memorable." he said, eager to avoid the crowd he fostered accidentally, not even alluding to sex or some sort of hanky panky.

The two walked off (Well... Sherry stumbled along), upstairs, to talk about a bunch of exciting stuff, like Sherry's favorite hobbies -- Tumblr, cosplaying, and a myriad of other things Thor had never even heard of, but nodded nonetheless. And that was the only encouragement she needed! It wasn't long before she was telling him all sorts of embarrassing secrets about herself, not an ounce of self-restraint within her, having never drank before. Even when the night was over, and she sent Thor home only thinking what a nice guy he was, she had no idea she just signed her life away.

Thor showed up again some days later, greeting a sober Sherry despite her reclusiveness, and began to use the things he knew to shoehorn himself into her life... first forcing her to tolerate his presence when a recluse like her preferred to be the only person in the room... and eventually moving into her dorm room, her old roommate disappearing mysteriously. But he didn't stop there. He began to make requests of her, subtly hinting that she would only be able to decline them at great peril... and so one thing kept leading to another. Until he disappeared. She remained cautiously optimistic; his name didn't leave the dorm room door, but he just stopped showing up. Just like that -- poof.

Sherry sleepily reached for her phone, rousing so slowly that she wasn't even sure how long she had already been awake, and checked it. No messages, no updates. Of course. She sighed, not surprised but still disappointed, and sat up with a lurch, wiping a mess of hair out of her face, before realizing something was amiss. She peered down at the blanket covering her snugly. ...She NEVER woke up with it on; an active sleeper, she always managed to punch, kick and karate chop it off of her with 100% success every night.

Thor. She sighed, and looked around. Sure enough, on top of it there was an outfit picked for her. A glance beside it, with bleary, sleepy eyes, a squinting to reveal what she couldn't easily see without her glasses, and her heart sank. A keg, large, steel and covered in condensation that implied it was still chilled, sat next to the bed.

She reached over for her glasses and put them on, the world coming into view, and stood up out of bed, over to his. The outfit was clearly a German beer-lady outfit, whatever they were called. She thought it was hideous, but if she didn't do what Thor commanded, she ran the risk of him spilling the beans on her darkest secret, so she had no choice...

...As she put it on, she struggled; it was too small! Where did he get this?! And of COURSE her boobs had NO room, and were spilling over the top. She spent her lifetime trying to hide them, and now they were quite literally in her face. She sighed, tugging at various parts, never quite feeling comfortable. She glanced at Thor's bed and dresser, always otherwise clean and bare. She opened his top drawer, finding it empty of clothing, only seeing a few books, condoms... sex toys? As if. She didn't care about that sort of thing; she was still a virgin, and was fine with that. Compared to a pervert like Thor.

Once 'dressed', she made her way to the keg. Ugh... she only recently learned that she had a natural inclination towards alcohol. Unbeknownst to her before college, apparently what burnt and soured others mouths, hers savored. And what made others vomit made her... quite cheery and happy. She took to it like a duck to water, but... it DID have it's consequences. And here Thor was tempting her, firsthand. What's more, he had her over a barrel -- she had to do as he commanded, even if it was something as hedonistic as embracing a vice.

On top of the keg sat a single, large, glass mug. She saw no actual instructions, but figured if Thor saw the glass dry there would be consequences, so she filled it just enough to wet the glass, and threw it back. An amount so small wouldn't amount to anything. Once done, she put the glass down, and fetched her laptop, plopping herself down on Thor's bed (She preferred it to hers; it was always clean and made, so why not?), opening her laptop to check her feed.

After ten minutes or so, she noticed she was thirsty. The small amount she drank more or less reminded her body of water requirements. But the minifridge was across the room, while the keg was right there. She filled the glass and sipped it peacefully, scoffing at Thor's attempts to tempt her, while she used his misguided attempt to slake her thirst.

She finished the glass around the time her alarm went off, but she was already comfortable, leaned back with her laptop on her belly. Today was the weekend anyway, so the alarm served no purpose... she got up with a grumble to fetch her phone, and brought it back, silencing the alarm. While she was up, she noticed the empty glass and refilled it, drinking MUCH too slow for it to matter.

Some relaxed browsing later, she had to pee.Eventually it became too uncomfortable to ignore, so she finally stood up, suddenly wobbling because she stood up too fast, and walked into the bathroom. Normally, the tiled floor was cold, so she always felt slightly reluctant to step inside, but today it wasn't bad at all! She plopped down on the toilet, feeling a bit chipper. She glanced over at her less-than-flattering reflection in the mirror, as it squatted. Hair a mess, no makeup, wearing that silly outfit, panties around her ankles... Thor always tried to get her to see her inner beauty, but life wasn't a fairy tale. She didn't have a princess under all that mess. --He was likely just obsessed with her tits. She glanced down, and held them up. Hmph... so silly. The outfit was as tight as ever, but she was getting used to it.. if not for the heat. Damned thing was stuffy. She practically broke out in a sweat before realizing she was done peeing, and finished up, flushing and walked out, thankful to be out of that hot bathroom. She walked, passed the minifridge, over to the keg, and filled the glass, immediately chugging half of it, quite refreshing after that ordeal. She sat back down again, and got back onto her feed, starting the hefty job of replying to her fan mail; she spent a lot of time on gif sets, and because of it had a lot of people watching her very closely. Such was the life! With great gifsets comes great responsibility.

As she returned back from another trip to the bathroom, she started to get annoyed at all these interruptions distracting her from this particularly difficult gif to frame right... she couldn't concentrate, between all these refills and bathroom trips, but in a blaze of genius she lifted the keg hose, and placed it right into her mouth, cutting the pesky middle man out! Feeling quite clever, she was fine with wedging the tap open a bit, to make her idea work. Once she worked the specifics out, after a choking fit (And a hiccup, IRONICALLY), it worked great. Besides, she felt fine. Fantastic, even!

Just when she was feeling proud of herself, she felt another bathroom break coming on. ...Jeez, what was WITH today?! She never noticed having to go to the bathroom this much before. As she stood up, clearly too fast again as she stumbled all the way down onto her butt, she laughed; with all the poor abuse she gave these clothes, they must've stretched out something fierce, because they felt as nice as a dream, now. Except for a few places. She slowly got up and went back into the bathroom, when the idea struck her. She reached her hand down the top of her outfit, and slowly fed her breasts out, freeing herself and easing the stress IMMENSELY. She breathed a sigh of relief... before giggling, at her reflection. Were THESE the boobs everyone was so obsessed with? She laughed, before pulling her panties down, and leaving them there -- it was a hassle, taking them off and on! She finished up in there in no time, and was back on Tumblr. She had given up with that gifset, having decided to instead give that creepy guy a piece of her mind. FINALLY. -

-Oh! Her beer! She almost forgot! She replaced the hose in her mouth, now COMPLETELY comfortable, as she suckled on it.

Arguing with that guy became a bit too annoying, as everyone seemingly totally missed her point, so she closed her laptop and just relaxed, drinking gulp after gulp of beer. And what was the big deal, huh? She began to feel a bit silly worrying so much over a silly drink. She hiccupped again and felt silly that she even worried about it to begin with! She glanced over to the full-length mirror next to her bed, across the room, seeing herself with her tits out, no panties and skirt hiked up around her waist, with her bare butt plopped on Thor's bed, and laughed. "Oh, luhk at me, ahm a BIG -hic- allcholllic..!" she said, mocking the situation with a surprisingly accurate drunk accent. She just sat and watched herself, pleased with her impression as she swayed back and forth gently, when she hiccupped again. Naturally, she jiggled a bit in repercussion, and her face grew red. ..Well, more red, even still. She never really thought so before, but at the moment she looked... damn sexy..!

When anybody DID actually talk to her, this was what they wanted. Thor was no exception, even if he was the most... enthusiastic about it. 'This', she intoned, as she turned to face the mirror, spreading her legs and looking quite presented. With the tight skirt hiked up around her waist, her slit was quite bare; she kept herself shaven, even if it was a somewhat lazy job, and was stubble most of the time, including now. She leaned back, reaching one hand down below to spread her lips wide, amused by her own, brazen show, showing off the only thing that anyone else actually wanted, from her. It was selfish of them, and they were only jerks and assholes, but... deep down, she liked the attention. For someone that grew up without it, she found out how picky she wasn't about what kind it was. For a chaste, reserved girl like her, however, these sorts of thoughts only made her feel ashamed.

But now... face flushed, legs spread wide, her breathing slow, but deeper than normal, everything seemed... reversed... she didn't know why, but being so naughty only spurred her on. She liked the sense of... freedom, that combined with the feeling of guilty pleasure; the further she went, regardless how naughty she felt, only made her feel MORE depraved, and...

She peered to the right, while her hand rubbed up and down her crotch, not aware herself when she started doing so, as she looks at the keg. Frosty and unassuming, but still heavy with liquid.. she reached down, lifting the hose one more time, and opened the tap -- all the way. It flowed fast, much quicker than the trickling suckling she was doing before, and she nearly kept up with it, gulping it down as fast as it

could produce, with only traces of it flowing over her cheeks and chin, gently cascading down her throat, over her tits.

She stopped, if only for air, gasping and sputtering as she pulled the hose from her mouth, spilling beer over herself much moreso. She giggled and grinned; NOW she had done it...

She replaced the hose, wrapping her wet, swollen lips around it, and continued to drink, and drink constantly. She got into a rhythm of breathing between gulps, and grew a steady pace because of it. She gulped it down, already feeling her mind growing dizzy... so dizzy! Her stomach began to bulge out the string that tied the front of her outfit together, braiding up the front of it... she fumbled with it, offhandedly, until she pulled the string holding knot, and her stomach sloshed out, satisfyingly, giving her MUCH more room to work with. And so she filled it, the aching of her stomach stretching out was numbed, along with any other pain she could feel from her outfit's hugging. Plopped on her butt in front of the keg, she flopped backwards, her belly sloshing back and forth for several seconds after, so full of liquid, and still gulping down more.

Around that time, the increased drinking pace had started to catch up with her, and the room started spinning. She hiccupped, and the hose fell out of her mouth, but she just giggled at the occurrence, as beer spilled out onto the floor. She slowly pushed herself back up into a sitting posture, seeing the mirror and her reflection, now bloated with a cute little pot belly, and her butt sticking out from under the skirt. She liked that look even better..!

She felt another bathroom trip in order, but the thought barely crossed her mind before she decided, without warning, to let it go right there, and bit her lip, with a shiver up her spine, as she pissed right there. Aaaahhh. With her squatting and her legs splayed out in opposite directions, she stared in the mirror, at her own ass. She subconsciously leaned over, more and more, exposing the spread little star she never really paid any thought to before in her life, while lifting the hem of her skirt, liking the sight of herself making a deliberately exposing gesture, while her torso wobbled, every moment more alcohol soaked from her belly into her blood stream, and her mind was wracked with dizziness, and everything got confusing...

-----20 minutes later -----

Sherry hiccupped and giggled as she slowly pulled the vibrator deeper into herself, holding her legs spread wiiide, double-fisting the thick, vibrating horse cock into her stretching anus. She was a virgin, so her pussy was out of the question. So in her butt it went, of course! She was oblivious to any sort of pain doing such a thing would cause, so

she only watched in amazement as inch after inch of the toy disappeared into her. Her hands and legs were quivering with an excitement she couldn't understand, and it felt like her blood was on fire, her excitement too electric for her to pass out in a typical drunken fashion. She was just as oblivious to her loud, almost annoyingly selfish moaning, riddled with hiccups and giggles, pausing right in the middle to reach out her hand, pawing messily for the stein full of beer, before she leans it back, pouring it into her gaping mouth, as it flows over her lower lip, flowing down her chin messily, splashing into her milky tits, over her achingly erect nipples. She leaned back, emptying yet, YET another glass, leaning up against the wall lazily, with an occasional hiccup, as the liquid joined the rest in her big, drunken belly, while the horse cock vibrated away between her legs, with a stupid grin across her face. She had taken to putting the glass stein under the constantly running hose, like she was filling it from a natural spring.

She dragged her legs up, curling them up, across the carpet... and her heels both bumped into the bottom of the big, latex horse cock, vibrating away... and she slowly pulled it inwards, penetrating herself, biting her lower lip, and rotated her hips around and around, wiggling them in little circles. Her blood was absolutely boiling with excitement; she had NEVER done anything so naughty, and now she had found a loophole! And the more she pushed the boundaries, the more she WANTED to push them, until...

She lifted the stein again, eagerly, only to find it empty... the beer she wasted, letting spill onto the floor, had ran out! She sat up, worried that her fun was going to end, feeling... bothered. Nonsense! She'll just get more! Without any idea from where or even what she was doing, she slowly pushed herself up over the side of Thor's bed, toy still vibrating away, before grabbing her panties and messily pulling them up, a cylindrical bulge sticking out of the rear of them. She eventually got herself to her feet; barefoot, crotch vibrating, entire lower half soaked in ...bodily fluids, tits out, belly swollen and loosely tied with a bodice of sorts.. ready to go!

She held onto the wall, for lack of balance, stepping erratically and unevenly, but stopped to stand up straight, steeling herself and clearing her throat. She walked straight, her bare breasts bounding up and down, as she yanked her door open and stepped out into public, making it about 3 feet towards her dorm room door before she fell over, onto her back, legs spread and vibrating, giggling like an idiot. Her giggling suddenly stopped, as she emptied her bladder right then and there, again, only hiccupping occasionally while she concentrated, feeling MUCH better. She lay half inside her room, half in the dorm hall as she relaxed, passing out at once, spread eagle, the only movement from her being her soft breathing and a dull humming between her legs.

Luckily, only a few students came across her pitiful form before Thor, who was taken aback by how much she cooperated with his plans. The sight of her unabashedly comfortable form was charming, despite the shortcomings of her situation -- no, perhaps in part due to them.

Thor decided this required further investigation.

-----A FEW MONTHS LATER-----

Sherry slowly opened her eyes, waking up from an afternoon nap in her room. She fell asleep on her bed, with her laptop humming away, running a bit hot seated on her comforter. This semester was a bit light, for her, with only a few classes and long bouts of waiting between them. This led to a lot of free time, most of which was spent on Tumblr, fighting the injustice of differing opinions.

Purring in a stretchy, comfy, cozy knit sweater, that hung loosely off her shoulders, she suffered no shortage of impromptu naps, and this one was no different. Except, perhaps, that when she stretched lazily, her eyes fell upon an ice bucket.

...Well, it certainly wasn't there when she fell asleep less than an hour ago. A bottle poked out of it, quite noticeably. It looked like a wine bottle. Sherry rolled her eyes, and chuckled. After last time, she vowed it was a one-time event... but it wasn't. Since then, she regularly found beer in her minifridge, and sure enough, ended up indulging herself. Thankfully, those nights ended less eventfully, with her passed out on her bed. But it was almost alarming, how quickly beer became a part of her life, when it was otherwise absent until only just recently.

At first, she resisted. She felt guilty, dirty and more, like it wasn't something she was supposed to do. But when the world did NOT, in-fact end, and she woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed the next day, she grew... embellishing, perhaps.

But this was certainly new. She never really drank wine before. A sip here and there, at weddings and with family, but that was it. She slowly stood up, placing her laptop aside, approaching the ice bucket that stood in the middle of the room, separating hers and Thor's beds, each positioned against opposite walls. She reached out and lifted the bottle up and out of the ice. ...Well, it certainly LOOKED classy, at least..? The cork was dislodged, and she could easily grip it without a corkscrew. She tugged on it a bit, with no budging. She continued to play with it, standing before that ice bucket propped up on a simple,

small table, clad only in her undies and sweater that easily stretched over her arms and down, around her rump.

Suddenly and finally, the cork popped out, and she squeaked with a surprised, less-than-flattering noise. There was a single wine glass next to the bucket, and she poured it full, still rather curious. Replacing the cork and bottle into the bucket, she lifted the glass, giving it a brief sniff -- quite the rich smell! Before drinking a bit.

While it was somewhat familiar, it was a surprisingly unique flavor. Very fruity. She tried a bit more, it being the first time she really paid much attention to the beverage itself. "Oh..!" she exclaimed, to nobody in particular, as she felt her cheeks grow a bit warm. ...It wasn't bad! She felt a bit warm, a bit giddy, and without the room spinning or anything. It was nice! The thought barely crossed her mind before she hiccupped, once. ...It seemed that was early, too. She giggled, at all these light-hearted effects wine seemed to have. She amused the idea of being more sophisticated for enjoying wine, as she took the glass with her back to her bed, as she hopped back onto her laptop.

She got up once or twice to refill her glass, enjoying her newfound sophistication, before she cut out the middle man and just took the bottle with her. Lifting it slightly above her head with a swig, a small amount escaped her lips and flowed down to the precipice of her chin. Immediately she remembered something about wine staining, and she clamped her thighs together, in a desperate attempt to not ruin anything -- oh God, her laptop!A few droplets pattered on her bare thighs, easily wiped up harmlessly. She cracked up, at the relief, before migrating to the floor next to her bed, a lesson learned. It was less than 5 minutes before her clumsy self was back to feeling classy and sophisticated, again.

It wasn't very long before the bottle was empty, rolling on the floor at her side, with her heavily asleep, slung limply over the side of her bed, her face beet red, snoring loudly -- she wasn't normally a snorer. Eventually, a particularly loud snort was loud enough to wake herself up, and she jolted up, feeling sweltering. Sweltering and... thirsty.

Sherry crawled across her room, towards her minifridge, and pulled it open, finding... boxed wine. A big, square box of cheap, throw-away wine. It took some fidgeting, but she was able to open the box and the cheap, plastic tap.

Rather than using the forgotten glass, she lowered her head awkwardly, her butt in the air, as she positioned her mouth under it, and started drinking carefully. ...It was even better than the bottle! She

sat up, sitting on her butt with her legs splayed at opposite sides of her hips, wiping her mouth with the sleeve of her sweater, smearing a dark streak of wine across it obliviously, as the room spun. She hiccupped, and grinned... though she wasn't sure at what.

She liked the light-headed feeling; the giddy sensation, devoid of any of the anxiety she was riddled with her whole life. And every wobble, every hiccup, every sign that she was, indeed, drunk, was another reaffirmation that she didn't have to worry about anything, at the moment.

The only thing that concerned her... was how hot it was, in here! Her entire head was practically red, right to the tips of her ears, and everything above her belly button was boiling. She quickly started to pull and tug the stretchy, loose sweater up, over her head, getting lost in it for a few panicky moments before tugging it off with a final pop, and throwing it to the side. Much better..!

She leaned back on her arms, liberated. The air was cool and relaxing, and she looked around the room, relaxedly, before spying her full-body mirror. Oh, my..!

She was shocked; she even LOOKED more classy and sophisticated. DOWNRIGHT SEDUCTIVE. As she lay, plopped there all relaxed, with nothing but panties on, she flattered herself by the second.

It wasn't a few moments before she made her way to her dresser, and fished through it. ...It felt like a mistaken investment at the TIME, but right now she wanted nothing more than to put on the sexy, lacy lingerie she bought in a misguided attempt to recoup her self-esteem. She struggled to put it on, before standing up, wobbly, and looking in the mirror. Oh WOW. Curves in ALL the right places, a seductive, come-hither glow... SHE WAS A GODDESS.

...At least, that was what SHE saw. As she stood there wobbling, unsteady on her feet, with half of her expensive, white, lacy bra hanging off her shoulder, her nipple quite plainly hanging out. Her belly spilled over the side of her panties, having bought them two inches smaller ago, not even taking into the account the alcohol she was pouring into her stomach, distending it out even further. Standing like a sailor, she craned the wine glass she, at some point, apparently rediscovered, spilling more of it over the sides of her lips than into her mouth, right down to stain the entire front of her outfit.

She swelled with so much confidence, so much pride... that she HAD to show someone. After finishing the entire box of wine, she stood up, and strode towards her front door, swinging it open, just in time to catch two incredible studs in the dorm room hallway. They were total hunks..! Tall, dark and handsome, the both of them! PERFECT for a goddess like her. She seductively slinked up against them, like a minx

"...Hey, boys. Consider yourselves lucky; I'm going to let you keep a woman like ME company. ...If you're not too scared." she said, with a giggle, before slinking back into her room, seamlessly.

...Or at least, that's what she thought she did.

The two freshman were making their way down the dorm hall, just trying to get back to their rooms without getting beaten up again. They were a bit nerdy; one tall and skinny, the other short and fat. They couldn't compare to the other humans around, let alone the anthros that lived in these halls. Suddenly, one of the doors in front of them swung open... and a girl stumbled out. She waddled out, clunking into the wall opposite side of the door, with a giggle, before her eyes focused on the pair of them, seemingly at different moments. She was a mess..! She was practically naked, with just a bra and panties, and the entire front of her body was stained red, particularly the white lace she wore, now ruby red, in parts. One of her breasts hung quite plainly out of it's cup, not shy at all, and that cup's strap hung uselessly by her elbow.

"MmmMMMMmmmm.... He-hic-eyyy.." she said, with a giddy giggle, like she had an inside joke. "...C'maaann.." she said, as she slowly stumbled into the tall one, reeking of booze. She barely finished the 'sentence', before pushing off him, and stumbling back into her room, before falling.

The two boys looked at each other, before hurriedly following her into her room, closing the door behind them.