

Zac shuddered and let out an involuntary nicker. "Damn, Denise, you feel fucking good."

The ferret he was fucking blinked mid-gasp. "It's Priscilla," she said, confusion and passion vying for her attention.

"Eh, whatever," Zac replied as he thrust into her again, eliciting an ecstatic moan.

Between thrusts, Priscilla was taken aback by the stallion's callousness, but those hurt feelings vanished every time he pushed his extremely well-endowed girth into her. As his medial ring rubbed against her G-spot, she shuddered and felt an exhausted moan escape her lips. Her body shivered, her legs twitched, and she cried out Zac's name as her seventh orgasm washed over her.

"And that's about all you're worth," Zac said matter-of-factly.

He thrust a few times, intensifying Priscilla's orgasm, and then pulled out and abruptly spurted onto her face. She gasped and opened her eyes in surprise, but an after-shock from her orgasm quickly made her close them again.

"All right; you're done," Zac said, stepping back from the bed and looking at her expectantly.

Priscilla gaped, disbelieving his bluntness, but the way he stood, arms crossed, looking at his phone with complete disinterest in her quickly turned her indignation into humiliation. She slowly got her clothes on, her face burning with embarrassment as the evidence of their fucking clung to her face. She *hated* being cum on!

"Are you still here?" Zac asked, clearing his throat and glancing up from his phone. "You can go now, and send the next one in when you leave."

Suddenly, Priscilla couldn't stand to be in the room with him anymore. Seven amazing orgasms or not, this guy was a total pig—no, worse than a pig (they at least had *some* respect for the females they banged!)—and she couldn't bear that disinterested look from him anymore. Not even taking the time to wipe his cum off her face, she grabbed her bag and hurried out.

"Your turn," she said under her breath to Ashlee, a breathtakingly beautiful mouse, head of the highly prestigious Sigma Epsilon Chi sorority, and Zac's current girlfriend-of-sorts.

Ashlee cocked her head and frowned thoughtfully as the ferret walked past her. She sighed and rolled her eyes as she stepped into the bedroom.

"It looks like a doctor's office out there," she chuckled as she closed the door behind her. "The doctor will see you now."

Zac looked up from his phone and grinned. "Hey, you girls all have a disease, and I'm the only one with the cure," said, shrugging. "And with crap like that last one getting off seven times, it takes time. I keep saying that you ought to weed out the riff-raff."

"Zac, she's like a nine!" Ashlee protested.

"Psh, no. *You're* like a seven, eh, maybe eight if you wear your makeup and hair just right. She was like a five at *best*," he replied as he went back to his phone.

Ashlee snorted, her whiskers twitching indignantly. *A seven? Maybe an eight?!* She thought about telling him off, but there were certain...arrangements...they had that kept the reputation of Sigma Epsilon Chi at its lofty place, and she couldn't afford to ruin them.

She shook her head and sighed. "You're such a dick, you know?" she said.

"Yeah," Zac replied, glancing up and putting his phone on the nightstand, "But you like that, don't you? All of you just gotta get stuffed by the big dick and his *big* dick."

Ashlee rolled her eyes. "You say that all the time," she said, "But I'm serious. You *know* Priscilla doesn't like having cum on her face."

"Yeah, so?" Zac asked as he sprawled on the bed, lewdly showing off his sheath as he patted the bed next to him.

"So why was she wearing your cum when she came out?" Ashlee demanded, her hands on her hips.

"What difference does it make? She keeps coming back, doesn't she?" Zac retorted, giving her a smug look. "Apparently it's not so bad, or she wouldn't."

Ashlee let out a long sigh. Sometimes she just wanted to clock the arrogant asshole, but the way he sprawled on the bed like that, his cock just barely poking out of his velvet, ebony-colored sheath... He knew what he was doing, and it was working. Even before she finished her sigh, she felt herself bite her lip as his prick poked out just a little more, as if suggesting that if she'd come over, he'd come out and play. As much as she wanted to still be mad at him, she *knew* what that cock could do, and just the thought sent a shiver of anticipation up her spine.

"So how about less yacking and more fucking?" Zac suggested.

Ashlee swallowed and nodded, her ire vanishing. She stripped off her clothes.

Zac grinned, and his cock immediately began growing, pushing up out of its sheath and getting thicker as it went. Ashlee felt her pussy begin to burn at the sight, and she eagerly climbed up onto the bed and moved to straddle him.

"Uh, uh, uh..." Zac said, giving her a look. "You know the price."

"Zac, I'm your *girlfriend*!" Ashlee protested. "Besides, you *just* got off!"

The horse looked at her expectantly, and she sighed and relented, moving off of him and kneeling beside him.

"That's right, nice and easy," Zac said, closing his eyes and smiling contentedly as she licked her lips and placed them over part of the tip of his cock.

She stuck her tongue out and began stroking the underside of his prick, just below the head. Zac inhaled sharply, and his hooves twitched a bit in pleasure as her warm tongue caressed his spongy but firm flesh. It traced over the tip and probed the inside of his urethra a little bit, making him nicker appreciatively before she lapped around his head and began tracing her way down his long, thick cock, alternately licking and sucking on the side of it and making it throb and strain. She made it to his medial ring about six inches down and paused to rub her tongue over the little lump that circumscribed his cock. His leg twitched ecstatically, and he threw his head back in delight.

The mouse continued her tour down his cock, lapping and nipping at the thick bulge of his urethra along the underside of his prick, eliciting a stream of pleased noises from her boyfriend. Once she made it to the base of his foot-long cock, she paused, took each of his large testes into her mouth, nursed it reverently, and then proceeded back up his prick, slurping and teasing as she went. She made it back to the tip and opened her mouth as wide as it would go—Zac's cock was as big around as most males were long—and managed to press just the tip into her mouth. Zac groaned incoherently, trailing off into a horny nicker.

She raised an eyebrow and grinned around his cock. "Good?" she asked.

"Uh, huh," Zac replied.

"Well, then..." the mouse said, grinning as she pulled her mouth off his cock and again moved to straddle him.

"How do you want it?" Zac asked, looking at her from under his arm, which had crept across his face in a moment of particularly pleasurable sensations.

"Hard and fast," Ashlee replied breathlessly.

Zac nodded, grinned, and abruptly bucked his hips, instantly pressing his cock into her dripping-wet pussy. She gasped and bucked forward, resting her hands on his muscular chest as he glided easily up into her well-lubricated entrance.

"Ohh," she whimpered, feeling him stretching her as the gentle taper of his thick girth spread her open.

"Oh!" she gasped as his medial ring popped inside.

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She squeezed her eyes closed tightly, feeling the ridge of every pulsing vein on his cock as it continued to press deeper into her. A groan escaped her lips as he bottomed out against her cervix and his medial ring settled in to rub against her G-spot. She came instantly, overwhelmed by the feeling of such a huge cock inside of her.

Zac shuddered in pleasure as her pussy clamped around him, but he couldn't help rolling his eyes at how fast she'd had her first orgasm. They all did it.

He pulled back through Ashlee's desperate, incoherent coital babbling, his thick girth sliding along her extremely sensitive G-spot and pushing her over the edge onto a second orgasm. It was really too easy. He fell into an easy rhythm of stroking into and out of her, savoring the feeling of her tight, hot, wet insides on his malehood while she rode his cock through orgasm after toe-curling orgasm. All the while, he felt like *could* cum if he wanted to, but he never felt like he *had* to.

About 10 minutes in, he grabbed her hips and drove her down onto his cock as far as she would go. She wasn't quite deep enough to take all of him, and two inches still remained outside as he rolled them both over, deftly keeping himself inside of her. Then she was on her back on the bed. He grabbed her legs and began thrusting violently in and out of her, making her scream and cry as her orgasms got harder and closer together. The feeling of her pussy on him was *amazing*—much better than that ferret had been—but he still felt like he could keep going as long as he wanted to.

He gave it another 10 minutes or so and then grabbed her and flipped her onto her stomach under him.

"Doggy style—your favorite!" he growled in her ear.

She was barely coherent enough to get her arms and legs under herself and brace for the oncoming onslaught. The new position aligned Zac's cock where its thick girth could just barely graze her clit on its way in, and as he started to thrust once more, Ashlee's mind went completely blank. She couldn't think, couldn't even form coherent words in her mind, let alone speak them. She didn't really feel his cock moving inside her anymore; she was riding a tidal wave of pleasure, and his individual thrusts were barely differentiable ripples sitting on top of it. She lost complete track of time.

"About had enough?" Zac asked.

Ashlee didn't respond; she couldn't even hear him. Zac took her silence as a yes—it *had* been about an hour, after all, and it was about time *he* got something out of this. He began to thrust much harder, slamming the tip of his dick against her cervix roughly and relishing the thought of one day breaking through it.

Ashlee felt something...something a little uncomfortable, but too far off for her to care about. Then she felt something wet...

Something hot...

Something wet and hot...leaking out of her.

She came to a little bit and found herself still on all fours with Zac's cum leaking out of her pussy. Her mind was still hazy, but there was something about that...something she didn't like...what was it?

Her eyes suddenly focused, and she remembered how to speak.

"Zac, did you *cum* in me?!" she cried, looking over her shoulder at him.

"Yeah," he shrugged, "I didn't make it out in time."

Rage flooded through Ashlee's veins. "You bastard! You inconsiderate jerk!" she yelled. "You have *no* right to cum in me!"

"Hey, you weren't telling me no," Zac replied casually. "You have to remind me about these things. Some girls like it."

"No girls like it!" Ashlee snapped, grimacing as she felt his spooge dripping down her inner thigh. "I've told you *every single time* not to cum inside me! It's *gross*, and you could get me pregnant! You're just an asshole who does whatever the hell he wants!"

"First off, no, I can't get you pregnant, or did you forget biology?" Zac replied, "And two, you love it," he said, leaning over to kiss her on the nose. "Admit it: you *like* me being an asshole—you *all* do."

"We just like your cock; we could do without you," Ashlee muttered.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!" she said.

Zac shrugged as he sprawled next to her on the bed.

"Um, Zac?" Ashlee asked tentatively as she started to put her clothes back on.

"Hmm?" Zac asked, already back at his phone.

"Do you really think I'm only a seven?" she asked.

"On a good day," Zac replied. "Most days, you're like a five."

Ashlee bristled. Her lust sated, Zac's cock lost its power over her.

"You fucking prick!" she snapped, grabbing his phone and slamming it down on the bed.

Zac looked up, surprised.

"Seriously? A fucking *five*?! I'm the hottest girl on campus, and you call me a fucking *five*?!"

Zac shrugged. "Doesn't say much for the chicks on campus, does it?" he asked.

"You know what? Fuck you, Zac!" Ashlee snarled. "You're a shitty person! We're through! You don't just treat people like that!"

Zac shrugged. "Your loss," he said, reaching under her hand, deliberately grabbing and lifting his phone, and resuming pecking away at it.

"So that's it?" Ashlee demanded. "Just 'fuck you' and we're through? Not even gonna try to put up a fight?"

Zac glanced up from his phone. "What, you think I need *you*? Let's not forget that you were one of a dozen chicks *begging* me to date you."

"But I'm the reason you have this room in the sorority house with girls lined up out the door! If it weren't for me, you—"

"What?" Zac asked, putting his phone down and looking her square in the eye, "If it weren't for you...what? I couldn't get pussy? Please! Even if you were to tell every girl on campus that I had herpes, they'd *still* be lining up at the door. Face it, Babe, nobody else has *this* package," he said, gesturing with both hands to his crotch. "Without you, I go back to my own pad and let the girls line up in the hallway." He sat up and lowered his voice. "But without *me*, your little sorority loses its status, doesn't it?" he asked evenly. "Zac, will you fuck the sociology professor so Riley can pass?" He snorted. "Never *mind* the fact that Dr. Morris is like a hundred years old and has an old, dried-up cooch that smells like a bat died in it! But *sure*, Ashlee, whatever you need." He scoffed and shook his head. "And that *is* what you've been telling everybody, isn't it? 'Come to Sigma Epsilon Chi: we've got Zac: his cock will make you pass out, and then he'll help you pass your classes.' Wasn't that the little motto you came up with? Gosh, Ashlee, that sure sounds like sex slavery to me! Aren't you just the devious little madam?" he finished with a look of mock-astonishment.

Ashlee clenched her fists, her teeth gritted as she took slow, deep breaths to calm herself down.

"That's what I thought," Zac said. "Now you just get all gussied up; wouldn't want the others to think you'd lost your composure, now, would you? And then send the next one in."

Ashlee took another deep breath and got dressed, smoothed her hair, and hoped like hell she wasn't pregnant. Without another word to Zac, she plastered on her signature smile, opened the door, stepped out, and sent the next girl in, a bespectacled rabbit who had shown up the first time last week and who had begged Ashlee nonstop for another turn ever since.

Zac looked up and frowned. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Sarah," the rabbit replied, already breathing heavily. "We had sex last week, and it was *amazing!*"

Zac looked skeptical. "Sex? With you?" He shook his head. "Nah, you've gotta be thinking of someone else."

"No, Zac, I'm sure! We did it right here on this bed! I'd never *dreamed* that sex would feel so good!" the rabbit said earnestly, eagerly taking off her top and stepping up to the bed. "You were over there at the foot of the bed, I was lying on my back, and you were filling me with such pleasure as I'd never imagined!"

"Whoa, hey," Zac said, getting off the bed, holding his hands up, and taking a step back. "There is *no* way I would fuck you unless I was super-drunk."

"Oh, we were *both* drunk," Sarah said, shivering excitedly. "Ashlee got me to stop studying and come to a party, and then she started giving me drinks. I was feeling pretty loopy when she brought me up here. She said something about us having a good time, and then she closed the door and left us both here. You didn't have any clothes on, and the smell of sex reeked in the air. At first it was off-putting, but when I saw you lying there, it suddenly started to smell *really* good. I was kinda nervous, but the alcohol made me feel a little braver. You said something and kinda gestured to the bed. I—I just couldn't help myself! I took off my clothes, and then you rolled over on top of me. I didn't even cry when you broke my hymen; it felt so good! And then you started making passionate love to me, and I was just soaring above the trees, floating in the clouds! It was—"

"Look, I dunno what you think happened," Zac interrupted, "But I must have been drunk out of my *mind* to fuck you. Look at yourself! And for fuck's sake, put your shirt back on! Damn, even your tits are ugly." He shook his head.

Sarah gaped, and she stood there in disbelief.

"But...you...you took my virginity," she murmured. "It was..."

She shook her head, not believing, *refusing* to believe.

"Out!" Zac ordered, flinging the door open and shoving her out, still clutching her top in her hand.

"Ashlee, this is *exactly* what I'm talking about! Keep the damn riff-raff out! Geez, this one's a fucking gorgon! Two out of ten at best! Even Dr. Dr. Morris would have been better!"

With that, he slammed the door behind Sarah, who stood there, aghast, in front of a dozen sorority girls all waiting for their turn on Zac's cock. Sarah didn't know who started it, but titters and whispered murmurs of "gorgon" reached her sensitive ears.

"So, uh, you gonna put your shirt back on, or are you gonna keep flashing us, Ms. Gorgon?" one of the girls asked.

Sarah's face burned in embarrassment. She stood, paralyzed with humiliation before clutching her shirt to her chest and running past them, fleeing as angry tears streamed down her face. She ran out of the sorority house, past the library, up the stairs to her dorm room, and slammed the door behind her, locking it shut and sinking to the ground with her back to it.

Only then did the sobs start, competing for air with gasping from the hard running. Burning, angry tears streamed down her face and moistened the carpet between her feet as she wrapped her arms around her legs and cried. She couldn't *believe* how cruel Zac had been and how the females had joined in to pick on her, too! Surely they must have *some* compassion!

Her eyes crossed the room to her bookcase, where a thick, leather-bound, book towered over the rest. A thought crossed her mind, but she closed her eyes and shook her head.

"No," she said softly, "I won't stoop to his level. Just because he's a jerk doesn't mean I have to be one, too."

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She looked away, but the book drew her gaze again. Again she shook her head. “What would I even do?” she asked herself. “If I turned him into something, people would come looking for him. If I killed him, I’d never be able to live with myself.”

She shook her head yet again. “No, he’s a jerk, and I’m better than that.”

Resolved and feeling a bit better from her cry, she stood up, only to double over, clutching her groin.

“Oof...but I *gotta* do something about that!” she said to herself, stripping off her clothes and desperately rubbing her clit.

The next morning, Sarah was walking down a hallway in the furmanities building to the library when she heard a familiar voice, the voice of one of the sorority girls from the evening before. Not wanting to be seen and reminded of her humiliation, she quickly tucked herself against the corner where the hallways met and tried to disappear from existence.

“He is such a *jerk!*” a voice said.

“I know what you mean,” another answered.

“Do you know what he actually *said* to me? He said that it was a good thing my pussy felt all right because there wasn’t much use for the rest of me!”

“Wait, he actually *said* that?!”

“Yeah.” The person’s voice sounded dejected.

“Well, come on, Brianna, you know better! You’re smart, make really good grades, and are awfully sexy” the other said encouragingly.

“Thanks, Celine. And...I know, but it just really hurts to hear, you know?”

“Yeah. Zac is an absolute jerk—”

“He pretty much thinks he’s the gods’ gift to females.”

“—but you *know* the alternative.”

Brianna sighed. “Yeah. I *know* I should give him up, find someone else to...make me feel good...but—”

“But it’s like an addiction, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. I wonder if quitting cigarettes is this hard?”

“Heh, on one hand, you *know* it’s bad for you, but on the other hand, it feels so *bad* if you try to do without.”

There was a pause. Sarah was a bit torn: on one hand, she knew *exactly* what these girls meant, but on the other hand, they had been nasty to her the night before. Maybe it served them right? But if that was true, then did it also serve her right? She shook her head. No, *nobody* deserved to be treated the way he had treated her—or any of them. In a sense, it was a relief to know it wasn’t just her.

“I feel kinda bad about that bunny girl last night,” Celine said, drawing Sarah’s attention back to the conversation. “I mean, that was a *total* dick thing of him to say, calling her a gorgon in front of everybody.”

“I know!” Brianna agreed. “It’s not even that it was that funny; it was just, we were all sitting out there—”

“All worried he was gonna say something nasty to us,” Celine chimed in.

“And it was just an excuse to blow off some nervous energy,” Brianna finished.

“I couldn’t believe that Tammy actually *repeated* it!” Celine said. “Poor girl; I hope she’s okay.”

“I sure wouldn’t be. At least he actually had sex with me; it doesn’t make the walk of shame any more pleasant, but at least it makes it bearable if you leave while you’re still blissful from your orgasm. She didn’t even have that chance!”

"Ugh, I wish there was a way someone could pull him down from that high-horse he's on!"

"Ha, a horse on a high-horse," Brianna said wryly.

"You know what I mean. I wish someone would let *him* feel what it's like to be as embarrassed as he makes us feel! It's bad enough I feel like a total slut for going to him over and over, but then he's degrading before, during, and after, and all his smooth, suave, even charming attitude when he's first meeting you makes it all the harder when he suddenly drops the act and starts treating you like shit."

"Hey, yeah! You know, a thought just occurred to me: he said that it was a good thing *my* pussy felt good because there wasn't much use for the rest of me, but I think that's all bluster because deep down, he knows that's the case for him: I mean, he's a total ass, he's only still in college because he's fucking the dean, and let's face it: he's good-looking, but there are *much* better-looking guys in our classes."

Celine gasped. "Oh, my gosh, I think you're right!" she said. "The *only* reason we put up with him is because he's got a big dick—"

"That feels so good and lasts and lasts..."

"—but if it weren't for that, what good would he be? He'd be a complete nobody!"

Sarah gasped. These two had hit on a way she could exact her revenge and *never get caught*. It was perfect! She could barely think straight; she turned on heel and hurriedly went back the way she came. Already she was piecing words together. She couldn't wait to get home to her book; she had research to do!

As soon as she was out of the building, she took off at a sprint back towards her dorm room. Minutes later, she was inside, closing the door behind her. She looked around; her roommate was on holiday break, but Sarah wanted to make sure she hadn't come back for some reason. She needed privacy and quiet for this, something her hyperactive roommate would not be able to afford her.

She strode quickly over to her bookcase and took down the heavy, leather-bound tome. The title was faded and barely legible after centuries of being handed down through her family, but she knew this book inside and out—or most of it, anyway. She sat cross-legged on the floor, deftly flipped to a section she'd had little occasion to read before, and began flipping through the pages. She knew she'd seen this kind of thing in here before, but she couldn't remember exactly where.

Suddenly she stopped, sucking in a breath. The pages in front of her inscribed with runes older than English itself showed her the recipe she needed.

"Removal of an Abused Natural-Born Gift," she read. "Yes, this should do it! Critical elements: Begin with the words, 'easy come, easy go.' Describe the positive effects of the gift you wish to remove, and then assert that the user has abused it. Name the gift specifically, order it to leave, and describe the intended effect. Sacrifice the reagents, and then name the person whose gift should be removed. Focus your mind on the injustices he or she has committed, and let Nature decide whether the punishment fits the crime. If successful, the effects will be immediate."

She pursed her lips. "I wonder what the reagents are for this; it seems like the price might be pretty steep." Her eyes scanned down the page. "Ah, reagents. Five drops of blood squeezed from the palm of the caster."

She grimaced. She had only ever had to sacrifice her own blood once before, and it was pretty uncomfortable. But she understood why: she couldn't have something for nothing; if she was going to call upon Nature to give her something, she would have to give something in return. She considered the tradeoff. "I guess I'm actually getting off pretty easy," she said to herself. "Then again, it's an *abused* natural-born gift...I suppose maybe Nature sees it as I'm doing the world a favor."

She frowned, cocked her head, and flipped a few pages later in the book. "Whoa!" she said, reeling. "Yeah, that's *got* to be it! If it weren't an *abused* gift, I'd have to give up my dominant thumb! Hmm..."

She flipped back to the original page and scanned the page, looking for warnings. She pursed her lips and nodded. "At least there's a safety built-in," she murmured. "If Nature doesn't believe he's abusing his

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gift, the request will just fail, and I'll be out five drops of blood." She shrugged and then pursed her lips grimly. "That's a chance I'm willing to take."

She stood and went back to her bookcase, unlocked the doors on the bottom, and took out a cast iron pan and a large, white, well-used candle. She placed the candle in the middle of the pan and then hesitated. She *knew* she should wait until nightfall, but it was only 10:00 in the morning. At least it was winter, and nightfall would be only about 6–7 hours away, but still!

"Better to wait and do it right," she said, sighing. "I'd hate to screw it up through impatience."

She reluctantly put the candle and pan back in the bottom of the bookcase and locked it again.

She groaned. "How am I *ever* going to study when I'm thinking about this?" she muttered to herself. "Oh, wait!" She sprung her fingers off her forehead. "Duh! I haven't even figured out the words, yet!"

She grabbed a piece of paper and began working things out. "Okay, so start with 'easy come, easy go.' Heh, might as well be 'easy *cum*, easy go!' What are the good parts of his gift? Well, he definitely gets all the females going." She blushed. "Myself included, but don't worry; I'll be free of your spell soon enough! Hmm...what's the gift I actually want to get rid of? Charm? No. Strength? No. Size? Well, I don't wanna make him tiny; I just want him to not be able to keep up. Ah, stamina! Yes. Hmm...no, let's use 'fortitude.' That'll sound better. What do I want to happen? I want him to be ashamed, embarrassed...as humiliated as he's made us all feel! Name him? Well Zac, that's easy. Now to make it all rhyme."

She worded and reworded the script a number of times, reading it back to herself and checking for meter. Finally, she held it in her hands and nodded in satisfaction. "It's not perfect, but given the subject-matter, I'd say it'll work."

She checked her watch and groaned; it was still only 11:00.

"Well, maybe time for an early lunch," she said.

The hours dragged by; she ate a light salad for lunch and then tried to study for her furmanities class, but she kept thinking about what a jerk Zac was and how much he deserved to reap what he sowed. She kept having to pacify herself with the thought that in just a few more hours, she'd finally give him his just deserts, but still the clock ticked painfully slowly. Around 4:00, she finally gave up and started pacing. She considered having dinner, but she found she just didn't have the appetite.

Meanwhile, Sigma Epsilon Chi was not waiting for sundown—or the end of the school day, for that matter—to start the weekend.

"Ladies, welcome!" Ashlee said, opening the door for the latest group of sorority sisters.

"Is he here?" one of them asked, biting her lip.

"Who?" Ashlee asked innocently.

"Your boyfriend, of course!" the fur replied. "I've been dying since Thursday."

"That was yesterday," Ashlee said, grinning and raising an eyebrow.

"I know, and I'm not gonna last until tomorrow!" the fur replied as she stepped inside.

"Oh, yes, Zac is here; I've got him working overtime to start the weekend," Ashlee replied with a wink and a conspiratorial smile. "I do have to say, though, that he's been in high demand lately, so I've told him to stop after three."

"Three?! I'll get off three times just by him pushing in!" the fur protested.

"I know, but there are still people waiting from this morning, and I'm really trying to get him caught up," Ashlee said apologetically. "He—"

"Hey, Ashlee!" Zac called from the top of the stairs, not a scrap of clothing on him, "This'd go a lot faster if these sluts would just take their clothes off before they got in!"

"Sluts?" one of the freshmen asked indignantly. "Is that all he sees us as?"

"Go back to your room, Zac!" Ashlee called, pinching the bridge of her nose as several of the regulars exchanged knowing glances.

"Seriously, I gotta get a change of scenery," Zac called. "I've been in here for like two days!"

Ashlee sighed and gave an apologetic smile to the newcomers as she took her leave and flew up the stairs to him, pushed him into the room, and closed the door behind them.

"Zac," she said sternly, "You're really getting obnoxious, you know that?"

"So what?" Zac asked. "You've got the chicks lined up all the way around the house!"

"But there are a lot of newbies today, and you've already managed to offend several of them."

"So? What's your point?" the stallion asked, sprawling on the bed.

Ashlee sighed, and then a thought came to her mind. "She was cute, Zac. Really hot."

Zac glanced over. "How hot?"

"Like a ten," Ashlee said.

"Psh, not possible," Zac said, shaking his head. "There's no such thing as a ten at this school."

"Seriously, Zac; she was hotter than I am!" Ashlee said.

Zac's ears pricked up, and his cock shifted a bit. Ashlee seized the opportunity.

"You're gonna get a shower, get your clothes on, and then you're gonna go down there and introduce yourself, all right? I'm not gonna lie; it's gonna be hard to undo the damage you've already done, but I'll be your wingman and get you back into her good graces. Then I want you to take her back to her place—it'll give you the change of scenery you wanted—and do your thing with her. Understand?"

Zac snorted, not believing he needed his girlfriend's help in getting hooked up, but if she was offering...

"All right," he said, "Deal."

"And then come straight back. In the meantime, I'll see what I can do about getting the ladies to streamline the process a bit."

Zac nodded, got up, and trotted into the shower. Ashlee sighed and shook her head.

The sun finally sank beneath the horizon, and Sarah eagerly closed the blinds, locked her door, and took out her reagents again. Her heart pounded. It wasn't the first request to Nature she'd ever made—far from it, her parents had been teaching her since she was very young—but it was the first time she'd made a request that would affect someone else adversely. She hesitated; was she really doing this as a benefit to society, or was she doing it just for revenge? She wondered what her parents would think if they knew what request she was about to make.

Of course, she couldn't ask them; as far as they knew, she was still a virgin. She snickered in spite of herself, thinking of the kind of requests her father would make of Nature if he found out what had happened; she imagined the sacrifice for such a request would be such that he might end up losing a hand over it!

Better to spare them that knowledge—and her father his hand—Sarah reasoned. She took her clothes off and stacked them neatly on her dresser. It would be better, of course, to make this request outside, perhaps in the middle of a little copse, but with the cold weather, she figured Nature would understand her limitations.

Sitting in the middle of her floor, she consecrated a circle with white chalk, placed the pan in the center, and placed the candle in the middle of it. Setting a sharp dagger beside her, she crossed her legs, lit the candle, closed her eyes, and took a few deep breaths to steady herself and clear her mind. An image of

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Zac flashed through her thoughts. She snatched the image and began to focus hard on it. When he was all she could see, she took a slow, deep breath and began the incantation.

“Easy cum, easy go; just stroke your cock and watch it grow. Females bend beneath your will, your strength, your lust, your latent skill.”

Though there was no draught in the room, the candle-flame flickered; Nature was listening.

“But with your gift you’ve gone awry; your recompense is nearly nigh.”

The flame grew larger and more agitated.

“Fall down from that lofty place; cast thyself into disgrace. Fortitude once overflowing, leave him now! Go on, get going! When his cock does spurt with faintest breeze, his shame we’ll see with greatest ease.”

The flame engulfed the entire candle, blazing in the pan yet not letting off even a wisp of smoke. Sarah opened her eyes, took up the dagger, and sliced cleanly along her palm between her head and heart lines, wincing as she felt the keen edge of the blade bite into her flesh. She put the knife down, closed her eyes, focused on Zac, and made a fist above the lapping flame.

“With a drop of blood and a pinch of flame, Zac, your ego I will tame!” she said firmly.

She squeezed her fist, and a drop of blood fell onto the burning candle. The flame licked it up greedily and grew, demanding more. A second drop fell as she focused on the hurtful things Zac had said; a third fell as she focused on the way he treated her; a fourth fell as she focused on the way he treated others, and the fifth fell as she focused on the words the girls in the hallway had said.

With the fifth drop, the flame disappeared, not leaving even a puff of smoke as evidence of its presence. Sarah was cast into darkness.

“Allie, this is Zac,” Ashlee was saying, putting her hand on Zac’s shoulder as she introduced them. He wore perfectly fitting blue jeans that seemed carelessly thrown on yet not sloppy and a brown leather jacket that made his eyes really stand out.

Allie looked at him suspiciously, but it was hard to stay mad at someone so incredibly good-looking! He even smelled nice!

“I’m sure I don’t need to, but I just love to brag on my boyfriend,” Ashlee said as the two reached out to shake hands.

“Allie,” Zac said, his demeanor and voice brimming with charm as he flashed a smile. “Like Ashlee, but without the sh—”

“Zac’s very gifted!” Ashlee hastily interrupted. “Have you, uh, ever been with a guy before, Allie?”

The fox blushed. “Erm, well, yeah...there was one time at senior prom...” she said.

“He was terrible, wasn’t he?” Zac asked, raising an eyebrow cockily.

Allie said nothing and avoided eye contact.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, such a shame,” Zac said, stepping over beside her to wrap an arm around her. “I bet he got a few strokes into you and then got off, rolled over, and went to sleep, didn’t he?”

Allie swallowed.

“He left you high and dry, huh?” Zac shook his head. “It’s a real shame that more guys can’t be more like me, able to really get you ladies off. It’s downright selfish, really!”

“But...you...didn’t you say we were all just sluts?” Allie asked.

Zac coughed. *Better not mess this one up! She’s not quite a ten, but she is about a nine, maybe a nine and a half!* “Well, uh, you see...”

“Zac’s just a little tired, is all,” Ashlee chimed in.

"I'm not tired!" Zac protested.

"After a whole day of pleasing the ladies," Ashlee said through gritted teeth, giving him a significant look, "He's just really a bit *tired* and not like his *usual self*!"

"Oh...uh, right," Zac said, nodding. "Yeah, no, I would *never* treat a lady so cheaply!"

"No, of course he wouldn't," Ashlee said, smiling.

She moved in a little closer and whispered in Allie's ear. Allie gasped, and her eyes went wide as she looked in disbelief from Ashlee to Zac and back.

"Right *here*?!" she hissed. "But what if people see?"

"Oh, no...you're not going to have sex right here!" Ashlee laughed, "Just, you know, get a feel for what he's packing. Go ahead, just feel through his jeans right there. He won't mind."

Ashlee glanced down at the huge bulge in the front of Zac's jeans and then back up at his face. He smiled casually and nodded. She swallowed hard and tentatively stuck her paw out, her eyes wide with awe.

Zac gasped the second they made contact, and his whole body convulsed. His face turned bright red, and a flicker of horror crossed his face.

"Zac? Are you okay?" Ashlee asked, shocked at his reaction.

"Uh...um...yes?" Zac squeaked. "I...uh..." He coughed. "I, um...am just so turned on that my, uh...junk got stuck in a crease. Would you ladies excuse me just a second?"

Allie nodded, looking a bit bewildered as Zac and Ashlee exchanged glances and he hurried off to the bathroom.

"What the fuck?!" he hissed to himself as soon as he'd locked the door.

He dropped his pants and gasped in horror. Thick, white fluid coated his underwear. He shook his head and looked again.

"Nah...it *couldn't* be!" he said, squinting and looking again.

He quickly grabbed some toilet paper and blotted up the mess, refusing to believe that what he saw was actually...he couldn't even say it.

"You know what, I musta pissed myself," he said at last. "Yeah, I've been stuck in that room for so long, I haven't had a chance to take a leak, and then when she touched me, it reminded me how badly I had to go!"

He sighed in relief and stood over the toilet. "Better make sure *that* doesn't happen again!" he said as he noisily emptied his bladder.

Finished and relieved, he got his underwear and pants back on but grimaced at the feeling of the residual fluids pressed up against his dick. A nagging doubt kept poking at the corners of his mind, but he refused to pay it any attention. He washed his hands, stepped back out, and rejoined the others.

"All better?" Ashlee asked. Her face was pleasant, but Zac could tell from her tone that she knew something was going on.

"All fine," he said, his suave, disarming demeanor back. "Like I said, just a bit of a wardrobe malfunction."

"Mmm," Allie said, licking her lips in spite of herself, "I wouldn't mind you having a wardrobe malfunction at my place..."

"While you were gone, I told her about how you can just last and last," Ashlee said. "I told her she wouldn't be disappointed! Isn't that right?"

"Of course!" Zac replied, grinning. "Some singers like to talk about going all night long, but I can actually *do* it."

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"Just think," Ashlee said, "All of that meat stuffing you, filling you, making you feel so good...and getting to do it as many times as you can stand before Zac finally pulls out and finishes on your chest."

"Uh, you use condoms, right?" Allie asked nervously.

"No risk of pregnancy, Allie," Ashlee said reassuringly, giving Zac a warning look, "He pulls out beforehand, and believe me, you *don't* want to have those glorious ridges on his cock dulled by a piece of dumb rubber."

"Mmm..." Allie said, pursing her lips apprehensively. "You're sure, right? I mean, I really don't wanna get pregnant."

"You have my word," Zac said, flashing a smile and giving her the most earnest of looks. "I respect you ladies and your wishes."

A faint smile crossed Allie's face. "Well, um...in that case..." She swallowed. "You wanna...come back to my place?"

Zac smiled and nodded, offering his arm, which she took ecstatically as Ashlee winked at her and waved them off.

"Hey, what about us?" someone called from the top of the stairs as Zac disappeared out the door.

"Just give him a breather," Ashlee called back up. "I had to let him blow off some steam before he did something stupid!"

As soon as they were outside, Allie tugged on Zac's hand, and they began to lightly jog to her room.

"Whoa, uh, a little eager?" Zac chuckled as they made it to her door.

"You have no idea," Allie replied, fumbling with her keys to get the door unlocked and then quickly ushering him inside. "The guy at the prom...well...he wasn't *all* bad. He *almost* managed to get me off once before he came. It left me feeling really excited and frustrated. I've been really curious ever since what it would be like if he had kept going."

"Well, then, let's not waste any time!" Zac said, his voice slightly hoarse with excitement, "Let's let you find out!"

They both quickly doffed their clothes, leaving them in piles on the floor, and then Zac climbed up into Allie's bed and lay on his back. Allie's eyes went wide with awe.

"Wow," she breathed, her hands approaching but not quite touching Zac's impressive package. "It's...it's way bigger than I imagined!"

Transfixed, she reached out and grasped his shaft. Zac's eyes bulged.

What?! he gasped, feeling his balls beginning to contract. *No, you're joking!*

Allie took his sudden jerk as a sign of pleasure and eagerly brought his throbbing meat to her lips. She licked it once and then opened her jaw and pushed him inside.

Zac gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and grunted as he felt his tail flag under him.

Shit...shit!

With a loud groan, he fired down her throat, his cock pulsating. Her eyes went wide in surprise, and she quickly pulled him out of her mouth, coughing as his cock spurted a few more times, leaving thick globs of horse cum on her bedspread.

Zac panted, his heart pounding from having just gotten off and his head pounding with anxiety over having gotten off twice without even going inside of her.

"Wait..." Allie said, completely dumbfounded. "You...did you just *cum*? But I didn't even start sucking! Even my prom boyfriend lasted longer than that!"

Shit, Zac, shit! Think! What the fuck is going on?

"I, uh...well, that was, um...a...a preview of coming attractions!" Zac finally managed, flashing a weak grin.

Allie cocked her head and raised an unimpressed eyebrow. "Really?" she asked, unconvinced.

"Yeah, um, of course!" Zac stammered. "After all, you saw the line of ladies waiting on me. I must be doing *something* right, right?"

Oh, shit, Zac...what is going on? I never get off before I'm ready. I'm not one of those inferior males who can't control his orgasm! I'm fucking Zac Fjord! I get off when I damn well please!

"So...does that mean you're ready to go again?" Allie asked hopefully. "I mean, my boyfriend just kinda fell asleep afterwards."

Well, that's something, at least... Zac comforted himself. *I can still go again right after finishing!*

"Absolutely!" he said. "Why don't we get to the good part—er, the good part for you, though, huh?"

"Definitely!" Allie said, brightening.

Zac swallowed nervously as the gorgeous fox straddled him, her perfect, tawny-colored breasts floating effortlessly on her chest, her beautiful face biting her lip in anticipation, those *hips* lowering down onto his throbbing rod...

Oh, fuck, those hips...

And then he felt her heat on his cock, and a whimper escaped his lips.

Fuck, what do those lowlifes think of when they don't wanna get off? Baseball? Ooh, Dr. Morris!

He shuddered, thinking about the aged walrus as Allie pushed herself down around his cock.

Damn, she felt good, but he wasn't about to cum this time. He sighed in relief. Whatever it was that was going on, apparently it was over now. Now all he had to do was focus on that hot, tight little pussy as it slid over him.

"Oh, fuck!" Zac cried, shoving hard and emptying his balls once again. Cum noisily spurted out around his cock.

Allie gasped. On one hand, the feeling of fullness was unlike anything she'd ever felt—she was already beginning to feel that wave of bliss rising up—but the feeling of having just been cum inside of made her pupils constrict with fear.

"I—I thought you would pull out?" she gasped, fighting the urge to yell at him.

"I...uh..." Zac said, his mind bleary from worry over what was happening to his stamina.

"Look, uh...you feel good inside me, so let's just...keep going, huh?" Allie asked, desperately close to orgasm.

Zac gritted his teeth and nodded. Allie pulled up to impale herself on him again, but his cock shriveled inside of her as she came back down, not making it more than about two inches into her.

"Wait...no..." Allie protested. "I thought you had great stamina and could just go and go? Why aren't you hard?"

"I—I don't know!" Zac cried, panicking. "It's just...you..."

"Me?!" Allie gasped. "But everybody says you fucked Dr. Morris! What do you mean, *me*?!"

Got to save face, Zac urged himself. I don't know what's going on, but it must be her fault!

"Yeah, it's you!" Zac said, his eyes suddenly flashing. "What the fuck did you do to me? I can last for fucking ever! And then you come along, and I can't last more than a minute!"

"I don't know what's wrong with *you*," Allie snapped, suddenly feeling humiliated and angry, "But you can either get hard and finish what you started, or you can get out of my room!"

A chance to redeem myself... Zac thought. He shook his head. *No, not to redeem myself, to redeem her! I'm perfect, and she's the fucked-up one! Still...*

"Okay, fine," he sighed, crossing his arms.

Allie looked at him expectantly. "Well, are you gonna get hard or what?" she asked after a pregnant pause.

"That's typically *your* job," Zac retorted. "Are you gonna fluff me or not?"

Allie gritted her teeth. The feeling of her orgasm was beginning to fade. On one hand, she was so close, and she didn't want to lose the opportunity—especially if she was already risking pregnancy!—but on the other hand, Zac was acting nothing like he was before, and a voice in the back of her mind told her to just kick him out. Eventually, though, lust won out, and she climbed off of him and fished around in his sheath, trying to find his cock.

"Ow! Geez, be easy with it!" Zac protested.

"If I'm not doing it right, then maybe *you* should be trying to get yourself hard!" Allie snapped.

Get myself hard? Zac thought, the idea taking him aback. It had been so long since he'd had to jack off, he wasn't sure he even remembered how! It was always just see a hot girl, get hard, fuck her brains out, and then eventually get off when he got bored.

But Allie's increasingly angry look boring into him made him decide it was at least worth giving a try, and he stroked the head of his cock inside his sheath and got it to emerge. It was still soft and completely floppy, but at least he could see it now. He began to stroke over his head, feeling his leg twitch from the stimulation, but his cock stubbornly refused to get hard. The embarrassment of not being able to perform as Allie waited expectantly made him grow increasingly frustrated, and he jacked himself off harder and harder. He suddenly felt his balls contract again.

No, no, no! he gasped, holding deathly still, but it was too late. He felt his flaccid cock jerk in his hand, and then an insipid trickle of cum leaked down the side of his cock, lacking enough force to even make it airborne.

"Ugh," Allie said, her arousal now completely gone. She stood and pointed at the door. "Get out," she said flatly.

"Lizzie, I can explain," Zac said weakly.

"Lizzie?!" You've already forgotten my name, too? Get *out*, you disgusting...I don't even know what! Get out, get out, get out!"

Zac didn't try to explain again. His whole body burning in shame, he hastily got his pants on and rushed outside without even putting his shirt on.

What the fuck...what the actual fuck? he thought as he hurried away towards the sorority house. *Shit...no...can't go back there, not until I figure out what's going on! Those girls would kill me!* He violently shook his head at the thought of telling Ashlee about it. Of all the girls, she'd kill him the most! No, he had to get away, go someplace private...figure out what was going on. His dorm! Yeah, he could go back there! *Shit, where are my keys?* He sighed in defeat, remembering exactly where he'd left them: on the nightstand in the sorority house upstairs room. It looked like he was gonna have to face his roommate, too.

As quickly and discreetly as he could, he went to his dorm building, climbed six flights of stairs three stairs at a time to avoid meeting anyone in the elevator, and knocked quietly on his door.

"Who's there?" a voice called.

"It's me, Zac," Zac answered, keeping his voice low to avoid catching anyone's attention.

"Who? Speak up."

"Mike, just open the fucking door!" Zac yelled.

He heard footsteps come up to the door, but it didn't unlock.

"Where's your key?" his roommate asked.

"I left it at the sorority house; look, just open the door, Mike! Hurry up!"

"So...go get it?" Mike said.

"Mike, I swear on your life," Zac said, pinching the bridge of his nose, "If anybody sees me out here, I am going to *end* you when I get in there."

Mike sighed, and the door unlocked but didn't open. Zac hastily turned the knob, stepped inside, and closed the door behind him, breathing a sigh of relief. But as upset as he was, he didn't even have the energy to chew his roommate out, who had returned to his desk and was intently reading an anatomy book.

Zac's phone rang, making him jump. He looked at the number; it was Ashlee. *Shit...* He let it ring, hoping she'd leave a message and let it go. The ringing stopped, and he took a breath.

The ringing started again.

"Dude, would you answer your damn phone?" Mike spat. "Geez, go back to the sorority house and let me study in peace!"

Gritting his teeth and exhaling sharply, Zac answered the phone.

"Zac? Where are you?" Ashlee demanded.

"I, uh...I'm on my way back," Zac said, doing his best to save face.

"Well, what's taking you so damn long? Allie is back, and boy, did she have some things to say about you!"

"It's, I—I can explain," Zac stammered.

"Well, you'd better start, then!"

"I—"

"Is it true? Did you really cum inside of her after she *just* told us she didn't want you to?"

"Well, uh..."

"Did you *really* go soft, and were you *really* unable to get hard?"

"Well, I, uh..."

"Look, Zac, I know you think you're better than everybody on campus, but if you're really gonna say that she's too ugly to have sex with like you did with Sarah, then fuck you! You're making the sorority look bad, and that makes *me* look bad! You think *Allie's* not hot? Well, how about you just try finding your own girl when I tell everybody that you can't even stay hard!"

"No! Don't do that! Come on, Ashlee—"

"Get your ass over here, Zachary Fjord, *right now*."

The line went dead, and Zac swallowed hard.

"Busted," Mike sing-songed without looking up, but Zac could see a hint of a grin on his studious roommate's face.

"Shut up," Zac spat as he got his jacket on and slammed the door on his way out.

Shit, she is gonna be furious, Zac thought. No, can't let this be about me. It's Esmerelda's fault—or whatever that fox's name is—got to pin this on her!

His stomach turned as he made it to the sorority house. The door opened, and Ashlee grabbed him by the arm, escorted him up the stairs past two dozen girls all saying, "Oh, thank goodness, he's finally back!" or something to that effect, and slammed the door to the sex room behind them.

"Ashlee, I can explain," Zac said as soon as the door was closed. "I—"

"Did you cum in her mouth or not?"

"I, well..."

"It's an easy answer, yes or no, Zac. Which is it?"

"Well, you see..."

"Yes. Or. No. Zac?"

Zac gulped. "Yes."

Ashlee took a deep breath and let it out, her jaw firm. "Did you cum in her pussy? Yes or no?"

Zac swallowed hard. "Yes."

"Let me guess, you just couldn't get out in time, right?" Ashlee scoffed.

"It...it really happened!" Zac sputtered. "I don't know what's going on, Ashlee! Something's really wrong!"

"Bullshit!" Ashlee yelled. "Strip!"

Zac meekly did as told, and they were both soon naked. Ashlee looked expectantly at him, but seeing that he wasn't going to try to get himself hard, she pressed her lips to his crotch and began sucking hard, pulling his cock out of its hiding place. But try as she did, she could not get him hard. She had once prided herself on her ability to get *anyone* hard, but now his stubborn prick was proving to be her match.

"Fuck it," she said, pushing him down on the bed, "If I have to jam it in there myself, I will!"

She jacked his cock a few times to get it pulled enough out of his sheath enough to at least give her something to work with and then grimaced as she straddled him and jammed his still-soft cock into her.

The second his flesh felt her hot, moist insides around it, he whimpered and feebly shot into her.

"Are you fucking *kidding*!?" Ashlee yelled as Zac's cock hastily retreated back into its sheath. "You get me off right now, Zac! Right now!"

"But my dick doesn't work!" Zac cried.

"Use your tongue! Your fingers! You know, what *every other guy* does!"

Zac grimaced as she moved her pussy over his face. "Ugh, it smells like jizz and fish!" he mumbled.

"Shut up and lick!"

But having never used his tongue, Zac had no idea what he was doing. He couldn't tell what her G-spot felt like, and his fumbling actions were more frustrating than stimulating. His fingers were no better. All the while, his mind screamed at him that his dick would be so much easier to use if it would just cooperate.

Finally, desperate and furious, Ashlee got off of him and began putting her clothes on.

"Ashlee, wait!" Zac protested.

She paused, looking at him expectantly.

"Don't forget to do your hair; you don't want to look like you lost your composure."

With a shout, Ashlee slapped Zac as hard as she could, did *not* do her hair, and threw open the door.

"Ashlee, what's wrong?" her sorority sisters asked, taken aback by how furious she looked.

"Apparently our golden boy has forgotten how to get hard," Ashlee spat. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go get a vibrator or two."

A look of panic spread across the sorority girls' faces, and they descended on the room, demanding that Zac get them off and jeering at his inability to get hard.

"Good for absolutely nothing now that his cock is broken," one said.

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“He’s about a three when his dick works; now? A zero!”

“Ohh, that’s good,” Sarah said, gazing into a crystal ball and rubbing her clit. “*Fee!* that humiliation, you asshole! Ohh!”

She shuddered in pleasure as she felt her orgasm ripple through her. True, it was nowhere as good as the one he’d given her, but that wasn’t going to be an option from now on, was it? She sighed, lying back on her bed as she thought wistfully how he would have kept rubbing and stimulating her even when she thought she couldn’t take it anymore, how her orgasms would stack on top of each other and end up exploding like the finale of a fireworks display throughout her body.

“If only he weren’t such an ass,” she said, absent-mindedly stroking her clit in her afterglow. “If only...”

She gasped and stopped rubbing herself, rolled out of bed, and went to her book. Quickly thumbing through the pages, she put it down on her desk.

“I suspect we girls’ frustration will be short-lived,” she said, grinning, “And I know just the boy.”

She picked up her phone and dialed a number. A picture appeared of a shy-looking elephant.

“Hey, Liam. I, uh, wondered if you had some time to study tonight for our furmanities test on Monday?” she asked. “Oh, I see, well...don’t interrupt your plans for me. Oh...are you sure? Well...thanks, Liam. I really appreciate it!”

She hung up the phone, and Liam’s picture disappeared. She *knew* he would give up his weekend plans for her—or for anybody. Such a nice guy deserved a break now and then. Her eyes traced over the entry in the book, “Blessings to the Deserving,” and she smiled deviously. “We’ll be studying furmanities all right, and then *he* will be *my* gift to furmanity—well, the females at least.”

There was a soft knock at the door, and she quickly got dressed and opened it.

“Oh, hi, Liam!”