

Kaley's Back...

PHI MOO

3

Lyka Bloom

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PHI MOO 3

by Lyka Bloom

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It was a stereotype, he knew that. Being high school sweethearts and running off to college together. Neither of their parents were crazy about the idea, but Steph reminded them that she had always been the perfect girl for them. All through her early years, she was a model child. The top of her class since she was in elementary school and a wispy girl with golden hair and a wide grin. Ron met her freshman year of high school, when the kids from the two middle schools in our part of town melded together into the larger high school. They had home room together, to reinforce the cliché, and he was nuts for her from the first time he saw her looking up at Ron from her desk as he entered Coach Schulmann's homeroom. The bearded coach was behind his desk, a scowl on his face as he went down the rolls, when the boy entered, he asked "Ron Deacon?"

"Yes, sir," he said, but his eyes were on Stephanie, even then. Ron took the seat closest to her, studying the blue denim jeans and red sweater she wore, captivated by this striking girl with such perfect skin and engaging hazel eyes.

They danced around one another for a couple of days until she finally asked Ron about some movie and he asked if she wanted to go and the next thing they knew, Stephanie and Ron were a thing. It was great from the beginning.

On prom night, she gave her virginity to him, a prize he'd long sought but didn't rush after, either. Ron was good enough never to pressure her, and was frankly as nervous as she seemed to be about the whole affair. After the dance, they snuck upstairs to her bedroom at her parents' house and tried to keep quiet as Ron put a condom on his eager member around another person for the first time after only making a few practice runs earlier in the day. They were fumbling and scared and Ron felt his stomach drop when she nearly cried after her hymen was pierced, but then it was magic as the pleasure of it and their love for one another took over. The thing he remembered most about that night is the laughter. Once the act was done and they'd both explored each other as much as they were willing or able to the first time, then giggled like children over what they'd done and the fact that it had been them to do it. Together.

That made the decision to move in together easier. They both wanted to go to Helena State, Steph for their design program and Ron because that's where Steph was going. They got a little place on the edge of campus, near the Greek row, where they still felt like they were part of the campus life, but

also removed enough that it could be only the two of them when they wanted.

Ron's curriculum was mostly knocking out electives and the basics until he could find a focus of study besides making Steph happy. She was throwing herself headlong into her new life, taking on an impressive amount of classes and exploring some of the extracurriculars, too. She had the body and enthusiasm to be a cheerleader, but Steph had been disinterested in sports as long as he'd known her.

"I can't even fake excitement for a bunch of Neanderthals chasing a ball," she said any number of times. "But if you want me to wear the uniform, I can be persuaded."

They were rarely adventurous. At least, not sexually. They enjoyed themselves plenty, understandably, but they'd grown up with parents who told them all about how they were good, clean kids. They believed that. They *were* that. At least until Kaley and the sorority.

He was working nights and weekends at that point. The loans and grants they had for college were enough to pay for most things, but neither Steph or Ron wanted to start their lives together under a mountain of debt, so they were being responsible. Watching what they spent, that sort of thing. Ron was working in a bar, mostly running glasses back and forth to the bartenders, who had more experience. It was a mindless job, but good, and he even got some tips from the servers when he ran food to the tables for them. It wasn't a fortune, but the bills were getting paid, Steph was killing it in classes, and all was right with the world. They'd graduate, find jobs, get married and have a couple of good-looking kids that they could complain about while loving entirely. It was a good life they had planned.

He came home from work smelling of cigarette smoke and stale booze like he usually did on a Saturday night and made straight for the shower. It was only after he'd come out and was toweling himself off that he realized he didn't hear Stephanie.

"Steph? Steph?" he called out, ridiculously naked as he made his way around the apartment, from the bedroom to the small office where Steph sat in front of her computer so many nights, to the living room where the television was dark and cool and the second-hand sofa sat unused, the blanket he usually found draped over a half-asleep Steph still folded on the back of the couch.

He hurried to his phone on the ledge that separated the small kitchen from the living room, snatching it off the charger and texting Steph. Ron

stared dumbly at the screen waiting for the digital bubbles to float below his message telling him that Steph was replying. He waited and watched and finally resorted to calling her phone. It went to voicemail once and he immediately dialed again. That time, she answered.

"Hello?" Her voice was hazy and tired.

"Steph? Where are you? Are you okay?"

"What? Yeah, I'm fine. I just lost track of time. I'll be home in just a few minutes. Tell you all about it when I get there."

And then she hung up. He stared down at his phone in disbelief. She'd never been so much as late before without a phone call. They always kept each other informed, and he couldn't remember a time when he came home and Steph wasn't there waiting for him. He felt a mindless, unfocused jealousy.

She walked in the front door less than twenty minutes later, her cheeks flushed and her demeanor manic. She rushed to place her keys in the bowl by the door, then to turn on the television and plop onto the couch, tossing her purse casually in the nearby chair. Her mouth was running a mile a minute, too.

"Sorry I'm so late, I lost track of time. See, I met these girls who are in a sorority at the commons and some of them are in my class so I went back to their sorority house to do some studying and met the oddest girl, but we just kept talking and laughing and then you were calling and I had no idea what time it was. I'm so sorry, Ronnie, I hope you're not too mad."

She looked at him with her captivating eyes and gave him an accomplished pout and that was the end of any anger he held. But his eyes wouldn't budge from her. There was something off about her behavior, there was a constant shifting and fidgeting. Ron sat beside her on the couch and took her into his arms. He could smell some strange scent on her, too, not acrid like the smoke that clung to Ron after work, but something earthy and rich, and it made him think lewdly of cum.

As soon as she was snuggled against him, their lips found each other. The kiss started off innocently enough, but in little time they were tasting the other's tongue as the kiss deepened and his hand found her breast under the college sweatshirt. She moaned when he gave her flesh a tender squeeze, and his fingers closed around her nipples and pinched. She had never been obsessed with her breasts the way Ron was, enjoying the gentle curve of her satisfying B-cups, the way her nipples stood up proudly on her chest when

she was excited. Tonight was another story. She was pulling up her sweatshirt to expose her bra and he unclasped it, opening the cups to spill her soft skin out and to worship her beautiful tits with his tongue. He drew her taut nipple into his mouth and sucked and Steph writhed beneath him. Ron had never seen her this way, panting and licking her lips and begging him with her body. He was pulling her leggings down to expose her smooth, fair-skinned legs and spread them wide. Her pussy was wet and glistening, ready for him.

She worked with Ron to free his cock, which had swollen to its full length. He was as hungry for her as she appeared to be for him, and he wasted little time in driving himself into her wet slit. It was an easy fit. He didn't know that Steph had ever been this wet. He could feel her sticky juices soaking into his pubic hair, slickening his thighs. The sensation only made him hornier for her. He was fucking her hard, driving deep into her, and Stephanie was responding with a helpless pleasure. Her hands were above her head, twisting the sheets. She was making sounds he'd never heard from her before, hungry and animalistic noises.

"Don't stop," she moaned, less a request than an order. "Fuck me!"

Just as Steph was lost in some kind of erotic trance, Ron felt pulled into that vortex, too, and he reached beneath her, lifting her ass until he was sinking himself deep into her, as deep as he could go. She cried out anew, and he knew he'd found her spot. He rocked faster in and out, pumping his hard rod into her until he felt her buck, her back arching. Her hands flew to his back, the nails digging into his skin hard enough to draw tears, but neither of them were stopping, not until the moment of release. That moment was coming with the momentum of a runaway train, neither of them able to tear themselves away.

She came beneath him, his arms still under her as he lifted her. Her hips were rolling against Ron, milking his member until he exploded with her. It never occurred to him to pull out, or that he wasn't wearing a rubber. It was always up to Ron to take care of the birth control, and their unplanned session happened so quick and so lost was he it never occurred to him.

As he rolled off her and stared up at the ceiling of their shared bedroom, his body slick with sweat and Stephanie's nectar, his breath came fast and heavy. He had never fucked Stephanie that way, nor had she ever expressed a desire for that kind of feral rutting. Sleeping on the job, Ronnie, he thought. He hadn't bothered learning her fantasies, those secret things she longed for.

Now something had shifted between them and he felt less reluctant to broach the subject.

"That was incredible," he grinned.

Stephanie curled up to his side, nuzzling her cheek against the crook of his arm. He ran his fingers along her side down to her firm ass and back again while she fidgeted until she found the perfect spot, her body flush with his.

"It was," she mused, her voice slow and syrupy as she relaxed in the glow of her climax. "I like it when you fuck me, baby."

God, it was hot to hear her say it, but it was unlike her, too. Stephanie was the kind of girl who never used foul language when something else would do, even when they were alone. Even when he'd just cum inside her as reckless as a teenager drunkenly swiping the keys to his dad's hot rod. Ron was too tired, too drained to ask more. His beautiful girlfriend had opened a new door to sexual adventure and he'd cum hard. If he'd had the energy, he would have pursued a round two, but the gravity of sleep was too great and he was drifting into the abyss of sleep.

Stephanie was sleeping late and Ron was making breakfast. It was Saturday and the week of school and work was all but done. He had a shift at the bar later, the big night of tips, and then Steph and Ron would both be off on Sunday. That was their day, when they could lounge around all day and shut out the world. The Netflix and chill day.

After the romp from the night before, he was feeling feisty and made French toast and bacon and eggs for the two of them. The smell was incredible and he was salivating as Ron pulled the last of the bacon out of the pan and onto the plate with the paper towels to absorb the fat. He nearly dropped the pan and splattered grease all over the linoleum floor when the knock surprised him. The clock on the microwave mounted over the stove said it was only 8:30, and neither of them were accustomed to unexpected visitors in the busiest hours.

Ron peeked through the peephole and frowned at the pair of girls just outside his door. They were both exceedingly pretty, tan legs and healthy racks shown off by denim shorts and pink sorority tees tied below their tits. One of them was blonde, her hair tied up in pigtails to create that innocent and sultry look that was cliché, but still enticing. The other had dark hair, as black as Ron had ever seen it, worn down and long. She had a deeply tanned face and pale pink lips that begged to be kissed. It was no wonder, Ron

thought, that old men fantasized about nubile college girls. This was the height of their youth and their beauty, and possessed of a certain wanton freedom that came with being away from home, sometimes for the first time.

"Something smells good!" the blond exclaimed at the opening of the door. She was all smiles, and gave a little hop that made her impressive breasts bounce under the pink tee.

"Just making breakfast. Is there something I can help you with?" he asked, leaning against the doorway. He hadn't realized that he'd brought the spatula he used to turn the bacon with him, and it felt stupid in his hand standing before these two beautiful girls.

"We're here to see Stephanie," the raven-haired girl said. "She came by the house yesterday and, well, she made an impression."

Ron chuckled. "She'll do that. Been impressing me for years. She's in bed, though. Whatever you were up to last night, it wore her out."

There was glance traded between the two girls accompanied by knowing smiles. It had been a joke, but the reaction elicited from the words suggested that maybe something did happen last night. Some naughty ritual known only to sorority girls and porn producers.

"Tricia? Becky?"

Ron saw the sorority girls' faces light up before he heard her, and he spun to find Stephanie standing in the hall that led to their living room in her gray cotton shorts and a white tee. She was braless, as she usually was when she slept, and the threadbare tee teased the dark circles of her nipples beneath in a way that felt too lewd for the morning sunlight to fall upon it. Nevertheless, Stephanie waved the girls inside and Ron made himself flat against the door while they entered the apartment. Tricia, the dark-haired girl, gave him a downturned and smoky look when she passed near, and he smelled something on her that wasn't quite perfume or soap, but nevertheless smelled delicious.

"You made breakfast!"

"I did."

Stephanie slipped her arms around Ron, leaning up on her bare toes to kiss him.

"Thank you, baby. Do you mind if Tricia and Becky stay for breakfast?"

"As long as they're willing to share some bacon."

It was easy enough to make more of the French toast. He ran a few

slices of thick bread through his mix of milk and egg and vanilla. While he cooked for them, the girls chattered, and he did his best to pick up the fragments that would tell him why they were on his doorstep on a Saturday morning. All he could figure so far was that they had been awake.

Stranger still, Stephanie did not seem surprised to see them. Even more than Ron, Stephanie was an introvert. She eschewed the Greek culture and sports cults on campus in favor of study. It was Ron that had to negotiate nights out, urging her to try a new restaurant or come with him to the movies. She preferred the comfort of their couch and the spot on said couch nestled against Ron's side, the two of them lost in some marathon of a police procedural or whatever latest Netflix show was getting pushed on them by friends.

Plans were made over breakfast for the girls to go back to the house together, the home of Phi Mu. He was a bit hurt by Stephanie's impromptu plans. They hadn't settled on anything for the day, but just like that his girlfriend was being whisked away to some sorority he had never heard of. It was so unlike her. He wondered, not for the first time, if this was how the beginning of the end felt. Some phrase or behavior, casually introduced into the relationship, that signaled the drift between them would begin subtly and insidiously, and grow until they didn't recognize one another anymore. A break-up would be inevitable. No two people can remain strangers for long, and he wasn't sure if he would like this new version of Stephanie.

He saw them off and got another kiss from Stephanie, one filled with promise. It was a kiss that said, 'I know I'm leaving you, but I'll make good for it in all the ways you like.'

He cleaned, he did laundry, he took a run through campus before work. On the run, he tried to tell himself he only happened by the Phi Mu house, but even that rationalization bore the weight of a lie. He wanted to see the place for himself, see why Stephanie was so consumed by it. Nothing special. A two-story home with tall columns reaching from the front porch to the roof. A pair of windows on each floor flanked either side of the front door, painted a bright and striking red. Well-manicured bushes decorated the front porch and the sidewalk that led to that porch. The Greek letters were mounted on the second floor and were painted a light pink like the shirts Tricia and Becky wore.

A couple of girls were on the porch, chatting with the front door open, enjoying the midday sun and the heat of a spring trying desperately to shake

off the chill of winter. With the day nearing 70, he was pleased to see that the sorority sisters were wearing bikini tops instead of shirts, one in cutoff denim shorts, the other in a pair of tight white shorts that showed off the undercurve of her ass. Neither wore more than that. Both boasted very large breasts, bigger than any girl Ronnie had ever been with. Stephanie was gorgeous, but big boobs had never been her best feature. Maybe it was the grass being greener, but he found a pretty girl with big tits hard to ignore. One of the girls on the porch caught him looking and he turned quickly away, focusing on the very white sidewalk he ran on. Before his eyes broke their gaze, he saw her catch his look. And she smiled.

Work that night was nothing special for a Saturday. That meant a lot of noise, the music played especially loud, and a constant undulating sea of people. One wave would bring a wall of people to the bar, debit cards or cash tucked between two fingers to get his attention. That wave would recede and another would take its place. The circle of life, Hakuna-fucking-matata, Ron thought. He would go home stinking of beer and harder stuff, smoke and the clinging aroma of sweat and the promise of sex.

He was taking a five in the cooler, a welcome respite from the furnace of the packed bar, when one of the cocktail servers entered, fanning her face. Her name was Lyla, and she had a frizzy shock of bright red hair that seemed styled by nature itself with its odd angles and tight curls. They exchanged pleasantries and the usual shared complaints about tips, then a question popped out of Ronnie's mouth before he knew he would ask it.

"Is there anything weird about Phi Mu?"

Lyla frowned for a second, looking up from her server book with its stack of credit card slips inside. "What do you mean weird?"

"I dunno. Anything, I guess. I don't know much about them and Steph is-"

"I'd tell her to steer clear. At least for a little while. I have a friend who's a Phi Mu. I don't know what's in the water over there, but she is going through something."

"Something? Like what?"

Lyla chewed her lip a moment, working out how to say what had gone voiceless until now. "It's like she's high all the time. Not hard drugs, she's not exactly a zombie. Just... I don't know. Happy? But not the right kind of happy. It doesn't make any sense, I know."

Before she could say more, their boss, a lean and tall man named Mike, poked his head into the cooler, looking agitated.

"Are you two going to work tonight or what? The game just let out. Come on."

He left the cooler door open, inviting Lyla and Ron out and back into the heat and cacophony of a college bar at night. Lyla left before the end of his shift and he didn't get a chance to ask more. But her words haunted him all night, popping into his head between customers barking at him for beers and sugary mixed drinks for the ladies. Not the right kind of happy.

Stephanie beat him home, he saw her little hatchback parked in front of the building when he pulled his pickup in beside it. Their bedroom light was on. He was tired from work, and he was carrying the smell of the place with him like that filthy Peanuts character, but he hoped Steph would be interested in seeing if they could manage two nights in a row of outstanding sex. He thought not. Stephanie liked to control that schedule, a fact he learned quickly when they'd first offered up their virginity to one another.

He was curious what she might have gotten up to all day with her pack of nubile sorority sisters. He wanted to question her more about it. The idea that something so substantial in her world view had shifted and left him behind disturbed him. He was practicing the easy way with which he would bring up the subject.

"No big deal," he would begin, "But what's with all the new interest in being in a sorority? It's not like you have talked shit about them your whole life or anything. Just asking as the guy who expects to be beside you the rest of his natural life. Drop me a line in response!"

It was nothing. Less than nothing, probably. Still, opening the door to the apartment and finding that Steph wasn't on the sofa in her black leggings, warm socks pulled up over those leggings at the bottoms. Usually by now she'd be deep into some binge of a television show while her textbook sat opened in her lap. She looked guilty when he caught her like this, as if she'd just been turning on the television for research or something.

Tonight, the living room was dark and the kitchen was lit only by the wan little light under the microwave mounted over the oven. He tossed his keys in the wooden bowl where Steph kept hers, too, and a fair amount of random coupons and gift cards and batteries that made a bed for the haphazardly thrown keys.

"Steph?"

"OoooOooo!"

He was rushing for the bedroom, practically running in the small hallway. The cry was Stephanie's, of that much he was sure. It was low and unlike anything he'd heard from his lover before. He banged hard against the door frame when he reached the bedroom, a bright blossom of pain spreading from the meat of his shoulder. He knew it would be ugly and purple later, but for now he was in panic mode. His eyes were wide, the acrid smell of ozone in his nostrils as his body went on alert.

Steph was in bed, the white sheets beneath the dark comforter bunched beneath her and over her waist. The fingers of her right hand were swallowed by her obviously wet pussy. It was like some kind of lewd magic trick the way she made them disappear and reappear again with a wet squishing sound. She was lifting her hips to greet those fingers, back arching as she fucked herself with abandon. Her other hand was gripping the sheets of the bed as her body tensed and released in rhythm. She was fully nude, and her breasts laid back against her chest, the nipples upturned and hard. Her mouth was open, and there was an animal, pleading look to her self-pleasuring that made him instantly hard.

"Steph?" he asked, this time more tentative. He took an unsteady step toward the bed. Steph's eyes opened and she seemed to register his presence, but that didn't stop her hungry masturbation.

"F-fuck," she moaned. "*F-fuck meeeeeee!*"

Ron would later understand his own strange behavior. For the moment, he only knew he wanted to fulfill Steph's desires. His dick was hard and aching inside the thin khakis he wore to work. The way his briefs were constricting and rubbing his member amplified his arousal, staring down at his writhing girlfriend. She was always beautiful, but something in her mindless, compulsive need for him tapped into some deep and feral fantasy. He shed his clothes, watching her continue to fuck herself with her glistening fingers. Seeing him disrobing brought on another round of moans from Stephanie, that same low sound that frightened him at first. Knowing that this deep and unexpected sound came from a place of pure lust fueled his actions until the only thing Ron wore were a pair of black socks he didn't bother with.

He climbed on the bed, crawling up to Stephanie's delta while she spread her legs wide for him. He could *smell* her, a rich and earthy scent that filled his nostrils. It smelled like sex and need and the promise of satisfaction.

His cock was hard and pointed up at him, as powerful an erection as he could remember. Looking down at his girlfriend, her eyes now open and turned up to him, her mouth open and waiting, he knew that nothing was as important as taking her, claiming her for himself.

He roughly turned her over, her round, firm ass pointing up. Another pull and her knees were beneath her, giving Ron the angle he wanted, presenting Steph's wet snatch to him, lined by her dark pubic hair. He took her by her hips, gripping the soft flesh, sinking himself into her canal. There was no foreplay, no romantic overtures, only the sudden and hot coupling of Ron inside her. Stephanie groaned, a sound no less foreign or animal than the low sound she made before. The sound said she was pleased but needed more. Her picked up the pace, ramming against Stephanie's ass while he pulled himself deep into her slick cavity. She grunted with him at every collision of his flesh with hers.

When the climax came, it never occurred to Ron to pull out. He wanted her just like this, subjugated beneath him as he rammed her ass. When he felt the inevitable eruption rising, he sank himself as far as his pull against her would allow. He threw his head back when he felt that pressure building in his cock release and the sticky seed flowed in thick pumps into Steph's pussy. He held himself inside her while she came, too, a loud and growling climax that made him tighten his grip as she writhed, determined to plant every drop of his cum inside her.

Ron slid out of Stephanie, his cum- and lube-slick member wet and shining with the blend of their fluids. He was panting, half-laughing at the unexpected romp. Stephanie made happy little grunts as she rolled onto her side and wrapped her body against Ron's. He wanted to ask what came over her, why she was so horny, but his attempts to stir her with kisses was met with an annoyed swipe of her hand. She was spent, the action said, come back in the morning. We're closed for business tonight.

He turned out the light by the bed, casting them both in the dark blues of shadowy night. His eyes remained open, staring up at the smooth white ceiling, trying to remember a time when she had behaved even a little like that. The closest he came was one night when they were still in high school. It had been one of those humid nights that came with summer when the air was so thick and stagnant, it exhausted you just to walk around in it. They almost hadn't gone to the fair at all, but Stephanie had been insistent.

Once she had him trapped with her on the Ferris wheel, she had taken

his dick in hand and bent over him, devouring his sex and stunning him with the unexpected blowjob. He came fast, fast enough that Steph was surprised by his sudden expulsion, laughing and jerking back as he expelled his cum. Later, in the car, she told him about how June Keener had told her all about going down on *her* boyfriend, and she wanted to try it, too. She'd never attacked him that way again, until tonight.

The sorority. That's when it started. Something about hanging around those girls was doing something to Steph. He was unsure if he found those changes to be positive or negative, but he had to know. How had they turned his somewhat reserved, if beautiful, lover and turn her into a cum-hungry slut?

His hands were shoved in his pockets, his shoulders hunched, when Ron made his way onto the Greek row. It sat alongside campus like a cat curled against the warmth of its owner, and just as defiant. Where the campus was prim and neat, the bushes carved by buzzing shears into perfect right angles, the Greek row looked like the beginnings of an apocalyptic nightmare. Red Solo cups and colored paper streamers could be found among the parked cars leaking oil and water and rife litter. The frat houses were particularly filthy, but even the brighter sorority houses boasted their share of litter and willful mess. This was the distinction between Greek row on a weekday and on a Sunday, following a wild Saturday.

The Phi Mu house was on the left, wedged between the Sigma house and that of the upscale Alpha Chi. Phi Mu was traditionally a nonentity on campus as best Ron could tell. They garnered neither the most impressive nor the least impressive rushes, and the girls were not known for particular beauty, nor particular unattractiveness. It was the great also-ran of sororities on campus, and this nondescript quality added to Ron's unease as he approached the building.

It was a two-floor structure with a porch that extended from one corner of the house to the other, a wide space decorated by a few chairs and a big trash can that would have held a lot of ice and a keg, should someone be inclined to throw a party at the house. It was wood, painted white and the façade was clean and cheery.

He noticed no one sat on the porch, despite the fact the day was on the other side of noon. Stephanie had been lazy, too, barely registering his departure that morning. She was still nude in bed, one leg draped over him he

had to untangle himself from before starting out. Steph grumbled when he moved her off of him, but she settled quickly back into a deep sleep. If she was taking her recent behaviors from this place, he wanted to know what the hell his girlfriend and her new companions were getting up to in the house at the end of Greek row.

Mounting the steps to the house, he realized he didn't hear anything there, either. No music, no raucous laughter, no talking just a little too loud over the voices of others. Only the wind whining around the corner of the house and the traffic a street over. The hair on the back of his neck stood up, a reptile reaction he did his best to explain away. He rapped on the door with the back of his hand, looking each way down the street. In one of the frat house yards, a young man in a yellow sleeveless shirt and gray track pants was fighting with the carburetor of a push lawn mower.

The door opened when he was still looking at the frat boy fighting with his mower. He turned back to the open door with his usual easy smile, then found it frozen on his face. The girl in the doorway was gorgeous. More than that, she was compelling. Ron didn't know if he had begun speaking only to stop or if he had never spoken at all. His mouth was hanging open, waiting for words, or for the girl to speak. She met his eyes with her own crisp, deep brown gaze, a soft and curious expression on her face. Her face was round and friendly, framed by a tangle of auburn hair that looped in long rings and fell on her shoulders and down her back. The dress she wore was tan, almost the same color as she was, and her legs looked shapely where they extended from the dress at the knees. The waist of the dress was pinched, displaying the curvy shape she possessed and the decisively large pair of breasts hidden beneath the buttons of her casual clothes.

"Can I help you?" the girl finally asked, though not in an unfriendly manner.

"Yes, sorry," Ron grinned with a shake of his head. She was very pretty, that was for sure, but she was no more beautiful than many of the girls on campus he'd seen in his walk over. She was a little thicker in stature, perhaps, and her color looked healthy and vibrant, but he couldn't find that thing, the secret ingredient that made it impossible to tear his eyes from her. "My name is Ron. I'm Stephanie's Gleason's boyfriend. I thinks he's been spending some-"

"Stephanie!" the girl exclaimed with delight. "I love her! Is she okay?"

"Yeah, she's fine. Better than fine. Honestly, I don't even know why I'm

here exactly."

"I think I do." She leaned close, like a conspirator, and Ron detected another hint of that earthy smell that fueled his lust the night before. "I think you want to know why your girlfriend is so horny, am I right?"

He barked a laugh, one that the girl punctuated with a leer of her own.

"I don't know if that's how I'd put it, but now that you mention it. I mean, is it some kind of drug she took while she was here? Is she going to be alright?"

The girl gave him an up-and-down appraisal. Not since he and Stephanie began dating had he felt so needy for someone's approval. There was a cockiness he possessed that came from the fact of Stephanie. Since high school and now into college, the mere existence of his girlfriend buoyed him, gave him strength. Where she was all ambition, Ron was more freewheeling. He was the impulsive one, the one who was still figuring out what he wanted to do with his life. The only thing he could be certain of was that he wanted the path of his life to be walked with Steph.

Under this stranger's gaze, though, he felt the neediness of his youth, and that animal hunger that swallowed him up from the night before. There was something sly beneath the pleasant face the girl showed him, something knowing and dangerous.

"She'll be fine, don't be silly. Why don't you come in for a minute? I think I can explain."

She stood to one side in the doorway and seeing her in profile only punctuated the view of her tits, big and full. He had to turn sideways himself to move past her. When he did, she held his eyes, and looking down into those muddy pools, he saw she was weighing him, taking his measure. There was something sexual in that look, too, one leaden with promise.

"I'm Kaley," she said, following him inside and closing the front door behind them. "Stephanie talks a lot about you."

"We've been together a long time," Ron said. His neck craned up where the second floor was marked by thin wooden rails separating the upper hall from the wide downstairs common room. Off to his right was a kitchen. Through the open doorway, he could see dishes piled up in the sink, mixing bowls stacked at varied angles. It reminded him of Jenga, where one wrong nudge could bring the entire tower down around them. Closer inspection showed that there were loose food wrappers around the sofa, a quilt with sorority letters draped over the back. There was a cell phone buzzing on the

mantle over the fireplace, unclaimed by any of the girls who called the house home. In fact, there were no girls at all in the house besides Kaley.

"Where is everyone?"

"Mostly out back. The girls are enjoying the sunshine. You know how we like to tan."

She was moving with Ron as he strolled with meaningful casualness around the room, noting the odd little details that made the sorority feel somehow so *wrong*. The dance they performed kept them at a distance, a choreography of careful testing. Ron was suddenly struck by the urge to run, to get the hell out of the Phi Mu house and never return. He'd tie Steph down to the bed if necessary. Whatever it took to extricate this place from their lives, and the influence he could feel poking around the edges of his thoughts even now.

"I guess so. So, about Steph. You said you could explain why she's been acting... off?"

"It's like therapy," Kaley said, still circling. "I help some of the girls tap into their innermost desires. I'm not sleeping with them or anything," Kaley said with a laugh, "but I show them how to appreciate their own bodies, how to find their inner pleasure."

Ron blinked. Watching Kaley's full lips form the words was turning him on, and he wanted to kiss her. The talk of pleasure, and the memory of Steph with her fingers in her pussy from the night before, grunting and groaning to lure him into bed with her. No, not so coy. She begged him to fuck her without ever using a word.

"It's not just the girls, you know. I can help boys, too. I just don't like to let any old man come around, though. My girls deserve the best."

She was close to him. Ron didn't know when he'd stopped moving, but he was standing flat-footed in the center of the common room. His arms hung loose at his sides. A laziness stole over him, a euphoria he associated with being very high on good pot. Kaley was inches away from him, looking up at his slack face, reaching for him. Her hand touched his chest and her fingers fanned out, testing the hard muscles beneath.

"You are very handsome, Ron. Stephanie is very lucky."

"Thank you," he managed. His voice sounded thick in his mouth. His traitorous cock was stiffening in his pants. He should be jerking away from this girl's touch, crying out in justifiable and surprised anger. Instead, he was still as a statue while Kaley's hand was joined by the other. She was digging

the soft pads of her fingers into his shoulders, like she was evaluating a piece of meat before setting it to cook.

"Very handsome," she repeated. "Maybe you're what I need. You'd like that, wouldn't you? To do something nice for me?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. He found that was true. It wasn't out of altruism, oh no. He would do anything Kaley asked of him because he wanted her. Desperately and angrily wanted her, would do anything to have her.

The hardon that tented his pants now was a hot, insistent thing, demanding an immediate attention or his cock would have no choice but to take matters in its own hands, for lack of a better term. The old one-eyed sailor was in port tonight, Ron though ridiculously. Kaley noticed, had taken him in her hand through the thin fabric of the track pants he wore. Her grip was firm, alternately squeezing in releasing in soft pulses. His breath came quick in his chest as she fanned the flames of his lust.

"Such a good boy, Ron. You like being good for me, don't you?"

He tried to say yes, to cry out and beg her if he had to, fall on his knees if he had to, whatever would stop this relentless teasing and bring him the moment of satisfaction he needed so terribly. What came out was a grunt, an animal sound not unlike the ones he heard from Steph the night before. It was the best he could manage when all his thoughts were confined to the pulsing need radiating from his dick and Kaley's grip on it. He imagined trailing behind her on a busy street, easily led by this same soft grip on his sex.

"Very good. And you are going to love this next part, stud." She giggled, a darkly merry sound. "Time for you to show me what you can do. Wait right here."

He whimpered a little when Kaley's hold on his cock vanished, but he did just as she asked. Why wouldn't he? She was so good to him and treated him so nice. It was easy to think these things, to let her dictate the course of his thinking than the alternative. Some distant part of him was screaming at him, pleading with this molasses-slow river of muddled thoughts to *wakeupwakeupwakeup!*

Maybe if he'd had more time he could have freed himself from the stupor. That was the game he played on his way home from the Phi Mu house, when he was working his hardest to justify the events that followed Kaley's return. Maybe she had drugged him just like she drugged Steph. But he knew that was a lie. He knew all the way down deep what she was now,

and what she promised.

It was the sweetest of temptations, one built for a young man, he supposed. At least, that's what he thought when Kaley first returned to him, bringing with her one of the girls he'd met the day before, one of the pair that turned up to check on Stephanie. Tricia, the one with the raven hair, the one that had perfected the smoky gaze with her dark eyeshadow and downturned look. He wasn't sure then if she was drunk or stoned or some heady combination of the two. She was walking oddly, like she was a ballerina *en pointe*, making small, quick steps toward him with Kaley holding her arm.

When he first met her, Tricia had been coy and playful. Now, she was heavy-lidded, barely aware of her surroundings it seemed. She wore a pair of tight white shorts, the pockets outlined in dark stitching, and a bikini top with a patriotic red, white, and blue pattern. The left cup was tugged down and Tricia's breast was exposed. It shouldn't have been such a turn-on, he reminded himself, seeing some poor girl half out of her mind on some drug or another, partially undressed and too buzzed to do anything about it.

"I think you two have met," Kaley said, depositing Tricia on the sofa where she landed with a grateful-sounding chuff. "Tricia is really coming along. She loves being with the others, but we need to see how you respond. How you react. Think of it as an audition."

"An audition for what?" he asked thickly. It came out 'aw-dish-fer-wha.'

Kaley looked surprised he was capable of that much. "Every herd needs a bull," she said. "Before the herd is done, it needs a bull. That's how you know the herd is complete."

The words came out in a tumble, and Kaley's eyes were unfocused and glassy when they poured out of her. Whatever it was the affected him, Ron thought distractedly, it had hold of her, too. She looked like she was in control when he first saw her, but Ron knew there was something underneath. That same thing that suggested she could be sly said that sly nature came from the other thing, the thing that made Kaley something more than normal. Or less.

Kaley tugged at the bow that held Tricia's bikini top in place and peeled it away with a slow pull. Tricia had been staring at Ron, squirming on the couch. When her breasts were revealed in their glory, she moaned. It was a wanton sound and reminded Ron again of Stephanie. Tricia was not Stephanie, though. Where Steph was all lean lines, Tricia was round and curvy. Her tits were glorious, big teardrops with pink nipples that pointed

right at him. Her arms were folded beneath them and lifted her breasts like an offering, a tempting appetizer to seduce Ron's palate.

"Go on," Kaley urged. "Take her."

He crossed the short distance from his place in the center of the room to the sofa, tossing the quilt with its Greek letters emblazoned upon it onto the floor beside. One hand went to the back of Tricia's neck and he drew her mouth to his. Kissing her was a betrayal, yes. The years with Stephanie, he had never strayed, never even thought of it. Meeting Tricia's tongue was forbidden, but it tasted sweet. All of her did. He devoured her lips, her neck. He kissed and licked and nipped with his teeth at the tender flesh of her skin.

He had only been with one other woman in his life, a girl he'd met when he and Steph were on their one and only break. She was some freshman girl from college, a short girl poured into a slinky black dress. He was out with some friends, drinking away his blues from being apart from Stephanie. His pals plied him with booze until he was laughing and singing and playing darts quite badly with his equally sauced friends. The girl watched him from the bar, a fact Ron was oblivious to until Gary Runyon pointed it out, dispensing with any subtlety with his obvious finger in her direction. The girl hadn't flinched when she saw the two of them looking. Her lipstick was very red, he remembered, and coated thick lips that inspired lewd thinking. She blew him in the parking lot and then he'd taken her home. His excitement exploring her body had been like this.

He was aflame. It was as if he couldn't touch her enough, couldn't suck enough of her flesh in his mouth. His fingers were in Tricia's mouth and she was sucking them. He curled them in her mouth, his other arm wrapped around the small of her back, lifting her arcing body to him. Her tits on display for him were too good to ignore and he closed his lips on one pointed nipple. When he sucked at her tit, Tricia moaned anew, this time longer and louder, a soul-deep admission of carnality.

To his surprise, his suction drew forth a thin, warm trickle. At first, he thought it must have been sweat that crept down her body and rolled into the valley of her impressive cleavage. When the flavor hit his tongue, it had none of the salty tang of sweat. It was rich and warm and creamy and he drank it down automatically. Another pull at her teat with hollowed cheeks and Ron was rewarded with another rush of that sweet cream.

'She's lactating,' he thought dimly through the miasma of his hunger for her. 'She must be pregnant or something, but goddamn if it isn't *good*.'

"So good."

Kaley, speaking in his ear. She whispered, her voice as soft and deep as velvet, encouraging him further by leaning against his back. Her hands were flat at his sides, traveling down his body and hooking the waist of his track pants. Beneath was a pair of gray cotton boxer briefs, and these too were gathered and eased down his legs. His cock, now free of the track pants, was throbbing and pointed upward.

"Fuck her," Kaley continued in that velvet voice. "Fuck that little sow hard."

There was rapture in Kaley's voice, a near-religious awe that passed to Ron like a virus. He unlatched from Tricia's breast, three droplets of milk decorating his chin. She was writhing and moaning, a puddle of desirous flesh. He took a knee in each hand and spread Tricia's legs, admiring the dark hair between her legs and how wet and matted it was to her skin. Her lips were swollen and inviting.

He tested her pussy with a curious finger. The result was a sharp inhalation from Tricia followed by a sound like a balloon leaking as she anticipated his entry. She was so wet, slick to his touch, and his finger slid easily into her canal. Ron felt the heat of Kaley behind him, her voyeuristic role in all this making him all the more horny. Tricia had taken her tits in hand now, rubbing and squeezing them while Ron's finger was joined by another and he watched Tricia's face contorted in that mask of pleasure that looked so much like pain. She was open-mouthed, eyes closed, forcing tiny eddies of milk to form between her fingers as she applied pressure to her full breasts. The smell of the cream was thick in the room. Ron saw the stuff leaked onto her belly, too, and white rivulets formed like capillaries around her navel and down her sides.

When the need of her could no longer be held at bay, Ron removed his fingers, prompting a whine of dismay from Tricia. He positioned himself lower and shoved his cock into the girl with little more in the way of foreplay. Neither desired useless romantic overtures. He needed to fuck Tricia and Tricia clearly desired to be fucked. As soon as his rod had pushed half inside the sorority girl, her legs hooked around his back and pulled him into her. He held himself inside her once he'd reached his full length. In an instant he saw himself, his underwear and light pants rumpled around his ankles, Kaley behind him, hands on his shoulders like some whispering devil on his shoulder, his cock buried in the dark-haired and curvaceous girl he'd

made breakfast for only a day before.

He pumped in and out, head thrown back. He stopped caring about Tricia beneath him or Kaley behind. All that mattered was that he cum, and that he cum inside Tricia's wet hole. His pelvis rocked in quick time, pounding Tricia's pussy with the kind of uncaring force that made her shudder and suck her fingers to fill the void of her mouth.

His hands moved to pull her feet further behind him, to push himself deeper into the girl, if there was any depth left to explore. His hand gripped her ankle and he felt something hard and bony and altogether wrong. He looked to his left where he held her leg and saw that her foot was bent to a point and turned dark and scabrous, a split in the center of it only now forming. He barked laughter. It was no foot at all he held. It was a hoof, or the beginnings of one. His attention turned again to Tricia on the sofa, his rhythmic thrusts never ceasing. He saw the dim look in her eyes when they popped open, the glazed and happy look on her face. And, especially, the milk that threaded through her fingers and ran down her body, so white against her tan skin. A cow. That's what she was. She wore the skin of a person, looked mostly like a person, but there was something so docile and animal about her. It was that docility, that bestial scent and her animal behavior, that made him want to fuck her more, fuck her harder, fuck her until she was screaming in bliss.

He was close and his thrusts were faster and rougher. He felt the collision of his pelvis with hers and thought he might have bruises when this was done. That thought whisked across his mind before the climax came crashing down, and he was digging his fingers into the padded skin of Tricia's hips. When she felt his grip tighten and his invasion of her pussy redouble in speed and force, Tricia began to buck, too. Only the sound she made wasn't the crying, high-pitched wail of release. It was that low sound again, only now he saw the truth of it.

"MoooOOOooo!" she cried.

He came as Tricia mooed, his seed squirting deep inside the girl. Only then did it occur to him she might be fertile, that this insane moment of weakness might somehow result in an unwanted pregnancy.

Good, another voice said, this one gruff and growling from the recesses of his mind. *Good, let the cow carry our calf. Let her belly swell and her udders leak and, when the time comes, let her deliver another cow into the world.*

He collapsed on top of Tricia, kissing her and she returned the kiss. Her lips were dry, but her tongue was pink and wet and tasted vaguely of that earthy smell Ron now associated with Kaley and the other girls of the sorority. When he rose, breaking the kiss, Tricia appeared disappointed by the kiss's end, but quickly satisfied herself with caressing her swollen tits and murmuring to herself.

Taking a step back, he saw the feet-turned-hooves more clearly. She looked half-finished. His stomach rolled. He found he could detect individual toes fusing together in the black mass solidifying at the ends of Tricia's legs. She was lost in a daze while cum and lube leaked from her.

"Good boy," Kaley said from behind. She patted his bare ass. The gesture reminded him of a fellow athlete signifying a good play, or maybe offering some support after a bad play. "I think you'll do. Now run along home to Stephanie. Bring her back. You'll do as I say, won't you?"

Ron nodded. The air was cool on his dick, wet as it was with the blend of cum and lube and sweat and dripping milk. He needed to go. Not because Kaley commanded it, though that seemed to be the key to his ability to move freely again and cover his nakedness. He wanted to leave so he could see the sun in the sky again, confirm that this was still a world that made some sort of sense.

"Go on, then."

His thoughts were a broken record, the needle moving over one bit of information before hopping back to repeat the same thing time and again.

She was a cow.

That was a simple, undeniable truth. It was also impossible. But impossibilities were the order of the day. He found it difficult to form words on his way home. He was mounting the steps outside their walk-up apartment before he could make a sound that rose above a grumble. His tongue was broad and thick and he was achingly aware of his cock. He felt ever on the verge of another raging erection. Before he turned the knob to his apartment door, he was thinking of Stephanie. Not as someone in need of saving, but as the girl who had been waiting for him last night. He hoped she was still in the bed, still waiting.

She was not. She made it to the kitchen. She was sitting on the floor, legs splayed. A pair of black panties stood in contrast to the fair hue of her skin. She wore one of his button-ups he used for work, only she hadn't

bothered with the buttons at all. She was slumped against the refrigerator, staring stupidly at the linoleum between her spread legs.

"Ron," she said, but the name was slow to come and barely recognizable. Like Tricia, something stole Steph's voice, leaving her both mute and her senses dulled.

Panic was what he expected. Seeing Stephanie helpless on the floor that way, confused and frightened, it should have sent him into a rage. He wanted to pick her up and throw all their things in a suitcase and get the hell out of town, their classes be damned, his job be damned, the whole university be damned. Only, that wasn't what he really wanted.

He saw that her breasts were larger, resting more fully on her chest. She looked at him with wide eyes that begged him for help. What he saw was another cow, one that was his. There was a rush of power that coursed through him looking at his girlfriend. She was *his*. He owned her, wanted to possess her so fully there would never be any question to whom Stephanie belonged. He snorted a laugh. As if she could run from him. She knew who and what she was.

"Up," he said. His voice was still so coarse, like he'd been gargling glass.

She was slow to move and he was impatient., He had to have her and soon. Her hand was reaching for him and he took it, helping her onto her unsteady feet. They were not the hooves Tricia sported, but there was a darkening of the skin at the soles of her feet. It was puckered, too, as if the skin was retreating into itself. He wondered how long it would take for the feet that once lay propped on his thigh, his hands pressing hard into the arches, to become something less than human.

He helped her to the bedroom where she sat heavily on the edge of the bed. Her hands were limp between her legs. Ron opened her closet and scooted hangers across the rod with a steel scraping. He settled on a loose, sleeveless dress with big pockets on the front. While he removed the dress and guided Steph's arms into it, he told himself this was all for escape. He'd get Steph dressed and he would help her into the car and they would drive to his parent's place. They lived only a couple of hundred miles away. It was close enough to get them there before the sun went down and far enough away that they would be safe.

When his hands brushed over Steph's bare breast in his attempts to dress her, she groaned.

A moo, he corrected himself. A moo is what you heard because she's a cow like Tricia. That's what's happening. That's what Kaley had done to them, maybe all of the girls at Phi Mu. And you, old pal, are changing, too. Why is it you can barely talk again? Why can't you look away from Steph's tits or stop thinking about how her belly would look, swelled with a child? No, not even a child. A calf.

"Stop it," he growled to no one. Steph had a curious expression, but she soon dropped her gaze to Ron's crotch. He was hard again. She leaned toward the bulge in his pants and Ron pushed her gently back until he had the dress over her head and was tugging it down her chest.

"Oooo," she said when the fabric dragged over her nipples. Steph's bright eyes rolled up in pleasure. When he lifted her to get the dress beneath her, Ron smelled that rich creamy scent again. The front of Steph's dress had matching stains where her nipples pressed against the satiny material. He felt his cock throb at the sight of it and he had to stop himself from climbing the bed and mounting her there.

He didn't bother with a suitcase. That was fantasy. He wasn't taking her to his parents, or anywhere else that promised rescue or safety. He was taking her to Kaley.

If she noticed where they were going on the drive over, Steph made no sign of it. She sat in the passenger seat, her head relaxed back against the headrest. It looked to Ron like she had no awareness at all, as if the thing that had taken her over, taken them both, was winning now. She was sweating profusely, and the dress was almost fully wet in the front from the drip drip drip of milk coming from her. It might have been only the play of the shadows in the car as the sun bounced off the hood, or light reflected off some storefront, but Ron would have sworn that parts of Steph's skin were darker than others. Spots.

Somehow the idea of that made him more aroused, which was a bar that was raising every few minutes. The need he felt looking at Steph on the floor of the kitchen was nothing compared to this restless lust that paced in his belly, stomping and snorting to get out. That same restless energy so centered at his crotch was evident elsewhere. Muscles tensed in his arms and thighs, his clothes tighter on him.

It's changing me, too. Soon I'll be like Steph, or something like it. And the craziest part is, I don't care. I want it. I want to fuck so bad!

His hand was on his dick, squeezing it. It only intensified the maddening need, thumb on his fat tip, pressing and releasing like it was the plunger of some bomb. That's what he felt like, alright. A bomb waiting to go off.

He parked the little compact crookedly in a free spot he found on the row, not bothering to take the extra seconds to straighten the car out.

Never see that again, he thought as he closed his car door and rounded the back end. A bumper sticker was plastered to the back, advocating for a politician from the last election. How foreign the notion of elections and politics and the world at large felt. Just like that, Ron knew, you could come home to a horny girlfriend, and who doesn't love that? Only the next thing you know, she's a cow and you're so rock hard you could punch holes in concrete and all you want is to fuck and breed.

His thick member twitched pleasantly at that. Breed, yes. He wanted to plant his seed in these women, to see them swell with his children and woe be unto anyone who got in his way. Ron wrenched the passenger door open with a rising anger that was hard to place. It was freeform, a floating cloud of rage that clung to him. Steph's head lolled toward him at the opening of the door and Ron bent to lift her. He had to angle himself awkwardly to get her feet out and then she was free of the car. He didn't bother closing the door.

There was a movie store when he was growing up, when DVDs were still popular, run by a local guy who ran the store as much to satisfy his interest in movies as to turn a profit. He would take boxes out of customers' hands and refuse to rent a movie to them if they hadn't seen something that he (Dennis? Danny?) did not approve of. In the corner of the store, faded by years in the sun, was a standee of Frankenstein's monster in glorious black and white, almost six feet tall. A woman was draped across his arms in the image. Karloff's eyes were dead orbs in that standee and the image of that, of the monster with the damsel unconscious in his arms, was what followed Ron down Greek row on his way to the Phi Mu house.

The fabric of his jeans could hold no longer at the rise of steps in front of the sorority house. The thighs of his pants split cleanly from the top of the thigh to just above Ron's knee, revealing muscles Ron had not possessed before, and coating of short dark hairs to highlight his new musculature. It didn't alarm Ron, that show of strength. He felt it all through him. The beast confined to his belly now ran free, pulled loose of the tethers of decorum and society. That gruff voice, the one that had sent him deep into Tricia's wet

cunt, it was in charge now.

He kicked the door of the sorority house open. One of the hinges bent with a wicked metal groan, but it held, though the door would never close properly until it was replaced. The common room was empty. His nose raised and he inhaled. Over the scent of Stephanie's milk drenching the dress Ron picked for her, he detected more. More cows like Steph. More holes to be filled. Fertile grounds for him to plant his seed.

"I'm here!" he shouted.

Except it was all grunts and vowels. No words could get past his thick tongue or the shifting vocal chords that reduced his throat to that of something other than human. He would be incapable of forming words, even if he could generate the thoughts behind them. What issued from him was a bellow, a deep animal sound that would have spooked him if he'd heard it camping up in the Rosson Woods.

Shuffling sounds rose around him, and he saw tentative faces peering at him from around corners and from cracked doors at the top of the stairs. The eyes he met, curious and frightened, were like Steph's. These were the former residents of the Phi Mu house, now all reduced to the same state as Steph, only more deeply in the throes of their transformations. The spots Ron thought he saw on Steph's neck and cheek were evident on the bodies of the girls who crept out of their hiding places, standing on black hooves where feet had been. To a one, they were heavy-chested, great udders rife for suckling and teasing. Only a few wore clothes at all anymore, and those who did sported an odd arrangement of accessories. Sunglasses on one and nothing else, a hat for another, a scarf for one more. But their tits and wanting pussies were available to him. The smell of them was changing, responding to his presence. They were displaying signs of heat and the urge to mate.

"You made it!" Kaley cried, stepping out from behind one of the hucows peeking around the kitchen. It was Becky, the other girl from his kitchen. When she turned to allow Kaley by and to look on the girl with clear worship, Ron saw Becky now had the beginnings of a lazy tail emerging from her coccyx.

A white terrycloth robe was draped over Kaley's shoulders, her thin arms threaded through the loose sleeves. She looked like a cult leader, only the robe wasn't closed, and Ron could see the dark hair of her pubis and the pendulous sway of her breasts. Ron belched a frustrated sound and approached her. Before he was taller, but now he towered over her. He

looked down and saw that he had stepped out of his shoes completely, and his feet were now hard and chitinous like Stephanie's. Humanity was distant call, one Ron had no interest in pursuing. Kaley reached up for him, stroked his cheek, and a pain unlike any he'd experienced before seized him. Twin bolts of dull pain at his temples, and he roared loud enough to send the girls of Phi Mu retreating back a step at his fury and agony. He sank to a knee, breathing hard in the wake of the explosive wounds at the sides of his head. When he lifted his hands to his head to press against the ache, he found hard bone extending from either side. Horns.

"My children, our bull has arrived!"

Around him, Ron heard the rising tide of low voices.

"Moooo," they began, climbing in volume until the walls of the house reverberated with the lowing. "MooooOOOoo!"

He joined in, a deeper and louder sound, one that trumpeted his power. He tore away the remnants of his tattered pants, ripping them off his body like a monstrous male stripper, revealing the hard and magnificently large cock beneath. Hair hung low, almost enough to cover his balls swinging beneath the turgid member.

"To the fields," Kaley said, spinning and relishing the waves of mooing that buffeted her. Around her, the world swam like heat coming off a hot summer road, a wavering of reality itself. Ron was distracted from the herd of eager hucows by the shimmering of existence. One moment he was standing on wooden floors amid the refuse of the untidy sorority house, the next there was grass underfoot and the true and exuberant aroma of dark earth.

Like pictures superimposed over one another, the images swam and faded until the house was gone completely. The transformed girls stood in a field of waist-high grass. Distantly, Ron saw the fencing that surrounded a grand house, a mansion that had no business existing in the midst of this natural beauty, and yet the bull knew innately that this was home. Not the house, not for him and the others. The field would be their home and the sky their canopy. The home was for Kaley.

Owner, he thought simply, as all his thoughts flowed along narrow channels of understanding.

Kaley led them, the bull close behind, toward the fencing here more hucows awaited. Beside him, the new cow called Stephanie hurried to his side. She looked sorrowful when she mooed, as if she was desperate to be understood. The bull gave her ass a lewd grope and then he wrapped his arm

protectively around the cow, who quieted. They moved with the herd toward the farm somewhere out of time and place, eager to go about his business of filling the bellies of the herd with his calves. Tricia wandered somewhere behind them carrying the first.

A warm tear rolled down Kaley's cheek as she opened the gate for her new herd. Each time she brought more, she felt a sorrow at what they had been, what she had become to make them into the creatures they were. These moments passed, and Kaley set about the business of tending her herd, easily ignoring the walls of her own prison as she closed the fence on the last of the hucows. Distantly, she still saw the shimmer separating her world from that of the world of sororities and college students and campuses. She would return when the urge came back, when the forces that propelled her told her more were needed.

One of the hucows nuzzled her with stupid affection. She pet the girl and locked the gate as the sound of mooing rose again in the sunlit field. This, Kaley decided, would be enough for now.

About the Author

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Lyka Bloom has been working as a technical writer for several years before turning her attention to the kinkier side of life.

The Curse of Madeline



It wasn't until he had turned his key in the door and saw a light turn on in the kitchen he remembered Shae was home, and with some stranger. Fingers crossed, the light in the kitchen was Erin, come down to heat up his dinner. He chuckled. That would have been a sight. Professor Harbrough with her feminist studies degree warming dinner for her drunken husband.

He dropped his keys in the bowl on the foyer table, missed, and heard the metallic jangle as the sound echoed in the small space. He winced, bending unsteadily and reaching out a hand to support himself. He made a show of placing the keys carefully and quietly in the bowl this time, grinning as he held a finger to his lips in a 'shhh' gesture.

Using the wall as a guide, he made his way to the kitchen, pausing at the doorway, blinking at the sight awaiting him. What he had thought was the proper light of the kitchen was actually the open refrigerator door, the light silhouetting the figure of a young woman as she stood considering its contents.

He could tell by the chestnut hair pulled back into a ponytail it was not his daughter - Shae had never been so lithe. One arm hung on the open door, the other perched on the girl's hip, a leg bent as a bare foot tapped. She wore very tight black shorts that hugged her firm ass, the small of her back exposed by the half-shirt she wore, just as tight as the shorts.

She turned, sensing someone in the room with her, but she showed no sign of nervousness or fright at the sudden appearance of a man behind her. Dennis knew he was staring at her, the small points of her nipples visible beneath her top, securing pert breasts in place. Where Shae might be called voluptuous by some, and it disgusted Dennis to think of anyone considering his daughter in a sexual context, this girl had the body of a dancer, compact and athletic and entirely appealing.

"You have any beer?" she asked, with a crooked little smile that raised the left corner of her lip.

"Afraid not. Erin doesn't like me keeping it around."

"That's a shame. I'm Madeline."

She crossed to him and gave him her hand. Her fingers were slender, and he held it as the refrigerator swung slowly closed behind them, darkness descending on them like a curtain.

"Dennis. Mr. Harbrough."

"I like Dennis," she said. He liked the way she said his name, something breathy in her voice, like the whisper of a lover.

"You must be Shae's friend," He said. He knew he should feel awkward and uncomfortable with this young woman so close, his wife upstairs, his daughter nearby, but the heady mix of arousal and drunkenness and the girl's apparent flirtation – he could find only want in himself.

"Yes. She's nice. A good girl. I guess that's why we get along. Opposites attract and all."

"Are you saying you're not a good girl?"

"I'm saying I'm good at what I do, but sometimes what I'm good at is awfully bad."

His member was stiff, straining against the zipper of his slacks.

Madeline walked her fingers up his chest and Dennis realized the top of her head came up to the base of his neck and she had to tilt up to see him. She flattened her palm against him and ran over the breadth of his chest, and Dennis heard himself gasp.

"I should probably go to bed," he offered, closing his eyes as the girl's hand slipped between the buttons of his shirt and ran over his bare skin, his nipple squeezed between two slim fingers.

"Me, too, but I just couldn't sleep. I was looking for some milk, but there's one thing that helps me sleep better than anything." She leaned forward, rising on her tiptoes. "I always sleep better when I cum," she whispered, and flicked the lobe of his ear with her tongue.

His defenses crumbled, and he seized her, lifting her and kissing her hard. If Madeline was surprised by the action, she showed no sign of it, returning the kiss passionately, her legs wrapping around Dennis's hips, and he could feel her hips moving against him, grinding against the turgidity in his pants.

"I bet it's been a long time since you fucked a tight pussy like mine," she sighed, her hands holding his cheeks, resting on his hands as he supported her. That grinding of her hips was incessant, and Dennis was afraid he would explode before he had a chance to taste her.

"I want you," he moaned.

"I'm right here."

Her First Sissy



She was bringing him back around to his trigger for relaxation again, repeating the question 'Why do you want to quit?' in regular intervals, each time the answer would be slightly different, given from a place of more relaxation and, hopefully, more honesty.

"My lipstick," he said, his eyes nearly closed, but even as Elaine dimmed the lights she could see the soft glimmer of his eyes.

"Your lipstick?" she prompted, working to keep her voice slow and even.

"I like red," he said, his tone dreamy and happy. "When I smoke, it

smears."

"Do you like wearing lipstick?"

"Oh, yes," Mark answered. "Weekends when I don't work, I can put on all the makeup I want. Except when I smoke. I'm afraid to go outside like that."

"And how long have you worn makeup?"

"I don't know. Years. Since I was young and first tried it with my sister. She was younger than me, but I let her practice on me when she was learning how to do her own. I liked how it made me look."

"It made you feel good to wear makeup?"

Elaine closed her eyes. There was a slow heat burning between her legs. Something about the lazy way Mark described his enjoyment of appearing feminine...

"Oh, yes."

"What about clothes? Do you also dress like a woman?"

"When I can. I have a few things. Mostly panties, but a couple of dresses, too. And shoes. I love shoes."

She wanted to know more, to lead him into the core of his fascination with women's clothing, but she restrained herself, reminding herself that she was, after all, a certified health professional and exploiting her client's fetishes for her own amusement... well, it seemed like there was some law against that sort of behavior.

The remainder of the session went as usual, but Elaine could not shake the image of the young man in her chair, his face made-up, his body encased in nylon.

The image followed her home, back to the two-bedroom house where she lived alone. It was set back from the street, with high fences on either side to provide privacy. Her back yard wasn't large, but had been decorated by a small koi pond and a stone bench nearby. She loved curling her legs beneath her and reading by the small pond, sun filtering through the maple trees.

Even at night, cool beneath the branches of the trees, she savored the privacy and beauty of her little hideaway. This night, however, she was distracted. Her nipples were distractingly hard, and the feeling of heat inside her had only grown. She felt like she was on fire, sexually. She thought of calling Bryan, an old colleague with whom she occasionally had a fling. He had a good body and he was discreet, but it wasn't Bryan she wanted. She

wanted to see Mark in his finery, made up to look as feminine as possible. She wondered what sorts of dresses he preferred, if they were elegant or overtly feminine.

Even in the open air, she could resist no longer, and spread her legs, hiking up her skirt until it bunched at her hips. She ran her hand flat over her black panties, pressing firmly to stir a reaction from her clit. She was wet already, her pussy alive with the imaginings of Mark on his heels, perhaps bending over before her as she fixed a strap-on over her pelvis. She was panting now, biting down hard on her lower lip and stifling the murmurs of pleasure. Her thoughts whirled with images of Mark on his knees, his hair long and pretty, tied with girlish ribbons. Mark in white thigh highs and white heels and nothing else, his nude body girlish in its hairlessness. Her fingers rubbed harder over her engorged lips, mashing her button and manipulating her sex as only she knew how, using the sheer silkiness of her underwear to add heightened sensation to her caresses. She was moaning aloud, now, writhing and pushing her hips against her fingers with abandon, imagining Mark's mouth on her as she held his long, ponytailed hair in her hands. She screamed, falling back onto the bench, one arm draped over her belly, the other dangling so that her fingertips brushed the grass.

Futa Pharaoh



The temple, unlike many in Alexandria, had not been built on the backs of slaves, but by the believers. Stone by stone, they had created a hall of worship, removed enough from the city to escape the worst of the prejudices shown by those loyal to Khufu's reign. His hypocrisy knew no bound, the goddess mused, as his consultation with the trickster Dedi displayed. Dedi had been the first to warn Khufu of Nafrini's power, but his influence had been weaker, then.

Nafrini sat at the end of the great hall, facing the tall doors of the entrance, which had been opened for a glimpse into the infinite. The stars over Egypt at night were like the sands of the dunes made luminous. In these

moments, she could see beyond the world of man and into the infinite, to touch the powers greater than any mortal knew. Even with her painted eyes closed, Nafrini sensed the vastness of the sky above and the distance between the stars. In that space was the breath of the gods, and Nafrini inhaled deeply of that scent, luxuriating in the power that even this brief glimpse awarded her.

At some time before, when Khaba still floundered on the throne, rejecting the wisdom of the rulers before him, Nafrini had been something else entirely. She had served in the house of Khaba's family, a child treated as no more than a slave herself. And yet, Nafrini's beauty was such that she found she could hold sway over men, and what she wanted from them was more than the meat between their legs. She wanted their knowledge.

The one thing she would say in defense of Khufu, he understood the value of knowledge. The power of it. When he instructed his scholars to begin using papyrus to record the events of his rule, Nafrini had known he was an adversary to be deemed worthy of her interest. True, he was a man and, thus, a fool, but he was a fool with enough power to drive her from the heart of Alexandria, where Nafrini had first grown her group of devoted followers.

In her time in Khaba's home, she learned from the thin, hairy men of his house that their worship was based on tales handed down, but that some of these tales were true. Knowing the truth of things, Nafrini learned, gave you power over them, and so she devoured all the scrolls she could steal away, reading the symbols scrawled onto transient scrolls with a voracity few of the male scholars displayed. If one goes looking, Nafrini learned, there are all sorts of wonders to be discovered.

Her reverie this night was disturbed by the frantic arrival of a scrawny, wide-eyed worshipper, who dashed into the hall and into her midst, collapsing on the stone floor and lowering his head, extending his arms to Nafrini in praise, his chest heaving with exertion.

"My Goddess!" he exclaimed, "Forgive your most pitiful worshipper! He is not worthy to be in your presence!"

Nafrini waved away the servant near her, holding a jug of wine to serve her goddess. She stood, her near six-foot stature imposing, and matched only by the sensuality of her presence. Nafrini's hair was long and dark, falling into naturally straight curtains around her face. Her eyes were a burning green, like emeralds lit by a fire. These eyes settled on the man on his knees

before her as she descended the few steps to the floor where he sat in submission.

"You know the price of disturbing me," Nafrini purred. "And yet you willingly do so, throwing yourself at my feet and admitting your worthless nature. What could be so important to surrender your soul?"

"Forgive me, o glorious Nafrini. But Dedi's men come to take you. I would rather fall onto a thousand spears than allow you to be harmed, my Goddess!"

"Dedi? He is an idiot, no more possessed of magic than you, worm."

"Yes, Goddess. But he marches with a hundred men and a woman I have never seen. She walks by his side, but she is not his wife. She is... different."

"Different how?"

The beggar lifted his gaze, allowing himself a glimpse of Nafrini's beauty. From the floor, he could see the curvaceous figure of his goddess, highlighted by the white cotton wrap around her generous bosom and the fall of it as it hid her sex beneath its folds. He shivered at her closeness, at the way he could feel the thrum of her power coming off her in waves.

"She is like you, goddess... she *floated* beside him."

Nafrini grinned cruelly. Another witch. Some bitch yanked from a patch of the desert where the forbidden knowledge still survived. Unlike Dedi, fraud that he was, there were nomads who still knew the ancient ways, understood that great power rested in the breath of the gods.

"Thank you, my pet. You have done well. And now you will get your reward."