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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter note: There are some superscript numbers in this chapter that explain what certain things are. I'm sure you could figure it out just based on what the thing resembles. Pronunciations and explanations are posted at the end of the chapter.

Chapter 12 - "Overcome With Help"

"Now what?"

Troy made his way down the hallway, he noticed that some of the opaque walls were replaced by windows or some similar clear surface. Each room seemed to have different items on the work tables.

A full car with its parts and fluids in one room. A full house with the items taken out of it to be examined in another. Smaller rooms with smaller objects like packaged food and collectible trinkets. Various machines in other rooms. Troy wasn't sure what they were doing with these things apart from studying them. But for what? Surely these creatures have seen all of this before - artifacts from their own time long ago.

Regardless, he still didn't know where he was going or what to do. Pressing on was his only option. He passed by one large storage room with vehicles tucked onto shelves with various parts in bins and on, what looked like, sorting tables. In another room was every toy he could ever imagine. There were more rooms like this with other objects as if they were collecting them more than studying them.

He felt an indescribable feeling to turn left. When he did, he came upon a door that required the blood. He pulled out the vial from the hidden pocket and marked the door. When the door moved to the side, a familiar smell caught his nose. He couldn't quite place it at the moment.

This area felt different. It smelled different. It was a bit more illuminated than the storage rooms and hallways. Perhaps that was because they were not in use at the time. He kept moving as quiet as his shuffling feet would allow - just to be safe. He

wasn't sure what to make of this area. Did it smell like this because it was a common room and there was a restaurant or cafeteria nearby? Was this a residential sector?

Apple pie! That's what that smell was!

His energy was waning again. He tried to keep himself braced against the wall as he continued to shuffle along. When he came upon a door, he locked his knees and waddled past the entry so as to not open them. He feared what may be behind those thresholds. His throat felt like it was closing again. He felt himself stagger, then he was against a door.

He pulled up the gun in his right hand and held the barrel with the other as the door slid open. He pulled himself upright and tried to retain his balance, but he staggered until his right shoulder slammed into the door frame on the same side. Searing pain shot through his shoulder and rocked his body. His knees started to give and he could barely keep his eyes open. He felt himself slide down the door frame as his eyes clouded. He pointed the gun at the two hazy blobs to his left. The brown blob seemed to stand from where it was sitting and stand in front of the slightly smaller brown blob and the two even smaller brown blobs. His leg curled in and he landed a bit harsh onto his hip. He put all of his strength into holding the gun pointed at the objects.

Troy felt the gun vibrate in his hands. He tried to pry his eyelids open as his vision slightly cleared. The brown blob put up its furry arms in a surrender pose, then took a few steps towards Troy. It seemed to put its hands down slowly and turned into a ball. The gun sounded like it was clicking as the blob formed tentacles and reached out towards Troy.

Troy's vision finally cleared. It...it was Horns! Troy eased his finger off the trigger and lowered the gun - both out of relief and out of exhaustion. Horns took the gun from Troy, looked at it, then over at Troy. He held the gun up and pointed to a round nub, then at another on the opposite side. It must have been a safety mechanism of sorts. He licked his finger and touched one of the nubs, then the other. He held the handle in his hand while lightly squeezing the trigger. The orange glow returned to the end of the barrel but, this time, it started to hum and crackle as if collecting energy. It started to change to a reddish-orange glow. He pulled his finger out and mocked squeezing the trigger the rest of the way. He licked his finger and swiped along the nubs to return the gun to its dormant state. He placed the gun down next to Troy's hip and looked over at him.

Troy was struggling to breathe and started audibly wheezing. His whole brain ached. It started feeling like his head was about to explode. He tried but couldn't move

and his eyes were getting heavy again. He saw Horns get up and move. A moment later, Troy could feel something pressing into his neck. It felt warm. His head, neck, shoulder slowly started to feel warm. Something toxic punched Troy in the olfactory and his eyes flew open. Horns pulled back a vial from Troy's nose. In his other hand was a needle.

The female counterpart of horns - judging by the physical attributes and the timbre of the voice - began to speak. She was holding a small version of herself that couldn't have been more than a month old. The small one stared at him with its wide, green eyes. Horns stood and turned to her while speaking something that was calm and collected. He placed the needle on a case that was on a sort of coffee table. He recapped the vial and placed it next to the case. He spoke to her again.

Troy could feel the warmth spreading into his head and chest. It was becoming easier to breathe. The pressure in his head was fading. As he watched Horns embrace the female with a kiss, he could feel the pain and fatigue in his whole body melt away. He could feel it moving down through his stomach and into his legs and arms. Troy grabbed the gun and pulled himself up to his feet. He still felt shaky, but one hundred percent better than he had.

"Noochet do. Hoof clem," Horns said, then turned to look at Troy as he began to stir.

Troy held the blood vial in his left hand. Horns seemed interested in the vial. Curious, he stepped in for a closer look. His eyes widened and he stepped backward with his hands out in front of him. He stopped a few feet away from his female and the two children. The children were adorable. The baby stared, the other glared. The adult female was visibly shaken. She was actually quite fetching for a manimal.

Troy shook his head of that last thought as he pulled up the gun in his free hand and glanced at the nodes. A strange thought entered his head. He found the two items together. Perhaps they were more in sync than he or Horns had known. He ran his finger along the nodes. He glanced up at Horns as the weapon began to hum and glow once more. The look on Horns' face was one of sheer terror. That answered Troy's question.

Something green slowly walked toward Troy with wide, sparkling eyes. This one appeared to be a little lizard girl. Horns reached out and grabbed her arm. Troy reached over and placed the vial in the open pocket, then reached out and placed his hand on top of her head and smiled. He wasn't quite sure why. He glanced over at Horns and nodded, then took his hand from the child and signed "thank you" to him. Horns seemed

to lower his guard. Troy bowed and looked at the small one glaring at him. He quickly looked away from those daggers and over at the little one in the female's arms. He couldn't help but give a small "grabbing" wave - a "goochie-goo" wave as one does to a baby. The little one cooed and used its whole arm to wave back. Troy smiled wider and turned to leave the room.

He pulled the hood over his head and began to briskly walk in the direction he was going. His body didn't feel like it was in pain, but he still felt...foreign? He was sure he remembered how to walk and move, but it felt like he was relearning as he went. He continued to occasionally use the wall as a crutch when he felt uneasy. He still wasn't sure where he was going. His intuition wasn't kicking out any feelers either. He felt a bit relieved that he was moving quicker and that the pain was gone. Breathing was much easier, too. He had some form of offense as well. There was this mysterious suit as well. He wasn't sure why it was so important, but it felt better than having his genitals swaying with each step - and, thankfully, out of harm's way.

Troy stumbled and his hand touched another door. He fixed his stance and held the gun up as, to his surprise, the door slid aside. It seemed this suit negated the necessity for bodily fluid to activate the doors. Three creatures looked his way, then ducked behind the back of the couch they were on. The gun vibrated in his hand as he gently squeezed the trigger. He was ready to kill whatever these things were. He thought he heard whispering. His hands began to tremble. He wasn't ready to kill anything. Anyone. The gun sounded its readiness to fire.

Suddenly, a whitish creature stood from behind the couch, pointed a hand-sized gun at him, and...nothing. He could feel a slight warmth in the hand under the barrel of his gun. His hands shook as he pointed the rifle at the creature. He just couldn't find it in himself to fire.

The whitish creature looked panicked as they clicked the trigger again. She seemed to be a female based on her body structure and her sapient-placed chest bumps. She squeezed her eyes shut as she frantically pulled the trigger over and over. She seemed to growl out of frustration. Troy released the trigger of his gun and watched her. Troy assumed she hadn't disengaged the safety mechanism on her own gun.

She seemed familiar. She looked like a...mouse. The other one had looked like a deer and the third a skunk. Perhaps a badger? Brown ears lined with white fluff poked up from the couch followed by a head. It was a deer. She turned and tried to help her mouse friend with the gun.

Troy heard something from the hallway. He stepped into the room and the door closed behind him. He made eye contact with the doe as the mouse began to shriek. The doe quickly covered her mouth and shushed her. The mouse's eyes flew open and she stopped shrieking. Troy could hear faint voices behind him, then footsteps. It was quiet after a moment.

He turned his full attention back at the girls...perhaps women. He wasn't sure of their age. The skunk made her appearance known while Troy was lowering the gun. He still held it for when he needed to fire. He didn't think these three would try anything, but he couldn't trust them just the same. Fragments of their visit to the room were coming back to him. Perhaps they were still just curious like they were before. He wondered why they would pull a gun on him in that case. Perhaps it was because of the hood.

The mouse lowered the gun and set it on the back of the couch. His eyes followed it down until her hand left it, then over to the device sitting on the table in front of them. It looked similar to the NVMA - or (Non)Verbal Messaging Apparatus, sometimes called NUMA¹ - he owned. They could be used for direct vocal communication (or "vocomm"²), quick notes³, or long-form memos - or "lofome"⁴ - using a memorandum operation - or "moperat"⁵. On the screen was a picture of the mouse's puckered lips and sultry brown eyes. The one on the screen looked more like the one he remembered.

The mouse looked at him as the cervine pulled her hand from the mouse's mouth and began to move around the couch. Troy looked over at her and lifted the gun slightly. She suddenly stopped - as did he with the gun pointed at her toes. She stood there seemingly unsure of what to do. Her hands were at her sides with her wrists bent out and her fingers twitching. She blinked at him with those honey-colored orbs with the black rectangles. Her posture was excellent. Too excellent. Her legs were straight but her butt was pushed out slightly and her chest was pushed out as she held her head at a slight angle down to the floor while looking up at him.

Troy was trying to find innocent things to think of with as young as she looked. He guessed late teens, but it was better to be safe than catching himself thinking impure thoughts for a minor. His nose caught that perfume, though. She wore a thin cotton-like top with spaghetti straps in a light shade of purple that reflected the smell. She looked like she was posing for one of the smutty pictures from home. Her small, perky breasts shoved glass cutting nipples through the fabric. The fabric clung to the rest of her breasts before falling down to just below her rib cage, but above her cute naval that was tucked behind snow-white fur. About four inches under the belly button was a gray colored pair of short cotton shorts that didn't cover up enough of the junction where the brown and white fur of her delicious...her cute butt was. Troy imagined how erotic that

might seem with a smooth skin bump peeking out from under the skimpy fabric. It wasn't as alluring with the fur, but he still had to pry his eyes away. The elastic and drawstring waistband dipped below a slightly convex portion of her stomach and stretched across just below her hip bone.

Outside of the structures of their heads and the digitigrade lower legs, they had a seemingly human skeletal structure and musculature. Heads and various traits of animals, yet most were human characteristics. It was...really strange.

Brown mixed with a hint of red created the majority of her fur color. A broad, black, rubber-like nose capped off her brown topped and white underlay muzzle. Her mouth was slightly open with a strip of a pink lip around the edge. Wide teeth began to bite at the lip. The front of her neck was white that stretched to her collarbone and splashed out just under her shoulder, then down to her skimpy shorts. It spilled out of the bottom on the insides of her thighs to the middle before ending in a half ellipse. Small patches of white adorned her sides and back that he saw when she turned to look at her friends. Her milk chocolate hair was lazily pinned to her head in a heap that created a swirl around the back of her head. A fluffy white tail topped by brown and separated with black popped out behind her in the middle along the beginning curve of her...cute butt. Her fingertips and toes were topped by black nails that looked like a human's, except they were very thick.

The mouse walked around behind the skunk. He remembered those caramel brownie eyes. Her hair and fur were different though. He swore her hair was blonde like on the screen, but this was jet black. It was split on her left about three inches from the middle and draped down her face. The back was in a tight ball with spikes of hair reaching up from it. The lower part of her ears had large gauges in them with spiked studs up the sides and the tops slightly folded in with long barbell reached across. Her fur wasn't white anymore. It looked like it was a smokey gray. It was definitely her face - though this face had several decorations. A double spiked stud was in her right eyebrow, a stud lay atop the pink bubblegum nose out to the side where the nose curved from top to bottom, and a ring was in either side of the front of her black - from lipstick - bottom lip to where they created creases in the fur and skin. It also looked like she had matching dermal bars on either side of her chest just below her collarbone. It looked like she dyed a darker gray handprint around her throat just under where her jaw met her neck.

She wore a tight black shirt with a pink cow skull with crossbones on the front. Her chest seemed to have grown larger than the cervine's since he last saw her to where the horns and bone tops were stretched out nearly double the original size. Her shirt was short enough to rise above her navel to show a blood-red gem covering the

divot. She had on a pair of short-legged, black “boy shorts” with a matching pink skull and crossbones on the crotch. The bottom of her rump was just as visible as the doe’s. Her nails were painted black. Her eyes seemed to have gone from terror to eating him alive. He glanced over to see the doe looking at him as if they were laying on the couch together.

Troy still wasn’t sure if she was a badger or a skunk, but she looked like she was passionately making love to him with her eyes as she slid her leg over the couch. She placed her hand on the back of the couch as she straddled it, then pulled over her other leg. Her voluminous, wavy, platinum hair fell over her shoulder to cover up the part where her white and blue pinstripe button-up should be. Instead, the collar was resting on her upper bicep. The bottoms of her feet had the cutest cotton candy pink pads. Her fur was jet black like a dark room. In some spots where her fur was pulled aside, he could see pink skin peeking through. She was more filled out than the other two by quite a bit. Her curves were more defined and her chest...

Troy moved his eyes along. She was mostly black with a white muzzle, neck, and chest down to her inner thighs like how the doe was colored. She had white “gloves” from her hands to the middle of her forearms and “socks” from her toes to the middle of her calves. Her top was buttoned twice in the middle of her honey melon-shaped breasts. She bared ample cleavage while the rest spilled out of the bottom with the lower half of the shirt spread out by her thighs as she sat on the back of the couch with a wide stance. The white panties she wore flashed brightly against the darker parts of her fur, but not so much the white they covered in front. They were just sheer enough that he could see a vertical pink stripe...

Troy rushed air from his nose as he closed his eyes and looked away. He felt dirty. It really seemed that these three - again, he assumed - kids were trying to seduce him. Even more so as the skunk slipped from the couch and allowed her chest to bounce. Her hand snaked up and covered up the pink nipple she had exposed. Her face was oozing a mock “oops” as she batted her eyelashes. She did a turn and mocked embarrassment as she looked over her shoulder while bent over the couch on her tiptoes and pulled her tail aside while rocking her hips to the left. Her toothy smile was a bit scary, but she reached back and began to pull down the side of the bikini briefs to the middle of her plump rump.

He wasn’t impressed. He wasn’t interested. At least that’s what he told himself. He was going to leave. If he stayed any longer, they may not live to see their first mating. Despite his nether region’s treachery, he felt angry and sick to his stomach that he was feeling the heat rise within him as his heart rate quickened.

His head jerked as he heard the sound of crisp snow being crushed under a shoe from behind him. Perhaps it was more like the sound ice makes when you cross a not-quite-frozen section of water. Either way, strange footfalls echoed in the hallway behind him until it was quiet once again.

The skunk shrieked and Troy looked over to watch as she fell over the back of the couch and somersaulted until her feet crashed through the glass of the table. The other two gasped and ran around the couch as they spoke to her. He couldn't prevent himself from stepping forward. The skunk gingerly lifted her feet as glass fell from them. She turned her feet in to look at the damage. Glass shards had embedded into the pink pads of her feet and between them and her toes. She rocked her head back as her face melted into pain and terror as her white fur and pink pads turned crimson. She began to cry hysterically as her friends consoled her. They held her feet up to assess the damage as they tried to calm her down.

Troy heard the gun that was on the back of the couch slap against something on the cushion. Troy felt his hand begin to cramp. He was holding the handle of the rifle in a death grip from the repulsive display. He pulled his hand from the handle and trigger. He could feel his fingers dig into his palm. He stepped forward to see where the gun had landed. He could see a magazine open to a page depicting humans in the very outfits they wore. This was definitely from his planet. Even as the two consoled their hysterical friend with her breasts hanging out and panicked at the sight of her feet, Troy felt himself wanting to kill them.

The doe looked over the edge of the couch at Troy. Her eyes pleaded with Troy as the mouse stood and left the room. The skunk's shriek caused his face to contort and his foot to slide towards the door. The mouse returned with a small case and a rolled-up towel. She unrolled the towel and placed it over the blood that was pooling on the floor. Troy watched in amazement as it soaked up every last bit of blood. She turned and opened up the case, then looked confused. The doe began to yell at her, then the mouse yelled back with her hands up and tears sliding down from her eyes.

As much as he hated them, as much as he despised them, and as much as he'd rather see them die, he just couldn't stand to watch her suffer. These creatures were much like Horns: They weren't threats. They were just kids. These kids were just exploring the reasons behind why their hormones pulled them in different directions.

Troy lowered the gun to his side. Something stopped it as it neared his thigh. He looked down and saw it had attached itself to his thigh. It stopped vibrating before it vibrated three times and came to rest. Troy shook his head and looked back over at the bickering girls and their friend on the verge of hyperventilating. He reached up and

unlatched the hood from the collar of the suit and pulled it over his head. He stepped forward and clapped his hands. All eyes focused on him. The skunk still quietly sobbed fervently.

He took an oath: Friend or foe, he had to help.

As Troy walked around the couch, the other two moved away from him. Glass crunched beneath his feet until he stood in front of the skunk. He slowly made it to a crouch before the skunk's feet. His first order of business was to carefully lift the button-up shirt to cover up her bare...fur...and flesh. His hand wavered as he slowly reached for her. The skunk watched with wide eyes as he reached up and pulled the collar of her shirt over her bare chest.

He pulled back and held her hock in his hand as he assessed the damage. His hand again wavered, but for another reason - that "foreign" feeling. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He slowly let it out as he turned and looked at the case the mouse brought in the room. He recognized some of the things in the kit. He looked up at the mouse. He didn't notice it before, but he could see dabs of the green goop around the studs stabbed into her chest. He could feel that pain, but he could also feel a bit of the pain in his own body even with Horns' booster shot.

Troy looked away from her to the case. He reached over and pulled out the thing that looked like tweezers or pullers. He looked back at the foot and began to carefully extract the surface shards. The mouse gasped and brought her hands to her mouth. Troy looked at her and watched as she trembled. The doe had a strong grip around her friend's waist as she watched with bugged eyes. Troy nodded his head to the side in the direction of the skunk. He knew she wouldn't understand what he was trying to say with the gesture. He looked at the doe and repeated the process. He looked up at the skunk and nodded at her with serious eyes. She swallowed hard at his glance. Troy could hear her hands grip the edge of the cushions as she squeezed her eyes shut and pressed her lips together.

Troy pivoted on his feet and positioned the skunk's ankle(?) under his armpit. He slowly brought the tweezers up to the first shard of glass. He carefully pinched it and yanked it straight out. The skunk kicked and howled in her closed mouth. Her legs were surprisingly strong. Just when he thought she was a skunk, she would pull out a badger move like this. He nearly found his face in the glass. He saw the mouse hop onto the couch and hold the skunk's arms as the doe walked behind the skunk and began to comfort her by talking to her and petting her hair.

Again and again, he pinched and pulled the glass from deep within her feet and footpads. He dropped the tweezers after the last shard and pulled the towel up to her feet to clean the wounds of blood and debris. He saw a bottle in the kit. He held it up, uncapped it, then used the nozzle to spray her foot. He dabbed that away, then pulled out a small tool that pinched and produced a spark. He thought of it as an advanced electrical or laser suture tool. On his planet, this would leave a slight scar, but that scar could go away with proper treatments. It was about as uncomfortable as a sunburn. Troy lined it up to the first spot. He watched in awe as it pulled the thick pads together and, essentially, burned the skin until it closed. After suturing the skin at the last spot, he pulled out a small container and used his finger to lightly spread the green goop onto the burned skin. He repeated this entire process on the other foot.

Troy was putting on the last bit of goop when the doe suddenly looked over at the door. Troy heard it, too. The doe covered the skunk's mouth and whispered something. The skunk gave her a dirty look, but perked her ears up and was quiet after a moment. The doe looked at Troy. Her hair had partially fallen out and covered her left eye. The skunk looked at Troy, Troy looked at the mouse, the mouse looked at the doe, then Troy looked at the doe. Troy could see the doe begin to tremble as she looked apologetically at Troy. Troy saw the mouse nod from the corner of his eye as she spoke in a hushed tone.

Troy placed the tools back in the case as the mouse stepped over to him and tapped his shoulder. She then slapped his shoulder until he stood. He wiped his suit-covered hands on the remaining clean bit of the towel, then let it fall to the floor. The skunk suddenly stood and wrapped her arms around Troy's neck. She whispered something to him as she pressed her head into his chest. Troy held his hands up to keep his balance. She rose up and placed a kiss on his cheek.

Troy could barely feel it. He could barely feel her at all. It dawned on him that his entire skin sensory system was barely functioning. If he didn't see the tweezers in his hand, he probably wouldn't have known they were even there. He thought about it and concluded that his brain was filling in the missing details of the fingers pressed into the metal alloy tweezers and the skunk's embrace through sight alone.

She stepped back with a wide, warm smile as she held her hands behind his neck. She reached over and snagged his hand, then held it in both of hers. She kept saying something as she made various head motions. He assumed she was thanking him.

Troy's attention turned to the door as he heard the "*clump-clump*" of footsteps end just outside. The mouse sneered at him, took his free hand, and tugged. Troy had

no choice but to follow. She took him through an area that mocked a dining room, then a kitchen. Her whip-like tail occasionally slapped the outside of his right thigh, but he was just assuming that, too, as he could see it but not feel it. They went past what looked like a bathroom and a small bedroom, then a larger bedroom. They walked down to the end of the hallway and to the right. This room was another bedroom. It held a lot of “girly” stuff. Pink and purple hues filled the room such as the bedspread with the large pink heart embroidered on the top. Boy manimals were depicted in various states of undress on the walls - much like posters, but more like painted prints that could be removed. Maybe they were like holograms.

She stopped him just in front of the bed. She said something as she pointed to it. He looked at her in disgust until her hand dipped. She was pointing towards the floor. She wasn't looking at him. Her hair had fallen over her right eye. She glanced over at him. Her eyes sparkled as her mouth hovered open with her teeth showing. Her chest and stomach heaved and quaked as she drew breath into her lungs. No, it wasn't quaking. That was just how hard her heart was pounding. He'd seen it and felt it before after working hard or jogging. His heartbeat caused his torso to, sort of, bounce as he drew and released a breath. Her eyes looked away, then back at him just as quickly. She muttered something, then emphasized her pointing finger at the floor beneath the bed. He was confused. Regardless, he knelt down and pressed the side of his head to the floor to see if he was missing something.

He saw it. Underneath her bed was a vent of sorts. Troy turned his head when he heard shouting. The mouse pushed him under the bed, then followed behind him. He watched as she pulled something like a vial from under her bed and uncapped it. She dipped her finger to the mouth of the vial and used the contents to swipe her finger along the grating. The grating popped. She capped the vial and palmed it as she pulled the grating up and to the side. She motioned for him to go in.

Troy peered through the opening and saw it dropped just over six feet. It seemed to be large enough to move in with little discomfort. He adjusted his body and slid his feet in. The angle was a bit weird, but he shoved himself in. He heard her groan and say something as she waved her hand frantically. He felt his knees give slightly as his feet touched. There was still *that* nagging annoyance. He gently shook his head with annoyance at himself. He couldn't believe he would just trust her like this.

Why *did* he help them? Why was *she* helping *him*? Why did Horns help him? Horns could have killed him. She could be sending him to his doom. This didn't feel - figuratively, not literally - like an ordinary ventilation system. Why was he blindly allowing all of this to happen? On the other hand, there were still soldiers closing in on him and

she seemed to be taking him away from that. Despite his distrust and disgust with these creatures, he had to silently appreciate their help.

Pink footpads with darkened white fur dangled in front of his face to snap him free from thought. Smokey gray legs followed. He raised his arms to brace himself as those legs kicked out. He somehow caught her legs and had his face smothered by pink and black boy shorts. His nose felt warm as it pressed into her crotch and the smell of clean, synthetic cotton entered his olfactory. Her legs slid down his shoulders and arms as her pelvis slid down his chest. She finally stopped with her breasts resting on the crown of his head. Her shirt had ridden up and his face was buried in her fur.

He could smell the linen smell fade as a slight cinnamon smell replaced it. Not the completely fake kind that burned, but the subtle, enhanced version. His nose twitched as another smell entered his nose. He couldn't describe it. He'd never smelled anything like it to compare it to. It smelled disgustingly alluring - if that was a thing. He felt her slide further down as she loosed an "Eep!" while her shirt slid around his head and his face was buried in her breasts. He couldn't help but take another hit of that smell. His eyes closed and his heart rate picked up. He felt his loins tingle with excitement. He felt himself relax as she struggled to pull herself free from his head. Her thighs slid into his palms as he let his hands drop. She let out another "Eep!" as her groin came to rest against his own. He felt a primal urge stirring within him. He wanted to mount her so bad and feel her around his swelling mass. The angel to his devil told him to suppress his disgusting thoughts.

He opened his eyes slowly and connected them to her delicious...cute chocolate eyes. He glanced up when he heard a "tick" and watched her hands replace the grating. He followed her hands down until he locked eyes with her again. The hair was still covering her right eye, but it was spread out enough that he could still clearly see through it. Her heaving chest quivered as she tried to stifle her breathing - which smelled like bacon. She put her hands on his shoulders and blinked, then inched slowly closer to him. She blinked again and swallowed hard when her eyelids reached the bottom. Again she inched in closer as her arms began to wrap around his neck.

He wanted this. He wanted her. He couldn't explain why. He hated these manimals. She wasn't...ugly...or anything. He'd seen anthropomorphic mice before. She was actually...really...really cute. He liked the sweet girl look she had before. This new - was it goth or punk? - look was just as good. He wasn't sure if he was turning on himself or if the simulation was still affecting his thoughts, but he felt...*something* for her. He pulled his head back as he shook it. He still viewed her as a child. He still wasn't sure how young, but she *had* to be younger than him. It bothered him just as much as the

fact she was an anthropomorphic animal. Anthropomorphic or not, this still felt like bestiality.

He slowly dropped her left leg, then her right. She lashed her tongue against her lips and quietly cleared her throat. Her hands slid from his shoulders, down his chest, then to his waist as she slowly looked down. She pulled her head away from his chin. Troy thought he remembered her barely coming up to his chin while standing on his feet the last time he saw her. Just how long was he out for?

¹Noo-mah - basically a cell phone

²Voh-com - “ “ phone call

³basically a text message

⁴Low-foh-mee - “ an email

⁵Moh-per-at - “ an app