

PHΦ MΩΩ

*One drink...
and you're hers!*

Lyka Bloom

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PHI MOO

by Lyka Bloom
PHI MOO

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Kaley watched the man across the table wipe the hair back from his forehead and light another cigarette. The small ashtray on the table was littered with spent butts and the cramped detention room was clouded by smoke.

"I want you to tell me again," he said, staring down at the table, a hideous metal thing. Kaley could see how the décor would intimidate a criminal into talking. She was not, however, a criminal, just unlucky enough to be in the orbit of Maureen and-

"There's nothing more to tell," Kaley said. Her thick, chestnut hair was draped over her eye and she swiped it back.

"Tell me again. Help me make sense of it."

The name on his badge said 'Porter,' though he hadn't bothered to introduce himself. By the frantic movements of the entire police station, Kaley was sure he had forgotten to give her his name. It didn't matter, not really. They would never find them.

"Start at the beginning."

The first time I saw her, I would have sworn she had horns. Not great big ram horns, but small, barely visible little studs pushing up through her jet black hair. A blink, and they were gone. I was at my locker with Jane, who was busy telling me all about her latest problems with Danny. Apparently, he'd been looking at another girl after the football game, some 'whore,' as Jane described her, sitting alone at the bar while he waited for the rest of us to show. If I'd seen the girl, I couldn't remember, but Jane was wound up about it in typical high-strung Jane fashion.

"I mean, she was practically grabbing his dick," she was saying, but I barely heard.

Smithville Junior College is a lot like a high school, all the classes in one main building, with a gym and library scattered about the grounds, along with a few old homes that had been turned into makeshift classrooms. Those were for liberal arts and philosophy, so I found myself there three days out of the week, talking comparative religions with a class of students who couldn't have cared less about Sumerian mythology. The high school analogy extended to the size of the student body, too, measuring in the low hundreds. That's why a new student was so noticeable, and this one in particular made us all stop and take notice.

She was pretty, yes, with very fair skin and that shock of black hair, and

wide brown eyes that sparkled under heavy lashes. Her hair looked just this side of unkempt, like she had brushed it before the wind got hold and tossed it around again, giving her a slightly wild look. All the more surprising considering her clothing was nearly puritanical. Her blouse was white with a defined collar and long sleeves buttoned at her wrists. Her pants were dark, fitting snugly around her hips but blossoming out, revealing only the tips of her shoes, plain ballet flats.

No matter what she wore, there was no hiding her body. You could see the curve of her chest, despite the fact she held books to it, and her breasts were easily D-cups, maybe bigger. Coupled with her wasp-ish waist and long legs, she was the most alluring girl to enter the halls of Smithville U in some time. She kept her head down, but her eyes flitted to the faces of the students and faculty she passed, as if cataloging them for later reference. When she passed by Jane and I, we saw the red-lipped smile that barely touched her face, a ghost of emotion that could hardly be detected.

"Who was that?" Jane asked, adopting the tone that said she disapproved already.

"No idea," I answered. "Big boobs, though."

"Great. Like we need to compete with that."

The whole campus was abuzz with the new student. All we could get out of the rumor mill was her name: Maureen. It was traditional, a little antiquated, much like the girl's preferred style of dress. When her name was mentioned, it was with healthy skepticism among the girls, and more than a little admiration among the boys. No surprise, considering what simple beasts college boys were.

Past the college's main grounds was a road that slanted east toward the center of town, and it was on this road that Smithville University's fraternity and sorority houses were located. Like some of the modified classrooms, they were turn-of-the-century homes that had been re-purposed for a parade of men and women as they navigated college. Ours was on the left side of the road with the other sorority houses, the Greek letters Phi Mu mounted on the second floor exterior. It was vaguely Victorian, with a wide porch in the front and a widow's walk on the second floor overlooking the road. We could hear music and the occasional shout from the frat houses on the other side of McGregor Avenue, but we had grown so accustomed that it barely registered.

"I guess you heard about the new girl?"

Jane and I stopped on the porch where Debbie sat in an old rocker that

had lost all value thanks to the band stickers and graffiti accumulated over the years.

"We saw her," Jane said, rushing to our friend. "She has gigantic tits. Other than that, she dresses like a Mormon."

"You like her?"

"We didn't even talk to her. Why?" I asked.

Debbie grinned, wide and not without a hint of the chaos she seemed to enjoy. "Because she's pledging Phi Mu. She's supposed to be here tonight."

"Oh, great," Jane said, throwing up her arms as if she'd been told we were all being kicked out on the street.

"I dunno," Debbie shrugged. "I liked her. There's something... I don't know... exotic maybe? Anyway, she's going to be here with some of the other pledges tonight. We'll see if she's as weird as you two say she is."

There would be ten of them in all, pledges for the new semester. All but Maureen were Freshmen girls with that look in their eye of excitement and fear that comes along with starting college, but they were sweet enough in their way. One of the girls, Bridget, was clearly the most outgoing and my early vote was for her to join us, though the size of the skill meant we would take almost any girl who pledged.

Maureen was different from the others. While the rest gathered in small clusters to drink the weakly spiked punch in the kitchen or the main room, where a lot of the older sisters spent time while the pledges explored the house, Maureen quietly roamed the halls of the house, moving through the downstairs playroom and den and kitchen and bathrooms, upstairs to the private rooms of the sisters of our sorority.

When I saw her again, I had to do a double-take. She and Jane were sitting together, Jane staring in rapt attention at Maureen as she spoke, her mouth slightly open. She looked dazed and dumb, and if she had drooled I wouldn't have been surprised. I was preparing to interrupt when one of the pledges started asking me about Phi Mu's charity work. When I looked back to Jane and Maureen, they were gone.

Once our pledge meet-and-greet wrapped up, I found myself in the back yard of the house, one of the truly fine things about living in a proper house, sitting on the back step and looking up at the sky with my bare feet wriggling into the grass. I hadn't seen Maureen or Jane since my earlier sighting, and I was starting to feel a vague tug of worry in my belly when Jane appeared in the doorway behind me, startling me.

"You okay?"

I turned fast to face her. She was leaning against the door sill, head resting against the wood, with that same dreamy look on her face.

"Jesus, you scared me."

"Sorry." Even her voice was slow and syrupy.

"Where did you go?"

"Huh? Oh, Maureen wanted to take a walk, so I went with her. Just around the block."

I turned on the step to see her more clearly. It was as if she had been drained somehow, that the vitality and, yes, bitchiness, that Jane exuded was missing from her, replaced by a sluggishness that worried me.

"You sure you're alright? You look a little... I dunno... sick maybe. Maybe you should lie down."

"Yeah. I do feel kind of tired," she said. Without another word, she rolled her body toward the interior and trudged away. I stared at the empty space where she'd been before, trying to sort out the odd behavior, but finally chalked it up to a few too many drinks with her new best friend, Maureen.

Journal Entry, Jane Harwell – September 12th

Had the best time tonight! I thought this journal page was going to start with how much I hate Maureen Fields, but it turns out that I may have a new best friend, instead! When Debbie told me Maureen was going to be at the mixer tonight, I was sure I was going to get into it with her. In fact, I stayed upstairs when all the girls arrived, just so I wouldn't say or do anything to upset anyone. You know how I get, Diary! I heard them come in, but I just kept watching a tv show on my tablet and then I heard a knock on the door and it was Maureen.

She poked her head in and asked if she could come in, and I was about to tell her to go away, but something made me want to give her a chance. I guess I'm getting soft in my old age! So, she came in and sat right down on the edge of my bed like she owned the place and gave me this big smile, like she knew something I didn't know. I was getting pretty hot about it and then we just started talking. The weird part is, I can barely remember what we talked about, only that we did for a long time.

After we'd been chatting away like best friends, she asked if I wanted to go for a walk. I thought it was weird, considering the whole point of the night was that we were going to be meeting and talking to all the sisters and

potential pledges, but we were having such a good time talking, I just went with it. We just went around the block a few times and even cut across campus.

While we were on the quad, Maureen did the funniest thing! She stopped and took off her shoes and just wandered around in the grass, swinging her arms around and spinning. She asked me to join her and she looked like she was having such a good time, so I did, too, and I don't think I've ever felt so free as I did just standing barefoot in the grass like that.

So, I pretty much ruined the good time we were having when Maureen went to hug me and I got one of her hairs stuck in my mouth and I actually swallowed it! She laughed and said it was fine while I was trying to spit it out, but I swear it was like that hair was crawling up my tongue to worm down my throat.

On the way back, I told her all about Danny and how he couldn't stop himself from looking at every girl, especially ones with big boobs like Maureen. She nodded and said that's how men were, just big dumb animals that went around shoving their dicks in whatever holes they could. She said you just had to understand that and everything else made sense. She's really smart, even smarter than Kaley, who, by the way, was a real wet blanket. She said I looked sick when I came home, but I never felt better!

Going off to sleepy-land now, but how weird is it that I can't wait to see Maureen again? It's like I have my first girl crush! Night, Diary!

Porter slid the journal entries sealed in their plastic evidence bags toward Kaley, who stared down at the pages.

"I want to know what you know about this Maureen person. There is no record of her attending Smithville University. No pictures of her, no phone records. Just a bunch of stories. How do I even know she's real, besides what you and these pages say?"

Kaley looked into Porter's yellowed eyes. "You keep thinking she should act like a normal person. She isn't."

"Normal?" Porter asked with a chuckle.

"No. A person."

Jane was up late that next morning, still wiping sleep from her eyes when she came downstairs to steal cereal with Debbie and I. Her dirty blonde hair was tousled and wild, and she was still in her loose-fitting sleep shorts

and a plain gray tee that didn't disguise the fact that she was still bra-less.

"Feeling better?" I asked as she slumped into one of the chairs around the kitchen island.

"Yeah. Feel great," she said, offering a thin smile to reassure us. She didn't look pale or unhealthy, and she even had a certain ruddiness to her skin that made her look like she was fresh from a tanning bed, but there was a dimness in her eyes that worried me.

"Maybe you should go see the nurse," Debbie suggested. She was seeing it, too.

"I'm fine," Jane said with a wave of her hand. "I might stay with Danny tonight, just for the record."

"You two are just planning on your make-up sex at this point, aren't you?" Debbie laughed at her own joke, and I joined in. Jane looked confused at first, then laughed, too. The hesitation was unsettling.

"No, I just... well..."

"Go on," I prodded, hoping maybe we'd finally get to the bottom of what was distracting her.

"I woke up so *horny*. Danny might be pissing me off right now, but if I don't get laid soon, I'm going to explode, I think."

We all laughed together at that one, but I could see in Jane's eyes she wasn't sure *why* she was laughing. It reminded me of that old joke where you end with a made-up punchline, just to see if people will laugh to be 'cool.' The way I heard it, the joke ended with the punchline, "No soap, radio," a ridiculous non sequitur. That was what this felt like, Jane laughing along with no understanding of why what she said was shocking or funny.

"I guess I should get ready," Jane said and regained her feet.

We watched her shuffle out of the kitchen and back up to her bedroom before turning to each other, wide-eyed.

"You think she's on drugs?" Debbie asked. "That would be the most interesting thing Jane has ever done."

"You see her with Maureen last night?"

"Yeah. They were thick as thieves, which came as a shock. You think Maureen has to order bras special?"

I ignored the question and pushed on. "They went for a walk, Jane said. Any idea where they went?"

She shrugged. "Who knows? You don't think our stuck-up little Jane is going all lesbo on us, do you?"

"I honestly don't know what to think."

We were running behind by the time Jane came down, ready for class. I had to stop her before we went out the door to button up her blouse again for her as she'd misaligned the holes. While I did it, she just grinned stupidly at me. She was mostly silent on our short walk to class, except for one question she asked twice, mere moments from one another.

"You think Maureen will be in class?"

She wasn't. All through the halls and classes, though, I heard her name. I tried to stick close to Jane, but my later classes took me to the re-purposed classrooms away from the main building. The last time I saw her on campus that day, she was eating lunch in the grass in front of the student union. Her legs were splayed open, her yogurt and salad on the ground between them, her fingers kneading the ground beside her like she was massaging the ground. Her eyes were pointed straight ahead, head tilted slightly to one side. I raised a hand in greeting, but she didn't seem to notice. I resolved to take her to the doctor myself if I had to.

To my surprise, I did see Maureen. We shared the same philosophy class that afternoon, an existentialist survey course that I liked quite a bit, actually. The professor was a middle-aged woman named Hannah Wooster, an old time hippie chick all grown up who preferred long gypsy skirts and sandals as her primary fashion. Because the class was in a renovated house, the classroom was all hardwood floor and bookshelves, with a desk placed near the door Professor Wooster liked to lean on, and twelve desks, only eight of which were occupied in this class. I was in the front right while Maureen took a seat on the back, near a pair of boys who couldn't keep their eyes of her tits.

Even Professor Wooster, easy-going, hippie-dippy Professor Wooster, seemed to be unsettled by Maureen's presence. It was nothing concrete, but I noticed her eyes returning to Maureen again and again, or perhaps I was just being paranoid, blaming the new girl for the odd behavior of my close friend. Even then, I don't think I liked her, and I definitely didn't trust her.

I was rushing when class ended, eager to get back to Jane and get her to a doctor or psychiatrist or whatever. I noticed that Maureen had paused at Professor Wooster's desk, leaning over it which only highlighted her chest. The professor looked red-faced and out of sorts, but I had my own worries to deal with. Jane's well-being was dogging me. I did meet Maureen's eyes, one of those movie-like moments that seemed to last for minutes when it couldn't

have been more than a couple of seconds.

Looking in those deep, dark eyes of her was like feeling yourself pulled toward her, as if her very essence was magnetic. The spill of dark hair around her round face, the enigmatic smile she wore, it made me want to go to her. I would have, I suppose, if I hadn't been saved by Professor Wooster drawing Maureen's gaze back to her. I shook off that stagnant feeling and hurried out of the classroom and into the sunshine.

I waited on campus for a few minutes before giving up on the idea that Jane would be joining me. I found Debbie waiting for me on the first floor of the Phi Mu house. Her hands kept squeezing and uncurling and there was a look on her face I'd never seen before. Debbie, always quick with a joke, looked gravely serious.

"What's going on?"

"Come on."

I followed her up the stairs, dropping my school things on the floor by the stairs. She bee-lined for Jane's room and opened the door, peeking her head in first.

"Jane, you okay? Kaley's with me, too."

There was a low moan and we entered. I don't know what I expected, but what we found was Jane, wrapped in the sheets of her bed, sweating profusely and tossing this way and that. I gasped, a real, honest-to-goodness gasp.

"We're calling a doctor, okay?" Debbie was saying.

I was transfixed by how wild Jane looked. I could tell she was wearing nothing under the sheets, and her hair was a tossed mane of dirty blonde hair. That ruddy color remained, keeping her skin that strangely tanned color. If she hadn't been coated with sweat and clearly in pain, she would have looked quite pretty.

"No," Jane said, more lucid than I had seen her since entering the bedroom. "I've just got a bug or something. God, I ache everywhere, though!"

"Can we get you something?" I managed finally.

"Maureen. If you see her, tell her I need her."

Debbie looked at me and it was my turn to shrug.

"Why do you need Maureen, honey?" Debbie asked, leaning close to our squirming friend.

"She knows. Just tell her if you see her. Promise me!"

"Fine, yes," Debbie replied. "I'll tell her you need to see her if she

comes by, okay?"

"Good. That's good." And then she seemed to fall asleep, or at least her eyes closed and the twitching grew more subdued. Debbie pulled the sheets high up her throat and motioned us out of the room.

"Maybe Jane has gone lez after all," Debbie said, leaning back against the closed bedroom door. "Whatever she has, I hope I don't get it. That looks like it really sucks."

"Is Maureen supposed to come by today?"

"Who knows. I may do a tour of campus, see if I can find her. If it'll help Jane, I can-"

"No!" I took a breath, calming myself. "Sorry, I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Whatever happened to Jane, it started with Maureen. Maybe she did catch a bug from her or maybe it's something else."

"Like what?"

I couldn't give voice to it just yet, not when I was still unsure what I was going to say. What? Maureen was haunted? Or a ghost herself? Or some kind of vampire or something? It sounded ridiculous, but the whole situation felt like it was spinning faster and faster out of control, just enough so that we didn't notice how far things had gone.

"I don't know. There's something off about her. Just don't go near her, okay?"

"Sure. But seriously, if Jane isn't improving by tomorrow morning, we're calling her parents."

I nodded. "I'll be in tonight, too. If she gets worse, we'll call an ambulance, whether she wants us to or not."

"God, she'll be a bitch about it. Not sure if I like sick Jane or angry Jane less."

We laughed, not a good laugh, but a needed one, and left Jane to her sickness.

The night was quiet, and she seemed to have settled some through the night. I went to bed late, but found her sleeping peacefully before I retired. No twitches or sweats, just sleep. I silently thanked a higher power for not making us go through the drama of an ambulance pulling up to the crowded row of houses, Jane screeching about how she told us not to call a doctor.

In my dreams that night, I could see Maureen standing across the

grounds of the campus, Jane and Debbie on either side of her, each wearing her mysterious half-smile. They were looking at me, and I was frozen in place, unable to tear away from the sight of them. They started moving toward me, closer and closer until I was locked in Maureen's eyes, dark pools that pulled me down and down until she reached out for me and I saw the small horns on her head and then she was touching me and-

I woke with a muffled scream, my teeth biting into the heel of my palm to keep myself quiet. Already, the dream was being shredded by the morning sunlight, but I couldn't shake the sense of foreboding all through my morning rituals. When I passed by Jane's door, I saw it was open and peeked inside. The bed was made and there was no sign of Jane. I continued on to the shower, hurrying through it while others waited. The downside of a sorority house – limited bathroom time.

I was optimistic on my way down the stairs, convincing myself already that Jane would be fine after a rough night and my suspicions of Maureen, who had done nothing wrong except spend some time with a friend of mine, would be proven to be as crazy as they appeared on the surface. I could already hear Debbie and Jane talking in the kitchen over the usual morning din of the Phi Mu house. All around were girls preparing for their day, or avoiding responsibility altogether.

Jane was in the chair with her back to me when I entered, coming from behind her to give her a reassuring hug.

"Feeling better?"

I took an unconscious step back when she turned up to me, face beaming.

"I feel great!" she answered, but I couldn't respond, I was too preoccupied with this girl sitting three feet away.

It was Jane, of course it was, but there was something subtly off about her, too, a thing I noticed right away that Debbie only realized when we talked later. Jane's eyes had always been a sparkling green, but the girl sitting at the kitchen island that morning had deep, dark brown eyes. Aside from a slight frizziness to her usually iron-straight hair, she looked like the Jane I'd always known, not that helped my reaction to her. She seemed not to notice, or, if she did, not to mind that I had taken a quick step away from her, sitting in her chair smiling at me.

"You look much better," I said, averting my eyes in favor of the selection of yogurt in the fridge. I couldn't look at her without staring.

"I don't know what got into me," she said merrily, "but I feel a hundred percent better. I don't remember feeling this good, actually."

"You had us all worried," Debbie said, patting the back of Jane's hand. "I'm just glad you're feeling like yourself again."

I waited in front of the house for Jane to join me, trying to sort out all these conflicted feelings. I was glad Jane was better by all outward appearances, but the eye color, the sudden flip from deathly ill to the picture of health...

"Ready?" she asked, bounding down the steps. She had a navy dress on that I always liked on her, but I had to squint my eyes some to find the thing that bothered me about it today. It was her chest. It was bigger. I know how it sounds, but she had gone up almost a cup size overnight, and the top of her dress was filled out in a way I'd never seen before.

"You stuffing your bra or something?" I asked once we'd started walking toward campus.

She looked down and giggled, a frivolous sound coming out of her. She surprised me by cupping herself and shaking her breasts through the dress.

"About time, right?"

"You're saying you were a late bloomer until last night?"

She stopped, facing me, looking suddenly serious. Her eyes took on an intensity I didn't recognize in her.

"It's fine, Kaley. You don't need to worry about it. Everything will make sense in time."

And then the cloud that hovered over her while she spoke lifted and she was smiling again, turning to walk away so that I would have to hurry after her.

Aside from that moment, the rest of the morning Jane really did seem like herself, laughing and joking, though she would occasionally get this stare, the kind that drifts up and away and she just looked into the distance. It was as if she could hear some call I could not, but these moments were infrequent and quick to pass. When I looked for her at lunch, however, I found that Jane was with Maureen again, the two of them under the bright sun of the early afternoon, sitting together on the campus lawn with food spread out around them. I started to approach and stopped when I saw Maureen remove a green leaf from her salad and feed it to Jane, who reacted like she had just eaten the most delicious of French pastries.

I made a quick turn to avoid them, but not before I saw Maureen catch

me in the act. There was no mystery about the smile she gave me that time. It was a smile of victory.

My afternoon classes were apart from Jane and Maureen, but what I'd seen stuck with me all day. I had to talk to someone, but I couldn't imagine who might even entertain the madness in my thoughts. Jane would have been my usual confidante, so I was forced to turn to Debbie, despite her maddening habit of treating everything as a joke.

"So, what is it you think is going on?" she asked when I'd detailed the events of my lunchtime voyeurism.

We were in the back yard of the Phi Mu house, Debbie smoking from one of those vaporizers while I pushed around a rock with my pump.

"Let me just say it out loud," I said, "and then you can call the authorities to lock me up."

"Seems like a fair trade."

"Maureen shows up out of the blue..."

"One might call it 'transferred to a new college,' but I'm with you so far."

"She comes here and spends the whole night with Jane. Jane then gets sicker than I've ever seen her – and I was there for her last birthday when she got into the rumpleminze – but then gets suddenly better. Only now she has brown eyes, spaces out at the drop of a hat, and also has bigger boobs."

"There's weirdness in there, for sure, but what are you saying? Maureen is responsible? How? How do you make someone's eyes change color and bra size go up like a hundred times?"

"I don't know," I said, taking a seat on the porch steps with her. "All I know for sure is that there is something *off* about her."

"Jane?"

"Both of them. Just keep an eye out, okay? You see anything strange, tell me."

"Sure thing. And you've got perfect timing."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm supposed to meet her tonight. She is a pledge after all. We're doing the sister interviews."

"Will you do me one favor?"

"Sure," she said, standing and arching her back in a languorous stretch.

"You have a sound recorder on your phone, right?"

**Audio Transcript from the phone of Deborah Caster, recorded
September 14, 2016:**

Deborah Caster (DC): You have to have three interviews from the older sisters. You have some questions on the sheet we gave you, but you should ask anything you want.

Maureen Fields (MF): The first question is where you're from.

DC: I'm from a place called Milltown, really small. Like, ridiculously small.

MF: Small towns are nice.

DC: They're a nice place to be from.

MF: I don't know. All those wide open spaces and everyone knows everyone. It's a real community.

DC: I guess so.

MF: You don't have to guess. It's true. You can believe what I tell you, Debbie. I will only tell you the truth.

DC: O-okay.

MF: Communities are important. A group working together to help the others. It's really beautiful, very natural.

DC: What are you-?

MF: Why don't you ask me a question? Get to know me, too.

DC: You're kind of creeping me out and maybe I should-

MF: Just look at me, Debbie. Look in my eyes. Aren't they big and dark?

DC: Yesss...

MF: Just look at them and listen. I want you to be happy, Debbie. You may think you are, but you're so caught up in the day-to-day problems. What are you going to wear, how are you going to do your hair today, what kind of job will you have, who will you marry, who many kids will you have... It's all so much for one person to have to think about.

DC: So much...

MF: I want you to let me help you. Will you do that for me?

DC: Help me. Yes, I can do that.

MF: Good. You're doing so good, Debbie. Take off your shoes. It's better to let yourself feel free. The less trappings of this complicated world, the better you're going to feel. There, doesn't that feel better?

DC: Yes.

MF: You're so pretty, Debbie. Sweet and soft and submissive and oh so

happy. I want you to feel so free and happy with me. Would you like that?

DC: Yes. Please...

MF: Come with me. Outside. You need to feel the ground under your feet, Debbie. Under your hands and knees. You should be crawling on the ground, so close to the earth. Come, Debbie.

DC: Yes...

Porter stopped the audio player and sat back in the metal chair, lighting another cigarette of the butt he was about to stub out. He inhaled and craned his neck, blowing a thick plume of smoke up to the ceiling.

"You have an explanation for that?"

"You heard it," Kaley said, looking at her fingers as they rubbed nervously together.

"What do you make of that conversation? I guess that proves your Maureen wasn't a person?"

"You don't know what it was like. She infected Debbie. Just like Jane. Like all the others."

"Infected them with what?"

"With *her*," Kaley hissed, leaning forward, gripping the edge of the interview table until her knuckles bled white and her cheeks flamed red with frustration. "You can believe whatever you want, Detective, but the truth is that Maureen infected them, made them different. Made them like her."

"And what was so awful about this Maureen? Sounds like your friend and her might have gotten up to some hanky-panky, but, hey, it's college, right? The time to experiment and explore and all that happy horseshit?"

"Debbie wasn't gay. Neither was Jane, not until Maureen was done with them, anyway. After that, things were different."

"We're talking about six missing people here. All you're telling me is that some mysterious girl no one ever saw before made your friends lesbians and ran away with them."

"That's not what I'm saying at all, not completely. The next week was the worst..."

I kept myself in my room after Jane returned. She had that same dim, moony expression when she returned from her meeting with Maureen. When I asked her about the recording, she shrugged and said she had left her phone at Maureen's, but that nothing had happened. They just walked around the

campus together and Maureen completed her interview. With flying colors, Debbie added.

I watched helpless as she fell into the same pattern as Jane. The first day she wandered around in a daze, drifting happily along like she was in a dream none of us could share. The following day she was sick, as sick as Jane had been. Even while she was in the throes of it, moaning and calling out to me through the bedroom walls for me to help her, I couldn't get close to her. I know how it sounds, but I was scared. My friends were changing around me and I was powerless to help. Worse, I couldn't help but think my name was on this list of girls to be changed, to be replaced by some other version.

Jane was no longer the same Jane I'd known. With each passing day, I could see physical differences in her. Her skin was a deep brown-red color that looked like she had come back from a vacation spent entirely in the sun. Her hair was darkening, too, noticeably changing from the dirty blonde to a light brown, which highlighted the deep color of her skin.

Besides her hair color, she continued to expand. Her breasts were generally left to bounce free on her chest now that she'd outgrown her bras, and no longer made an effort to wear one or to hide the fact that she was without one. Likewise, her hips had expanded, and her whole body had taken on this padded, hourglass shape with thick hips and thighs and a massive chest.

She avoided me, just as I avoided her, at least until the morning when Debbie's fever broke and she joined the rest of the girls in the house for breakfast. I noticed that some of the other girls were missing, too, all chalked up to the "Freshman flu" that was making its way through the sorority house. By my rough estimate, more than half of the girls who called Phi Mu home were now infected by Maureen or one of the others. Girls I knew as my friends and now found myself shivering at the thought of being alone with them.

Debbie's appearance was largely the same as she had been before, save for that untamed look her hair took on, a characteristic of Maureen and the others, and the fact that she had apparently developed the same aversion to bras. I don't know that she was noticeably bustier, but the fact that every step made her chest shake and jiggle suggested that the breast expansion, or breast fixation, was contracted along with the other symptoms.

"Hey, Kaley," I heard them call out as I passing by the kitchen door, eager to escape the place before anyone saw me.

I stopped, staring at the half-dozen girls surrounding the kitchen island, what looked to be a shared salad filled to the brim between them. They were smiling, but there was menace behind the looks.

"Hey. Just going to class."

They giggled, not quite in unison, but together as a group. It was unnerving.

"Sure you don't want some breakfast?"

"No. Thank you."

"Careful," Jane grinned, standing and rounding the table so I could see her in full. Her breasts were straining at her shirt, and her darker skin and wild hair made her look like a savage. "You want to keep healthy. There's something going around."

I held my gaze as long as I could, looking into those dark brown eyes and the wicked smile that hung beneath. Finally, with the slightest step toward me, I broke my paralysis and hurried out the front door.

I kept to myself through morning classes, dreading my afternoon philosophy course. That was the one with Maureen. I didn't know how safe it was to be around her, even in the public classroom.

I was still contemplating ditching the afternoon class when I saw them. Maureen and Jane and Debbie, two of the other girls from Phi Mu, Professor Wooster from the philosophy class... They were gathered together on the campus lawn, sitting in the grass while Maureen stood in the midst of them, alternately talking and petting their hair like animals. They didn't see me, too focused on the dark-haired girl in the center of them, heads upturned to look with something like reverence at the girl.

Maureen followed me with her gaze, all the way into Danny, whom I struck at full speed, nearly knocking us both to the ground.

I was on my knees, gathering the notebook and textbooks back into my arms as Danny apologizes profusely.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I was walking around staring down at my phone."

"It's no problem, really, I should have been-"

"Kaley?"

"Yeah?"

"Sorry," he said, grinning now, "I didn't recognize you at first. How are you doing?"

"Great," I lied, eyes darting back to Maureen on the grass near the main building. I couldn't make out what she said, but she was talking to them again,

and they were all nodding along. "Have you talked to Jane lately?"

He fell into step with me as we headed away from campus and toward the sorority and fraternity houses.

"The past couple of days, she's been really distant. I've texted a million times, and even if I try to talk to her, she gets all weird on me."

I nodded, afraid to say more. Perhaps I was more afraid to go back to that house alone, though.

"I need to grab a few things from the Phi Mu house. Mind waiting for me?"

"I guess not," he said, surprised. "Where are we going?"

"Your place."

"And this is Daniel Rawls," Porter said, spinning a photograph around to face Kaley. She glanced at it briefly and nodded. "And I don't suppose you know where he is, either?"

"With them. The others."

"But you don't know where they are."

"No."

"All you know for sure is that they were acting in an odd manner and you left the sorority house before he disappeared."

"Yes."

"And you never returned?"

"I did. Just not to stay for more than a few minutes. And never alone. Until the last day."

Porter leaned back to light another of his cigarettes, rolling it between his fingers as he exhaled another gray plume.

"The other girls didn't have the same issues with Maureen being around the house?"

"No. Not at first, and definitely not after they'd been infected."

"By her."

"Yes."

"So why not go to the police sooner?"

"That's just what Danny asked, and I'll tell you the same thing I told him-"

"They'll never believe us! I don't even know what to believe, but she's... she's... changing them."

Danny rolled onto his back, lying on the cheap twin bed, his hands folded loosely on his chest. "Look, I'll grant you that Jane looks and acts different, I'm just not all the way there on the new girl being to blame."

I recounted all I'd seen, and what I suspected. That was the part where things get murky.

"So," Danny said, finally sitting up to engage, "according to your theory, Maureen is some kind of, what, ghost?"

"Something unnatural. But alive."

"Okay, we'll put a pin in that. So, she somehow infects the girls around her, making them get big tits and act all weird. That about it?"

"And the eating."

"Right, the eating. All these 'infected' girls seem to be obsessed with salads, unlike any girl ever in the history of vaginas."

I hated him a little as he teased me, but he was right, too. I didn't know enough. There were no books to check out on the subject and my advanced Google skills kept taking me back to some Egyptian fertility wiki page. That was only helpful if I decided I wanted my crops to be plentiful, so I ignored the rest of the entry.

"You said it yourself," I challenged him, "Jane is *different*, Danny. She doesn't even look like the same person!"

I could feel the tension between us, but he was wavering, his brows stitched together as he worked out all that I had said and all that he had seen.

"It's not that I don't believe you," he said, his tone softening, "It's just crazy, you know?"

"I know it is, but-"

I was cut off by a knock at the door. We both grew silent as conspirators, our heads turning in unison to the closed door.

"Danny? It's me."

Jane.

My heart leaped into my throat and my eyes went wide. Only now can I examine the strangeness of the total fear I felt at my former best friend's voice. The fact that she stood on the other side of that door made my blood run cold.

"Hang on a sec, babe," Danny was saying, shooing me into the sliding door closet near his bed.

I shook my head 'no,' but a complex series of gestures from Danny told me it was the only place to hide. Despite my misgivings, I stepped into the

open closet and watched as Danny slid it closed, leaving a sliver of open space where I could see the center of the room.

She was out of sight when she first entered, but as Danny opened the door, Jane entered and I saw that she was not alone.

"Oh, hey," he said, hardly covering his surprise.

"Hello, Danny. Jane's told me so much about you."

Maureen strolled into the room with that air of regality she seemed to carry with her wherever she went. With every step, I saw Danny take an involuntary step back away from her, and finally into the waiting arms of Jane. Her arms curled around him and she rubbed her cheek against his shoulder, pressing her now-thick body against his back.

"Jane cares for you, don't you, Jane?"

She nodded, her tongue extending to lick the tip of his ear. I had to cover my mouth to stifle the gasp of shock. Her tongue was wide, wider than any person's I'd ever seen, and long as it snaked out of her mouth to lick her boyfriend.

"Jane doesn't talk as much anymore, but I think she has no trouble communicating what she wants."

"What are you-?"

Danny inhaled sharply as Jane's hands opened the buckle of his belt and pulled apart the fly of his jeans, her hand diving into the briefs covering Danny to grip and massage his sex.

Maureen was close to him, leaning even closer, her head poised as if she would give him a kiss.

"She's so happy, now. I want you to be happy, to be together."

Jane was shamelessly jerking him off now, pushing down the briefs to expose his turgid cock as her hand stroked along the underside in quick strokes.

"Do you want to be happy?" Maureen asked, her lips hovering impossibly close to Danny's open mouth as he moaned under Jane's touch.

"Yes," he whispered.

"Would you like to be Jane's special stud?"

"God yes," he hissed.

"All you have to do is fuck her. Isn't that easy?"

Jane's abnormally large tongue was running along his neck while her hand kept him rigid. He nodded and Jane giggled in a deep, thick sound that barely resembled human voice.

"Good," the girl guiding them said. "Now, Jane, show me what a good cow you are for me."

There was no more room left for shock or horror when I heard the sound Jane made, only a resolve that I was now truly alone, that I had passed through the fabric of reality into a place of pure madness. Jane mooed. It was a guttural sound, that started as something deep and became a room-filling low.

Jane rounded Danny's body and stood tantalizingly before him. Her bright yellow summer dress strained at the top where her massive breasts were contained, and it took barely a flick of her finger to loosen those buttons and expose herself. What I had mistaken for the natural coloration of her skin I could now see in finer detail from my vantage point. There was fine, ruddy-colored hair covering Jane's body, and I could make out distinctly darker patches – spots – covering her belly. Her nipples were huge and pink, with stiff tips that jutted from her flesh. I followed the dress down to her feet to discover a new terrifying change – her feet were dark and twisted. Though I could make out what had once been the feet of a normal girl, they had hardened into an approximation of hooves, though I could still see what had been toes as they swirled together to form these monstrous appendages.

Danny apparently did not see, or no longer cared. His hands were on Jane's breasts, pinching those swollen nipples between his fingers while Jane squirmed and made a groaning sound. As he twisted and tugged and pulled at her huge chest, I saw at first a few pale droplets, and then a steady flow of milk began running down the curve of her breasts, her round belly, even onto the floor. She was leaking freely, her body growing wet and glistening with her own milk.

"See, Danny," Maureen whispered loud enough for me to hear, "see how beautiful she is. All she wants is to be fucked. To be impregnated. To be bred. I need a bull for all my girls, and Jane thinks you would be so perfect as the bull of our herd."

Maureen guided the two of them toward the bed, bending Jane over to present her ample backside to Danny. I could see spots there, too, large enough to cover one whole cheek with its dark stain. There was also a small rope of flesh extending from her tailbone, a half-formed but easily identifiable tail. It swung as she bent over to lift her ass to Danny, who wasted no time positioning himself behind her.

I could see her lips, pink and wet, already parted to receive Danny. He

bent to insert himself into Jane, rewarded by another soul-crushing but undeniable lustful moo as he sank his shaft into her. Her breasts were pressed against the top of his bed as her wide hips rose to receive Danny.

Maureen moved around the bed with a slinky stroll, loosening her own red top and peeling it away. Though her skin was not as dark as Jane's the reveal of her body displayed the same spots, albeit lighter, that Jane wore. She slid out of the skirt she wore, freeing the tail that had been hidden beneath, this one fully formed and articulated unlike Jane's. Maureen had the same pink nipples, the same dappled markings, but there was an intelligence in her eyes that had been drained from Jane.

She climbed atop Jane, straddling her back so that she could face Danny, offering her breast to him by cupping and lifting. Danny did not hesitate, but sank his face into the cleavage, licking and kissing the blue-veined breast offered to him. When it began to drip pearly milk, Danny licked and paused, as if he had tasted something unique and delicious, then he descended on her, sucking hard at her teat while his hips rammed again and again into Jane. She bounced with each thrust, mooing again as his pace quickened and Maureen held his head tight to her, feeding him as he bucked and impaled Jane anew.

I could smell them, a musky scent of sex and the milk. It was heady and made me dizzy, in fact made me want to open the closet door and simply give in, to let Maureen induct me into this herd of cow/girls she was forming. I had to bite down on the side of my hand, only this sharp pain able to pierce the haze that threatened to reveal my hiding spot to Maureen.

Nonetheless, I watched for over an hour as Danny's eyes grew more dazed with each swallow of Maureen's milk. When he finally released her, gasping, she pet his head and cooed to him.

"My sweet bull," she soothed him, "such a nice big cock to breed with."

He responded by bending and kissing Jane between her furred shoulders, redoubling his efforts to bring himself to climax. Maureen only watched now as he pumped with growing speed and force until he froze in place, then threw back his head and snorted, an animal and angry sound, then shot his seed into Jane, who answered his climax with her own, moo-filled orgasm.

"Good cow," Maureen said as the former couple collapsed onto the bed together. "Soon, you'll feel your belly filled with a baby for your bull. Won't that be nice?"

Jane moaned and nuzzled Danny's shoulder. He was unconscious as Maureen helped Jane back into her clothes, hanging too tight in some places and far too tight in others as Jane's curvy body was pressed back into the summer dress. Maureen kissed her as she adjusted Jane's dress, a lewd and deep kiss that left Jane panting and pawing at her top and the pink-tipped nipples within. Maureen seemed to allow herself to abandon to the kiss for a moment, then stepped away, pulling Jane by her hand to the door.

I waited until they'd been gone for several minutes, afraid they would come back inside, afraid that by sliding the door open, I would rouse Danny from his stupor, and I wasn't sure who would be opening their eyes.

I was almost to the door when I heard him speak. "Kaley? That you?"

I turned from the door to find him sitting up in bed, still nude, unaware of his indecency. I had to cast my eyes away when I saw the crust of milk around his mouth and the glisten of his still-erect penis.

"Danny?"

"Oh, god, Kaley, I can feel her!"

The look on his face was one of disgust, but there was no hiding his arousal either.

"What did she do to you?"

When his head lifted to meet my gaze, I saw the familiar dark brown eyes looking back at me.

"I feel strong, Kaley. And hungry. Like I could just eat and fuck until I passed out. Sorry," he added when he saw my reaction. "It's hard to describe, but I can feel them all."

"Who?"

"The herd. Jane, Debbie, Wooster, Renee, Sue... even Maureen."

"That's half the sorority," I whispered, more to myself.

"They're hers. God, they're so hot. I can hear their thoughts, how much they want to breed and I want to give them babies. I need to. Kaley, what did she do to me?"

He rose, reaching out to me for safety or solace, but I backed away in fear. I could smell them on him, and I knew if he touched me, if I let him get close, I'd want him to touch me, to tear my clothes away, to have his way with me and make me like *them*.

"You know what you're saying," Porter mused, rubbing the salt-and-pepper stubble of his chin. "You are now admitting to being the last person to

see Daniel alive. Your housemates, too, if your account is correct. You know what that makes you?"

"No," Kaley said. The room was getting hotter and her stomach was starting to roll. A bead of sweat was running down her back. She felt disgusting and out of sorts.

"It makes our number one suspect. Maybe you and this Danny guy had a thing going on the side and your friend Jane found out about it. Maybe you just went crazy. I dunno, I'm no psychiatrist. What I do know is that there's six missing people and there's you, and that's the only lead I have right now."

"You have to find Maureen." Kaley laughed. "That's the catch-22. You have to find her to find the truth, but I don't know if she'll ever come back. She's almost the perfect animal. Show up, replenish the population, disappear again."

"Replenish the population? What, like some kind of breeding program?"

"Exactly like that."

Porter looked skeptical, lighting a cigarette of the remains of the last. "Why don't you tell me about the last night?"

Kaley sighed and nodded. She'd wandered the campus, searching for a familiar face...

All around I could see shadows of the girls of the sorority, figures formed by the street lamps throwing shadows along the ground or against the walls, reminding me how alone, how threatened I was. I found the campus library still open, so I found a corner of the stacks where no one was around and I curled into the corner, arms folded over my knees, where I slept the rest of the night.

I woke with a start, hearing the sounds of morning activity. I was still in my clothes from the day before, feeling dirty and tired. I needed a change of clothes, a shower and some way to free myself of the terror I still felt, even in the bright light of day.

My hair must have been a mess, and I know my makeup was smeared and cracked. Walking among the other students as I exited the library was a stark reminder that life did go on as normal despite the things I'd seen. My phone was filled by text messages from Danny, who finished his text assault around 4 a.m., his last message saying he was feeling better, that he understood now and that he wanted to see me so we could all be together. It

made my blood run cold in my veins to think that he had made the shift from unwilling infected to willing pawn of Maureen.

I had no other place to go other than the sorority house where all my clothes were. I resolved that I would wait until classes began, then sneak in, make it to my room, gather my clothes and get out. From there, I could decide what my next move would be. I knew Maureen had to be stopped, but I had no idea how to do such a thing.

I huddled near the corner of the frat house across the street, watching as some of the girls made their way to class. After the last of the girls I knew had class exited, save for Debbie and Jane who had remained inside, or perhaps were with Maureen somewhere, I crossed the road and crept up the steps to the front door, pressing my ear against the closed door to determine if anyone remained inside.

I heard nothing, so I pushed my way inside, entering the main room of the Phi Mu house. I paused, standing in the center of the room, my head cocked in search of some sound that would tell me there was someone else in the house. It was eerily silent. I stayed that way for a minute or more before darting quickly and stealthily up the stairs and to my right, toward my bedroom.

Inside, I nabbed a backpack I'd used in high school and hadn't gotten around to throwing away and stuffed clothes from my closet and drawers, eyes darting to the open bedroom door. I hissed and stopped, stock-still, when I nudged an old track trophy off the shelves and heard it bounce heavily on the floor before coming to rest. The house remained quiet so I returned to work.

While I packed, I mused over the state of the house. Despite being populated by young women, our house was never terribly organized, but there was a sense of neglect in the way things were littered through the halls and in the main room. And the smell... The whole house smelled musky and thick with some organic scent. Not quite sex, but a hint of that, too. It was like, I realized, an animal den.

It was this I was thinking of when I felt the hand close over my mouth and my feet lift from the floor. I grabbed at the hand, fixed tight to my face, while I kicked at the empty air.

"Just calm down, Kaley," a husky male voice said. "Everything will be alright."

I was able to twist my head to see Danny, a lewd and threatening grin

on his face, as his hand closed around my throat and squeezed. Again I kicked, grasping at his arms and wrists, until blackness overcame me.

I could tell by the way the light leaned in the windows that it was late afternoon or early evening when I came to again. I was in the den, my arms behind me, something tying my wrists together to keep me from moving. My ankles, too, were bound together with bungee cord. The room appeared empty, but I could hear people in the kitchen, and what sounded like a low-voiced conversation happening while someone else was getting righteously screwed. The higher-pitched and rhythmic grunts called to mind someone reacting to the thrust of a man inside her. I hate to admit that it made me somewhat aroused, especially given the thick scent in the air.

"Ka-ley..." The voice was coming closer, sing-song as it called my name. I knew it was her before I saw her, perhaps by the way the voice seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere. She stepped into the room, her skirt showing off her fair skin, and her top had been torn at one shoulder so that one breast hung free of her clothing, somehow more shocking because of the other breast covered. Her nipple was fat and bright pink, and I swear I could make out teeth marks around the stiff tip. Topping Maureen's head was a pair of small but unmistakable horns.

She wore an expression of bemused superiority, and, in my current state, there was little to suggest she wasn't in charge. Fear was a sticky, cold thing in my stomach, and there was something else, too. Want. Part of me wanted her to lower that udder to my mouth, to force it inside, to push her milk into my waiting mouth...

"Why are you so upset, Kaley?" she asked, leaning close to me. God, I could smell her. She smelled like every wet dream, every lusty thought made flesh. "I only want you and your friends to be happy."

"By turning them into cows?" I spat, surprising myself with my own defiance.

"I made them what they are already," she said, lowering to her knees so she was close to me. "They were followers, Kaley, eager to be led. And now they are forever together, part of the same herd, their desires simplified into food and sex and rest and the occasional calf. In between these needs is blissful nothingness, only my will to fill them. But you..." Her hand rose and caressed my cheek, "...you are something different. You want to be free, but freedom doesn't have to be unlimited possibility. It can be purpose."

"You're a monster."

"Am I? because I like to feel a bull's cock in me? Because I want others to feel the same?"

Behind her, Danny and Debbie entered. My eyes reluctantly moved from Maureen to the figures of my former friend and my Jane's boyfriend. They were both nude, and hustled against one another as they moved. Danny's skin had taken on that darker, furred texture. As he walked, his cock, engorged and darker than the rest of him, swung between his legs. It was unnaturally large, but I felt a hunger for it, too. Debbie appeared to have just been the recipient, as I could see pearly cum and lubrication dripping from her swollen labia. Her petals were thick and split, revealing the pink interior. Her upper thighs and hips were padded, her breasts heavy and filled by milk, I assumed. Even the bridge of her nose appeared to have flattened, changing her features into something vaguely bovine, and I saw a tail sweep from left to right behind her. While they clung together, Debbie's tongue swept out to lick Danny's shoulder, and I saw that it was as large and wide as Jane's had been. Human speech would be beyond her, now, not that the dim look in her eyes suggested she had much to say. She wove somewhat unsteadily on the thick, black hooves that had once been feet. Danny's were beginning to change, too, and there were two small nubs on his forehead – the genesis of horns, I understood.

"Look at them, Kaley," Maureen said, holding me by the chin to see my friends as Jane entered behind, mooing in frustration as she presented her glistening sex to Danny. "All they want is pleasure and that's just what I give them."

Danny saw Jane's position and snorted with some kind of mirth. He moved away from Debbie, who seemed not to notice. She had fallen to her hands and knees, crawling toward Maureen and I, though her gaze was fixed on Maureen and her half-bared chest. She first nuzzled then licked the exposed teat before latching on and drinking shamelessly of Maureen's milk in front of me. I felt tears roll down my cheeks seeing my friend so debased.

While Debbie suckled, Danny had found Jane and the former lovers engaged in a new kind of lovemaking. Danny grabbed Jane's hips and she lowed with anticipation. There was a distinct whiff of pheromones as she backed into him, mooing. Danny's enormous phallus nudged against Jane's exposed and waiting pussy before plunging inside, generating grunts and moos between them. Danny attempted no gestures of affection, lost in animal rutting as he fucked her hard and sent her udders swaying, dripping with milk

as he pounded into her again and again.

Apparently drawn by the sounds, Professor Wooster and two of the other sorority sisters rounded the corner, all on their hands and knees, bearing the distinct signs of late transformation. Wooster was the furthest gone, the gypsy skirts abandoned in favor of bare flesh, her spots distinct against her skin as she crawled into the room, raising her head to moo. The others joined in, creating the true sound of a herd.

"See?" Maureen said, breath fast as Debbie fed from her. "They are content and consumed by pleasure. But that isn't enough for you, is it?"

"Why are you doing this?"

Maureen laughed. "Because it is what I am, Kaley. I'm the Herd Mother. There are many of us, and we come here time to time when our herds need new numbers."

"Why here? Why us?"

"Why not?"

I sighed and leaned my head back against the wall, staring up at the ceiling. I recalled all the times we'd cleaned the house as sisters, or compared dresses before dates, or simply giggled together late in the night. Now, the room was filled with the sounds of these human cows, mooing to their mistress as one was bred in their midst.

"If you're going to do that to me, get it over with. I can't stand to see them."

"I have no need of a willful cow," Maureen mused, pushing Debbie away. "I won't make you like them. It's time for us to go, anyway."

"Go? Where?"

"To where I come from," she said enigmatically. "Maybe we'll meet again. Maybe not."

I gaped at her, trying to find some way to make sense of it all, and then she kissed me. Her tongue was soft and pink and warm as it pushed past my lips and the hidden desire I'd felt building while in the house exploded and I kissed her back, leaning into her touch as she gently held my cheeks. I sucked her tongue and felt my pussy flood with my juices as she pressed her lips against mine. Just as quickly, she was retreating from me, leaving me panting on the floor, bound and helpless.

"Have fun, Kaley," she said, waving her fingers in a dainty 'good-bye.'

Rather than cover herself, Maureen stripped away the remains of her torn top and grinned over to Danny as he doused Jane's canal with his seed,

withdrawing with long drips still trailing from the tip of his member.

"Come, cows," she said, bringing their attention to her. "And my bull of course."

Danny snorted, following the others as they moved to surround Maureen, some still on their hands and knees, some on malformed hooves. I still saw my friends in those faces, but they paid me no mind, too focused on Maureen to worry about something like me. Without another word, Maureen walked to the front door and opened it, revealing yet another impossibility.

Beyond the door, I saw rolling hills covered by tall grass, dappled by trees across the landscape. From that scene came the smells of grass and earth and the faint sound of mooing. Enticed, the herd in the sorority house shuffled toward the open door and into the sunlight of some other world. Only Maureen looked back. We locked eyes and she grinned at me, shutting the door behind with a final enigmatic wink.

"So she just whisked them away to the Land of Cows or whatever?"

Kaley didn't respond. She wiped the beads of sweat from her forehead and shifted subtly in her chair, but was otherwise silent.

"And that is your official statement?"

"Yes," she said simply. Her stomach was in knots. She had to get out of here soon. There were things she could not tell Porter, things more unbelievable even than the final act of her story, but it made them no less true.

"Honey, if you don't mind me sayin', you're a pretty girl, but you are the most flat-out crazy chick I may have ever had the sorry fortune to meet. We'll arrange for an eval, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't leave town anytime soon."

She smiled. "I will."

"Fine, then. You can go. Just be where I can reach you."

"Yes, sir."

She tried to keep calm now that she was free, but her hands were trembling. She had never felt this sort of need before, and it was taking all of her will to maintain appearances.

The police station was only eight blocks from the campus, so Kaley strolled home, already more at ease now that she was outdoors. She took off her flats and held them by the back with two fingers as she walked, enjoying the feeling of the ground beneath her feet.

She wondered what Porter would have said if she'd told him the true end of the story, that she hadn't really escaped. He would have chalked it up to more insanity, she supposed. The thought amused her as she turned the corner to the row of houses occupied by the school's Greek organizations. The Phi Mu house was close, and she could already feel them near her. The girls who she had gone to in the night, slipping into their beds and offering them her breast, cumming every time she felt her milk take hold of them, bend them to her will.

Inside the house was a whole herd of girls, the ones Maureen had selected not to take or simply missed. They were Kaley's now, and many of them were changing quickly, their gorgeous tails swishing behind plump asses. What Maureen had given her was the gift of an identical nature, a need to care for her cows. She understood, now, and that understanding assured her that the door would open again onto those fields, and she would lead her own herd into the green. The thought was arousing. They would need a bull first, and that was her next order of business. It would be easy, she knew, once she had chosen someone to honor as their breeding animal. All it would take was her scent and a flutter of her eyes, deep and dark and brown.

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Nymphet



All along the way, Daniel could hear movement in the jungle-like forest that hid the island's interior. It ceased when he stood still, then resumed as soon as his exploration of the island's beach continued. He kept an eye on the dark forest, but could never discern more than a glimpse of shadow.

After he'd made a circle around the island, no sign of any other land pushing from the distant waters, Daniel resolved to climb the bluff in search of the source of the flowing water. He found that his only path up was to enter the thick forest and move east, then up, following the slope of the land. As soon as he'd pushed into the forest, already cataloging the various venomous snakes and insects that could end his adventure quickly, he was surprised to find a well-worn path that led toward the rise of the bluff. He looked again into the tangled foliage, finding no sign of human life but himself. The trail was dark, the rich soil of the island pressed into a hard and easily-navigable path. It looked too well-defined for a simple animal trail, and Daniel assumed that it was used by frequent visitors to the island.

As he wound through the jungle, the air suddenly cool under the canopy, he admitted to himself that it was beautiful. The lush green of the forest dappled with spots of sunlight, the gentle songs of the birds, the breeze that whispered against his skin... One could do worse than to spend a day or two in this paradise. Everywhere his eyes went, he found twisting vines coiled around the trees and dangling from the branches, the same white flower he'd found in his hair blossoming along the lengths of them.

He could see before him the end of the forest's domain and the beginning of wide field of yellow grass, waist-high and painted with the late morning's sunlight. Better, he could hear the sound of water running and soft splashes ahead of him.

He felt the heat on his skin as he passed from the forest to the meadow and grinned up at the pale blue sky. The splashing sound was nearer, and he followed the path that cut through the grass toward it.

As the sounds grew louder, he saw flowers like the ones on the vines growing in patches, clusters of them flowering from bushes that had the long, thick stalks of roses, but without the buds of a rose bush. They were wide and fragrant, and even several feet away he could smell their sweet and rich perfume. Their frequency increased the farther up the bluff he climbed, until he seemed to wade through a sea of them. He plucked one from its thick stalk and pressed his nose to it, inhaling so deeply, he could taste the fragrance on his tongue.

It was then that he saw her, and realized that the sound of splashing had been this woman all along. The puzzle of her existence on this island was supplanted by his admiration of her beauty. Her hair was long and dark, and, when she saw him, she stood in the pool of water that covered her to mid-thigh, displaying a matching patch of dark pubic hair. Her body was tan, with dark nipples that stood at hardened points against the curve of her breasts. She swept her hair back, squeezing water from it as she settled the wet mane across her shoulder, stepping up and out of the pool. Her eyes were a dazzling green that held him fast, her hips wide and alluring, her legs long, the bare feet padding on the dark path as she approached him. She was, in short, the most gloriously beautiful woman Daniel had laid eyes on in his mundane life.

"Uh, hello," he managed, shaking his head to pull his stare from her gloriously nude body.

She smiled at him, white teeth beneath full and seductive lips, her stride never slowing. He stood perfectly still, unsure of his next move. He felt no threat from her, that open smile suggesting nothing but happiness, and yet something in him told him to run. Before he could resolve the internal debate, she was standing before him, stopping only when her hands had found the sides of his head, fingers raking through his unkempt hair, tilting his head as her lips found his. She kissed him tenderly, their mouth moving together as his eyes closed, giving in to the soft passion. When her tongue slipped into

his mouth, he explored it with his own and found that it tasted just as the flowers smelled.

Her leg slid up his own, pushing up the leg of his khaki cargo shorts. His hands found her hips, following the curve to the small of her back, her soft lips encouraging his touch.

She broke the kiss, taking Daniel's hand and nodding her head for him to follow. He looked around, seeing nothing but the white flowers swaying in the breeze, the trail beneath his feet and the the gorgeous, dark-haired seductress.

He followed behind as she led him off the path, sitting in a small clearing, surrounded by the curtain of white blossoms. She sat, tugging him down to the ground with her, her slender fingers unbuttoning his blue chambray shirt, her lips planting kisses on his chest. He shrugged the shirt off as her fingers wound through the hair on his chest, bending to her and lifting his hips to slide down the cargo shorts and the boxer briefs beneath.

When her legs wrapped around his bare waist, his cock rose to full attention, aching with the promise of entry into this angelic woman. She wound her arms under his, nails pressed against his back, and he raised himself to guide his member into her. As soon as the tip pressed against her lips, it was as if she opened like the petals of the flowers surrounding them, and he smelled the rich perfume even more clearly, thick and sweet. They moaned as one, their hands pulling at each other to find the perfect rhythm for them both.

Her lips pressed against his as he felt her nails dig deeper, her hips pumping faster against him, driving his shaft deep inside her. She tensed, squeezing him inside her as he exploded, both of them crying out in unison as they came. It occurred to Daniel that it was the first sounds he'd heard her make, and a white light filled his vision, wiping everything else away.

[Call of the Faeries](#)



The door was slightly open when Darcy made it up the landing to her apartment, and she rushed inside, calling Claire's name.

"Hey, sexy!" Claire replied, leaning out of the doorway to her bedroom, hanging by one hand to the frame, her body leaning at a near-45 degree angle to the wall.

"Where have you been?" Darcy asked, rushing to her roommate and holding her by her arms, scanning her for signs of... something. Anything that would account for her recent odd behavior would have been welcome.

"I told you," Claire said, her voice light and dreamy. Her eyes, too, were heavy-lidded, as if she were in the throes of a particularly mellow drug trip. "I was at the shoe store. Only it wasn't just the shoe store." She pressed her forefinger to her lips in a *shush* ing gesture and grinned. "It was somewhere else. I wish you coulda been there."

"Okay, I'm putting you in bed and we'll talk about this in the morning."

"Mmmmm," Claire purred, lifting her leg against the other and

shrugging, giving Darcy an inviting smile. "I love it when you get all demanding."

For an instant, Darcy's mind cast back to the night before, the sounds of Claire's body responding to her touch, the desire in Darcy to join in. Something in Claire's smile suggested that she would not be turned away if she attempted to push her into a tangled embrace, but her behavior was too out of character for Darcy to feel comfortable with the idea.

"Good. Bed, now." Darcy pointed toward the bed and Claire moved inside the pink glow of the bedroom.

Darcy followed her inside, scanning the room for signs of drugs or booze or an empty bottle of pills... something to help make sense of it all. Claire was no slut, and yet every word out of her mouth dripped sexual suggestion. The slinky manner of her walk, the way she crawled onto the bed on all fours, showing her ass to Darcy, it was as if someone far more lascivious had slipped into Claire's skin.

She wasn't sure if Claire's new outfit came from Foot Traffic or this mysterious back room, but the blue knit dress that showed off her toned legs had been replaced by something out of a fantasy movie. Her feet were clad in satiny ballet slippers, pale blue, as were the ribbons that wrapped around her calves. The dress was a similar pale blue, covering her hips and chest, wide ribbons criss-crossing her belly and back, wide satiny bands of a matching color around her thighs. Over the dress, a gauzy film of silk covered her, and Darcy noticed small-petaled white flowers woven into her hair, as if she were queen of the nymphs or something.

"Are you gonna join me?" Claire asked, patting the unmade bed.

"Get some sleep," Darcy replied, knowing it wasn't a direct answer, but the truth was, she *did* want to join her, to slide her body against the soft fabric and unwrap her roommate like a panting birthday present. "We'll talk about where you were tomorrow."

"It was so nice," Claire whispered, her hands roaming over her chest and resting there. Were her breasts larger? It had to be a trick of the light, or the way the ribboned dress held her, but it certainly *looked* like Claire had gone up almost a cup size since Darcy saw her the night before. "There were so many of them and they were dancing all around and then I was dancing, too."

It wasn't just her chest, Darcy realized. Her hair, always a bright red, cut in a bob not unlike Darcy's, was longer, and beginning to curl at the tips.

Perhaps she had gotten extensions or was having some hormonal explosion that made her hair experience a burst of growth along with her breasts. That felt rational, Darcy thought, and rational felt good.

"Tomorrow," Darcy repeated and closed the bedroom door, leaning against it and sighing. As turned on as she was by Claire's change in demeanor, it scared her, too. She might even have to call Claire's parents, and wouldn't that be an uncomfortable phone call?

Drifting away from the door, Darcy heard unbridled moans from within the bedroom, another round of self-pleasuring begun. She found she was too concerned to properly enjoy it, instead retiring to the couch. Though the sounds were no less discernible here, she could turn the television up to mask most of them.

Claire was still moaning when Darcy fell asleep, filling her dreams with the sweet song of lust.