

Angie has the hots for her best friend Trish. Trish is easily overwhelmed and hasn't been intimate with a woman. As they negotiate the rough terrain of a budding relationship, they're pulled into an alien world where they can become their ideal selves.

This the story about two furies falling in love while transforming into their sons. If you want some slow burn mouse on giraffe lesbian romance, this is for you. ^_^

Double Espresso

by Zmeydros

Angie stands outside the coffee shop staring down a tree-lined street as a soft breeze blows a paper bag underneath an old Buick with peeling silver paint. This is stupid, she should go wait inside. She's going to look desperate if she's standing outside waiting

when Trish arrives. But Trish doesn't even know that she likes her. Angie sighs. For that to happen, she would have to actually get up the guts to tell Trish how she feels, and that's just not going to happen.

After years of being openly lesbian and having had a couple worthwhile relationships, Angie still has trouble dealing with the phase where she doesn't know whether the other person sees her as a potential lover. It's even harder when she's not completely sure if that person is comfortable doing sexual stuff with other women.

At least Trish knows that Angie is a lesbian. That should make things easier. Trish isn't in a relationship right now, so that's also good... Only about six more minutes until Trish exceeds her normal fashionable lateness. Angie checks her watch. This ruminating is going to drive her crazy.

Six minutes... That's enough time for Angie to check her makeup once more. If Trish arrives while she's in the bathroom, she'll look less desperate. On the way to the restroom, she glances at some breaking news on the old big screen TV in the coffee shop.

Another disappearance of some random person in Canada this time. It wouldn't be so odd if these disappearances didn't have flashes of light associated with them. People have turned a corner, and then disappeared before they made it to the next intersection. She shivers. It seems like the sort of thing that would be in a tabloid, not in the national news.

Some seem to think it's aliens, but it's probably just spreading like most things do. People see flashes of light because other people say they saw flashes of light. If it's aliens, why are they being so obvious? Almost all the alien abductions she's ever heard of didn't result in the person being

gone forever. Why would they only bring some people back? Maybe there are two groups of aliens?

She shakes her head. She'd have to believe that aliens were hiding on or around earth to even consider that possibility. The part about all this that gives Angie the creeps is that these disappearances can be traced all the way back to the eighties. Who knows, maybe someday she'll be walking down the street and poof, she'll disappear.

The door to the restroom creaks as she pulls it open. Once she's in the restroom, she grimaces at the ugly dark green walls. The paint's so glossy it may as well be green slime covering the walls. This bathroom is too dark and eerie.

She looks in the mirror and frowns at her appearance for the thousand and eightieth time. If only it could be the face of her sona staring back instead. Her sona's a mouse with pinkish-grey fur, not some

round-faced short human with small hips, scrawny arms, small breasts, and a long nose. Other people try to tell her that she's pretty, but she really doesn't care what they say. This body is only a ghost of her true self.

When she wipes some blue lipstick off of her teeth with a paper towel, she grimaces at the feeling of paper against her gums. Her belt taps on the counter and her collar clinks as the silver piece of cheese hanging on it swings back and forth with her motions.

All the looks she's gotten since she started wearing this collar--worth it. It's good that she did it after she applied for college and got a summer job, though. She's still not sure why her manager doesn't mind the collar. Maybe he's a closet fur or something, but it's more likely that it doesn't matter what you look like when you work at a call center.

The pink highlights in her blue hair go so well with her pale blue eyes. The short

controlled messiness that is her hairdo is her own creation and she gets a lot of compliments on it. This is still the longest lasting hairdo she's ever had. She was always bugging her parents to let her cut it shorter... She gets distracted by the ring in her nose. There's a small fleck of dry skin hanging off of it. EEEW! She's glad she came in here to tidy up.

After the offending dry skin is removed, she turns to walk out of the bathroom. Before she can start walking out, the door opens and Trish steps in. Angie puts her hands behind her back and tries to look casual. "Hi!"

"Oh, hey." Trish opens her arms and pulls Angie into a big hug.

Angie feels Trish's above-average breasts press against her own, and murr for a fraction of a second before she catches herself. Lucky for her, Trish doesn't seem to notice. Trish's black sweater isn't the least

bit scratchy and Angie is content to just keep hugging the taller woman.

Eventually Trish giggles. “We better move or we’re going to be an obstruction.”

“Yeah,” Angie says as she reluctantly releases Trish. “I’ll go find us a table.”

“Be out in a sec,” Trish says as she steps around Angie and into a stall.

Angie walks to a quiet corner of the shop and settles in. When Trish steps out of the bathroom, she looks around with her eyebrows raised until Angie waves to get her attention. Then as Trish is walking toward her, Angie looks her friend over once more.

Trish isn’t much taller than Angie’s five-foot-two, but she is much less scrawny. She has simple shoulder-length black hair that she pushes behind her ears. Her eyebrows are perfect fine black arches, her lips are thick and kissable.

Then there's Trish's long, toned legs leading up to her feminine hips. Trish's dark brown eyes look mysterious and her light brown skin doesn't seem to have a blemish on it. Angie blushes and looks away when she imagines how beautiful the pink of Trish's pussy must look against her perfect skin.

When Trish sits down, she immediately looks back at the counter. "We should probably get drinks before we get evil looks from the staff."

"Or we could wait and see which one of them does the best evil look," Angie says.

Trish giggles. "What prize does the winner get?" she says, raising one of her slender eyebrows.

"A flash of our goods?" Is her mind really that far into the gutter? Angie scolds herself.

Trish laughs hard and then smiles at Angie.
“You crack me up.”

A moment of pure bliss washes over Angie. Trish always seems to appreciate her humor. Flattery is the fastest way into Angie’s pants. Angie blushes at her own train of thought.

“I need some coffee,” Trish says as she gets out of her chair.

Angie follows her to the counter.

Trish says, “Medium double mocha latte.” as she the runs her index finger along the cherrywood trim on the front of the counter.

The pudgy bearded college student behind the counter looks at her with a bit of confusion and fiddles with his crooked name tag. “You mean two shots of espresso right?”

“Affirmative.” Trish smiles. “I like to be wide awake when I’m studying.”

“That’ll be four seventy-seven.” The guy taps the counter lightly.

Two shots? It’s like nine at night, is Trish planning to study until the sun comes up again? Angie doesn’t want to seem like she’s a wimp or not as serious about staying awake as Trish. “I’ll have the same and I’ll pay for both.”

“You’re paying?” Trish leans back slightly in surprise.

“My treat,” Angie says.

As Angie gets out her credit card, Trish says, “You sure you want a double? Have you even had a single before? I thought you only drank green tea.”

Maybe Trish is right, maybe she should just get one shot. Nah, she’s seen people drink doubles all the time. It’s not like she’s going to get caffeine poisoning or something from

it. She hands her card to the guy. “I want to be awake until we’ve gone over all our notes.”

Trish shrugs and says, “You do get sleepy when we study calculus.”

Angie frowns as she takes her credit card back from the guy, adds a nice tip, and signs the slip. Math is a language she will never speak fluently. It’s not that she finds it boring, it’s that her effort to try to understand it wears her out. She looks up at Trish when she feels a hand on her shoulder.

“I didn’t mean to put you down, Angie,” Trish says as she pushes an errant strand of hair behind her ear with her other hand.

Angie smiles. “I know, it’s okay.” She puts her hand on top of Trish’s. When Trish removes her hand, Angie moves hers with it and ends up holding Trish’s hand. Trish’s hand is cold, but it feels wonderful to hold it.

The attendant glances at the fact the girls are holding hands and staring into each other's eyes while he's struggling with making the drinks. At first Trish just continues to stare at Angie for a few seconds as if she's wondering why her hand has been captured, but then something that causes Angie's heart to skip a beat happens.

Trish squeezes her hand and then pulls Angie toward her into a big hug and kisses the top of her head. "We're both going to pass that midterm."

Being pulled into Trish's arms causes a turbulent rush of feelings. Angie's nethers get warm from the way that her pelvis is tight against Trish's. Every once in a while one of Trish's hugs has Angie in this satisfying position. Joy fills Angie when Trish kisses the top of her head. Trish is like a chocolate-covered vibrator, sweet and sexy.

Trish giggles after the hug's been going on for over thirty seconds. "You silly mouse. Are you going to let me get my drink?"

Hugging Trish harder, Angie shakes her head.

With a laugh, Trish struggles to get loose, causing her body to rub against Angie, who feels tingles of pleasure from the friction. Angie's nipples continue to tingle after she lets go of Trish. She watches Trish grab her drink. Why can't she just tell Trish how attracted she is to her right now? That's it, she's just going to tell her the moment they're both back sitting at the table. The worst Trish could do is say 'no' and they'd still be friends.

When Trish glances at Angie, she says, "Why so serious?"

"Heh, was my face all serious or something?" Angie asks.

“Yeah, you had your patented, ‘I’m thinking about something really important’ face.” Trish makes an overly serious face.

The silliness of Trish’s expression causes Angie to laugh while she’s reaching for her own drink. “I don’t look like that.”

“Are you sure?” Trish asks and then makes her face look even more ridiculous.

“Now you just look like you’re trying to kill me with your mind.” Angie giggles.

Trish laughs. “No, I was trying to give you an orgasm using telepathy.”

Looking Trish in the eye, Angie says, “There are plenty of other funner ways to do that.”

A blush forms on Trish’s face. “I suppose you’re right.”

Glancing at the attendant, Angie sees that he is frozen in place staring at them. “Yep, I

like girls. Hope I'm not the first lesbian you've ever seen in real life."

He blushes and then laughs nervously.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

"It's fine, I just didn't want to leave you there staring long enough that a line formed or something." Angie says with a smirk.

Trish puts a hand on Angie's shoulder and turns her toward their table before looking back at the attendant and saying, "Don't mind her, she's an evil lesbian who picks on men."

The guy behind the counter laughs.

Angie jabs Trish gently in the side with the hand that's holding her coffee. "And you like being stared at, you're no more innocent than me."

"I suppose not, but I'm not evil like you."

Trish sits at the table.

As Angie smirks as she sits down. “That’s just ad hominem, so it doesn’t count.”

“Ad hominem?” Trish tilts her head.

“It means ‘against the man.’ We discussed it the first day of philosophy class.” Angie sighs, lost in her memory of that day. She wanted Trish the moment she saw her, and craved her by the time the class was over.

“Oh right. That’s the day I met you. It’s an argument that attacks the person instead of the person’s ideas.” Trish takes a sip of her drink.

Angie looks into Trish’s eyes. “Trish, I need to tell you something.” She takes a sip of her coffee and her eyes widen at how strong it is. The chocolate that was added almost makes up for the overly strong coffee taste.

“Oh?” Trish tilts her head, slightly seeming a bit surprised by Angie’s sudden seriousness.

“I... I forgot my notebook.” She takes a sip as she feels her stomach lurch. That was her chance, why couldn’t she ask Trish out? She did just realize that she forgot her notebook, but she could have waited until she asked Trish out to say anything about it.

“You forgot it? I called you and reminded you before I left.” Trish’s eyebrows are furrowed in confusion.

Angie’s heart feels heavy in her chest as she once again feels like an idiot. “I know, sometimes I’m hopeless.”

With a deep sigh, Trish says, “I know, you get distracted, let’s go back to your place. It’s not that far.”

“It’s a bit of a mess.” Angie looks at the table.

“So is my dorm room, I won’t mind,” Trish says.

A deep blush forms on Angie’s face--she left her blue equine dildo sitting on the coffee table next to a bottle of lube. She’s just going to have to hide it really quickly when they get there... “I have some fresh scones at home that we could dip in our coffee.”

“Scones... Oooh, are they the cinnamon ones your mom makes?” Trish asks as she grabs her purse.

“Yep.”

Trish smiles. “I’m glad you forgot your notebook now.”

Yeah, forgetting her notebook is awesome because she’ll get to sit next to Trish on the couch while they study. Maybe this was her subconscious’s plan all along. Angie takes a couple sips of her coffee and gathers her

stuff as she feels another rush of energy. If she finishes this drink, she won't have to worry about staying awake for math... or the sunrise.

She follows Trish out of the coffee shop, making sure to wave bye to the to the guy behind the counter. When she sees Trish's old dark blue Pontiac Grand Prix outside, she grimaces. "What happened? It looks like a meteor hit your car." A cold autumn breeze causes her to shiver.

Trish chuckles as she puts her bags in the back seat. "A piece of metal fell off a truck yesterday and left that dent. I'm lucky it hit there and didn't go through my windshield."

"Yeah, very lucky. It must have been really heavy." Angie puts her stuff in the back seat and sits on the passenger's side.

Trish gets in the car. "It looked like some sort of electric motor. I think the guy was a

scrapper. I'm just glad my insurance covered it."

"That's good. Just watch them closely so that they don't surprise you with some loophole that lets them screw you over."

Angie puts takes a drink of her latte before putting it in the cup holder. Then she puts her hands between her thighs to warm them up--she probably should have worn a thicker sweater today. There weren't any cold breezes blowing when she walked to the coffee shop, though.

Trish drives into a parking lot just up the street to turn around. "Trusting any large company not to try and screw you is like walking into a strip club naked and expecting not to get hit on."

"Heh, that's about right." An image of Trish walking around in public naked distracts Angie so much that she just stares off into space. She makes a slight 'mmm' sound as she presses her wrists against her crotch and

watches an imaginary naked Trish bend over to pick something up. A giddy sexual energy floods through her as more caffeine and sugar filter into her blood.

Lucky for her, Trish doesn't seem to notice and drives in silence for a couple blocks. "Is it the first building or the second?"

When Angie comes back to reality, there's a wetness between her thighs. "Uh, it's the second one--I mean the first one."

"Thanks, you'd probably laugh at me if you saw how many times I walked up to the wrong building." Trish parks out in front and grabs her drink before getting out.

Trish and Angie grab their bags and head to the front door. Angie looks at the dark brown and white brick building that she lives in. It's one of the ugliest buildings she's ever seen, but it's not too bad inside. She opens the door and lets Trish go in first. Then she follows Trish up to her apartment and opens

the door. This time she steps in first, knowing there's a certain dildo that she must hide asap.

Hastily, she sets down her stuff and walks over to the glass and wood coffee table. She grabs the blue equine dildo and puts it under a couch cushion and puts the bottle of lube under the couch before Trish walks over with her books. Angie sits down and blushes when she realizes that she can faintly feel the shape of the dildo through the worn cushion.

She grabs her notebook and her latte off the coffee table as Trish starts looking through her backpack to find her own notebook. Before Trish has a chance to sit down, Angie says, "Could you get the scones? They're on the kitchen table."

"Yes ma'am." Trish salutes Angie playfully.

Angie giggles and watches Trish as she retrieves them. When Trish sits down, she's

a foot or two from Angie. Well, this isn't what Angie was hoping for. Now she has to find a way to get Trish to sit closer. Both of them pop the top off of their latte's at the same time and look at each other with a smirk before they each grab a scone. Angie dips her scone in her drink before taking a bite. "Mmm, these go well together."

Trish does the same. "Oh, yeah. Now let's get some studying done." Setting down her drink and scone, Trish opens her notebook.

After another bite of her scone, Angie sets her food and drink down. She pats the spot next to her and says, "Sit closer so we can read each other's notebooks easier."

"Sure." Trish scoots over.

They go over statistics and probability equations for a half hour before Angie drinks the last bit of her coffee. She glances at her empty cup. Maybe she shouldn't have drunk it all. Her heart's beating fast, she feels

aroused from sitting on top of a dildo and so close to Trish, her hands are shaking slightly, and she feels a strange giddiness that is causing her to have trouble keeping herself in check.

It's like she has so much energy that her body doesn't know what to do. She almost kissed Trish three times already. She even rubbed Trish's thigh a couple times. Right now, she's leaning her head on Trish's shoulder trying to resist the urge to put a hand between her legs. Angie sits back up and takes off her sweater. "It's warm in here."

"Really? Your cheeks look flushed, are you feeling okay?" Trish asks, putting the back of her hand on Angie's forehead.

Admitting that she's really horny probably isn't a good idea. Angie puts on a smile. "I feel fine. Maybe you're just warming me up."

“I’m a hot giraffe, I do admit.” Trish says proudly.

“Mmm, yes you are. This mouse likes you lots.” Angie rubs Trish’s thigh a bit further up than she has before.

Trish looks at Angie’s hand and blushes slightly before changing the subject back to their homework.

After another few hard and annoying homework problems, Angie looks into Trish’s eyes. She’s waited long enough and she’s finally revved up enough to show Trish how she feels. Trish hasn’t complained even though she’s been feeling her up the entire evening. It’s go time. With butterflies in her stomach and her body almost starting to tremble, Angie leans toward Trish.

When their lips meet, Trish freezes in place and her eyes widen. Trish’s lips go from hard and unpuckered to soft and supple as Angie continues the kiss. She’s kissing back!

This is perfect! Arousal surges through Angie and her hands quickly venture under Trish's shirt. When her hands reach under Trish's bra and start fondling her lovely pert breasts, Angie murmurs at the feeling of Trish's supple skin.

Trish suddenly pushes Angie away and looks at her with concern on her face. "I'm not sure about this. You're my best friend and I don't even know if I like..."

"You're not sure?" Angie raises an eyebrow. "You were enjoying that kiss."

"That was so fast, I didn't have time to think about what we were doing." Trish scoots to the opposite end of the couch and then looks at the floor.

Angie frowns in frustration. "Did it feel wrong somehow?"

"I don't know," Trish says with a pained expression.

Angie moves closer so she can comfort Trish.

The moment Angie starts to move, Trish gets off the couch. “Let’s finish studying tomorrow or something.” She starts putting her stuff away.

Angie feels a tightness in her chest. Trish is going to leave over this? A kiss and a grope? “Please stay, we can talk this through.”

“I need some quiet thinking time. I promise I’ll call you later so we can set up another time to study.” Trish zips her backpack up.

“But all we did was kiss a bit, it’s not like I put my hand down your pants.” Frustration is clear in Angie’s voice.

When Trish looks at Angie, her eyes are wide with anger. “I said I need to think and that’s not a bad thing. I might decide that I like the idea of being with a girl, but I can’t figure anything out with you pressuring me.”

Angie feels tears forming in her eyes as her heart feels like someone stepped on it. Why does this have to be so hard? She leans back into the couch and looks away from Trish so she won't see her tears. Everything she wants to say would only make Trish more mad, so she just stares out the window until Trish has left.

After Trish is gone, Angie pulls the dildo out from under the cushion and throws it across the room. "God DAMN IT!" It hits a can full of pens and a Catwoman action figure, knocking them both over. She shivers in rage as she cries harder. Fucking Trish, always being so touchy feely, leading her on to believe that this could work.

Just when she's about to punch some couch cushions, she thinks about what happened and her anger starts to wane. She gave Trish no warning before she just shoved her hand under her shirt. She didn't even spend time getting Trish in the mood for what she was

about to do. This isn't Trish's fault, her own idiocy is to blame. What made her think that Trish would want that kind of attention anyway?

The tears last for over a half hour before Angie stands up and walks into her bedroom. She takes off her shoes and throws them at her pile of clothes before lying on her back. She doesn't feel even slightly tired, but she desperately wants to sleep. To forget about this whole day. To wake up and get to do it all over again.

Five minutes later, she gets off the bed and starts surfing the web on her netbook. She responds to friend requests on Facebook and plays a couple little games trying to outscore her friends. Then she sees a status update from Trish saying "I'm too indecisive, why can't I just know what I want without a week of flip-flopping?"

Angie considers responding, but decides against it. Trish asked for space and she's

going to give it to her. Then Angie gets an idea and updates her own status. “I need to learn to control myself better, I hurt a friend today and I don’t know if she’ll forgive me anytime soon.”

After that, Angie does stuff on Facebook for another hour hoping that Trish will respond to her status, but nothing happens. It’s getting late, but Angie is still wired. She doesn’t feel shaky anymore, though. That’s the last time she has that much caffeine in one sitting. She should have listened to Trish. Her eyes get watery again and she cries hard enough that she can’t read the computer screen. She didn’t even bother to tell Trish how she felt before starting to mash face with her. Why is she such an idiot?

She gets up from the computer and lies on her bed again. Anger at herself fills her and she slaps the bed in frustration. If she loses Trish over this, she won’t know what to do with herself. It would be the fifth time in a

row she's blown the start of a relationship. She may as well start dating men at this point. When she tried to get into their pants they would probably stay until she fucked them, then they'd leave her. At least she'd get sex out of it.

Before her recent string of failures, she had her first long term relationship. It lasted seven glorious months after the lustful fling that started it, but her affection for all things furry eventually scared that teacher's aide away.

She surfs the web aimlessly, reading her favorite furry webcomics for over an hour before she responds to all her FA comments and checks Facebook again. A couple friends have reassuring comments, but the private message from Trish is what makes her heart soar.

The message reads:

“Angie, don’t worry, I’m not mad at you. This isn’t the first time I’ve needed space. Remember last Christmas when you got drunk and humped my leg in front of all our friends? I needed space after that too. I was much more upset that time and we still worked things out. I couldn’t survive if I lost you as a friend.

Talk to you soon,

Trish”

Angie relaxes, feeling not only that she doesn’t need to worry quite as much anymore, but also that her caffeine high is waning. The only thing missing from the message is some sort of response about what Trish is thinking in regards to them having a relationship. Trish probably doesn’t know yet and she’s just going to have to deal with that fact.

After taking a shower and getting ready for bed, Angie lies down. Her phone wakes her

up about eight hours later. When she looks at who's calling, she sits up and answers it. "Hi Trish."

"Hey Angie. If we started a relationship, could I trust you to go slow with me? I think I'm bisexual, but I've never tested it and it felt a bit weird for you to just start making out with me last night." Trish sounds a bit tired.

Angie's heart is beating way too fast for this time of day. Trish is willing to be her girlfriend! It's freaking awesome! "If that's what you need, I'll do my best. You're going to have to tell me if something makes you uncomfortable, though."

"Wow, I was expecting a song and dance number when I told you I was open to being your girl."

"You surprised the pants off me, I'm still ad--" Angie laughs at her own statement. "That didn't come out right."

Trish laughs. “You’re lucky you didn’t surprise my pants off last night. I would have been even more scared of this.”

Angie giggles. “All in due time, my love.”

“You are one-hundred-percent certified hopeless,” Trish says with a giggle.

“Tonight at eight PM, my place, I’ll be expecting you,” Angie says firmly.

“Yes ma’am,” Trish says like someone at boot camp.

The alarm clock next to Angie’s ear rings and she cringes at the terrible sound it’s making before shutting it off. “Yep. That was the alarm to make sure I woke up in time to get to class, I’ve got to go.”

“See ya later.” Trish hangs up.

Hanging up the phone, Angie jumps up and down. “YES!” All she has to do is keep Trish from getting too uncomfortable while slowly introducing her to the joys of female on female action. If she can keep her libido under control, she can do this! Images of her pulling off Trish’s bra and licking her bountiful breasts fill her mind as her heart races and her cheeks flush.

Why is her mind so far in the gutter already this morning? It could be because she didn’t get laid last night after she started making out. They’re so close to each other. If they can enjoy sex together, they’ll be lovers—just how close can two women be before they act more like lovers than friends? How long has it been since she and Trish crossed that line? She’s going to guess over a year because that’s how long she’s felt that Trish was her other half.

The rest of the day, she skips to her classes, makes dirty jokes around her classmates and actually smiles while she takes a quiz.

Neither of her classes seem boring because she hardly notices them. When she gets home, she makes herself some hot chocolate and does two different reading assignments. After that, she has some leftover chicken stew for dinner and cleans the apartment.

She's so much more productive when she's not worried about things. Hopefully she and Trish will work out so that she doesn't have to feel lonely again. When Trish calls, she pounces on her phone and answers it.

“Hey Angie. I'm out front.” Trish sounds a bit nervous.

“I'll be right there.” Angie hangs up and runs to the front door. She laughs when she sees that Trish is at the other building. Angie waves at her and she melodramatically hangs her head in shame before walking over to Angie.

“You're early.” Angie bounces.

Trish chuckles. “You picked the wrong species. You hop around like a bunny when you’re excited.”

“Mice bounce too, see?” She bounces down the hallway, giggling as Trish laughs a bit harder.

When they’re inside the apartment, Angie tries to kiss Trish on the cheek, but Trish turns her head so that she’s kissing Angie on the lips. When Angie leans into the kiss, Trish puts her hands around her. Angie decides against giving Trish any tongue.

When Trish breaks the kiss, she puts her head on Angie’s shoulder. “That was nice.”

“Mmmhmmm,” Angie says as she gives Trish a squeeze and blushes at the feeling of Trish’s breasts pressing against hers.

Trish lets Angie go and looks into her eyes. “Let’s go for a walk.”

“Any destination in mind?” Angie asks with a smile.

Shaking her head, Trish says, “None, I haven’t gotten past wanting to be outside.”

Angie grabs her sweater and puts it on. While she ties her shoes, she says, “I don’t think I’ve ever shown you the overgrown car.”

“Overgrown car?” Trish says.

“You’ll see. I laughed when I saw it.” Angie opens the door and holds out her hand for Trish to grab.

Grabbing Angie’s hand, Trish follows her out of the building. When they’re outside, Angie says, “You feel like holding hands? I don’t want to force you.”

“I do, actually,” Trish says, looking at the ground and playing with her sleeve.

Putting her other hand on Trish's chin and looking into her eyes, Angie says, "There's no reason to be embarrassed. People aren't going to think we're a couple. Women hold hands all the time."

"Yeah, I'm just afraid of the bigotry I saw in my high school." Trish frowns.

Angie kisses her on the cheek. "Don't worry, you're not in the burbs anymore, you're in the grimy and hedonistic inner city. Anything goes here."

Trish smiles faintly. "Thank God for that." She lets Angie start guiding her down the street.

The first hint of fall colors can be vaguely seen in the twilight of this late September evening. As they walk, they point at old houses and watch as random people go about their businesses. A few blocks from Angie's apartment, a lithe female runner passes them.

“She’s a running machine,” Trish says.

“Yeah, I don’t know if I ever want to be that fit. I wonder if she has any fat left on her body.” Angie watches her run down the street. “She has a really sexy back, though.”

“It must take a lot of willpower to keep your body in that good of shape. I have trouble keeping my waistline where it is and I have a couple extra pounds,” Trish pokes at her own belly.

Putting a hand on Trish’s belly, Angie smiles. “I don’t think they’re extra. I like your tummy just the way it is. I think it’s cool that you gave your sona the same body type as you.”

“I didn’t want to add another perfect figure to the fandom. I think it’s the same reason you didn’t give your sona huge breasts.”

“Yep, I don’t see what’s wrong with having small breasts. They do the same job, they’re just as pretty, and they’re easier to run with. Big breasts do have their advantages. They are nice to cuddle up against and they definitely draw more eyes , including mine.” Angie glances at Trish’s breasts for a moment. “My nipples are as big as my sona’s though.”

“Really?” Trish blushes.

“Getting a bit excited?” Angie smirks.

“Oh stop it.” Trish bumps Angie with her hip.

Angie grabs Trish’s hand harder to avoid from falling over. “Wow, baby got back. I almost went flying.”

With a grin on her face, Trish pushes out her chest in fake pride. “And don’t you forget it.”

Angie giggles as she takes a left at the intersection. Halfway down that block, she points at an unkempt lawn. “It’s time to play, Find the Shitty Old Car.”

Trish chuckles as she looks at the amazingly overgrown yard. It looks like it’s part garden, part weed nursery, and part jungle gym because of the warped metal scrap that’s amongst the vegetation. It takes her half a minute to find what Angie’s pointing at--a white car from the 80’s that’s got grass and weeds all around it. It looks like it is parked on the remains of a driveway in front of something that may have been a garage many years ago. “What car is that?”

“I actually looked it up because I’ve been by here so many times. It’s an eighty-two Mercury Lynx. I don’t know anything else about it.” Angie points at a rusting frame for a crib. “There’s a bunch of irises planted where that crib is. I think this was all a beautiful garden years ago.”

“Yeah, probably. I wonder if the owners moved or something.”

“Or maybe they got sick. I’ve seen a guy with an oxygen tank sitting on the porch sometimes. He’s always wearing white.”

Angie looks at the lit window on the second floor.

Trish turns back the way they came. “It’s getting darker and this yard is starting to look a bit scary.”

Angie imagines zombies coming out of the ground and walking toward them. “Yeah, this is the sort of yard that’s at home in a horror movie, let’s go.”

They switch sides and start heading back. About two-thirds of the way back, something wrong happens.

At first, it’s a point of light, but then it grows quickly into a spherical crystalline mess that Angie can’t make heads or tails of. In the

fraction of a second where they start running away from it, it grows in size and complexity so fast that it's almost a complete blur. It feels as though time has stopped as she looks back at it--it's only a foot from her. It has so many colorful planes of reflected light, so many sharp crystalline edges. It would be beautiful if it wasn't so ominous.

The air around her resonates so powerfully that she feels a thrum deep in her chest. It's like being next to a giant bell, but instead of sending vibrations through the air, this thing is sending vibrations through reality itself. The ground, her body, her hair, and the fading light from the sun all vibrating as if someone had struck the universe with a giant mallet.

She feels like her body is being pulled and tugged in random directions as it envelops her. Eddies and currents of space and time cause her to see reflections of herself and the area around her in a faceted mess. Some show time going forward or backward while

others show the series of events completely out of order.

The confusion around her resolves into a misty static. It's like being inside a dimly lit room that's full of tiny specks of glitter that change color randomly. Almost like what Angie sees when she closes her eyes sometimes. She can see the world outside through the broken crystalline shards. A shiver runs through Angie. What the hell happened? The broken images of her world fade and she starts to take short quick breaths. She looks around with wide eyes, ready to scream at the first sign of trouble.

When she looks at Trish, she trembles and feels tears fall down her cheeks. None of this makes any sense! "I don't know what to do." She covers her mouth when she hears the strange warble in her voice.

Trish takes her into her arms. "What is wrong with... our voices?" A tear falls from Trish's cheek onto Angie's head.

“I don’t know.” She wraps her arms around Trish and starts taking slower breaths. Trish is so much bigger than her and she feels so warm, so safe, in her arms. The tension in Trish’s arms and back loosens as Angie holds her.

“What just happened?” Trish shivers.

“I don’t know, but I feel a bit better now.” She looks up into Trish’s eyes.

“Do you think we’re inside of that thing we were trying to get away from?” The tension in Trish’s muscles returns.

“Yeah. I don’t think there was any way we could have outr--whoa.” It feels like Angie’s entire head is ringing. Images of random things she remembers flash through her mind. A few seconds later, all the crystal-like shards that make up the wall are blinking with random colors--it’s beautiful.

Nude images of her sona begin to flow through her mind. They're like what she'd expect to be in a really expensive R-rated ref sheet--many different angles and poses. Then video of her sona dancing, running, and doing other active things. It's like something is playing her own imagination back to her with extreme detail.

Trish loosens her grip on Angie. "Are you seeing a bunch of images of your sona?"

"Yeah, does your head feel weird?" Angie strains her eyes at the grey darkness around them, trying to see if there's something inside this sphere of faceted chaos. It now feels like they're floating. The outer shell of the sphere is beginning to show more green and brown than other colors.

"Yeah. M-my body is starting to tingle too." Trish shakes.

Angie starts shivering as Trish's fear is seeping into her. "It feels like little pricks all throughout my body."

"Do you think something read our minds?" Trish tenses up even more.

"Maybe." Trying to take slower breaths, Angie just holds Trish for a while. She can't let go. Trish is the only thing here that she understands. A while later, she says, "I have a feeling that we're going to be released from this thing soon. The walls are smoothing out and it looks like there's a forest outside."

"And we're not floating anymore," Trish says as she looks at the walls.

Angie looks down and sees that the sphere has settled onto a branch as wide as a six-lane highway. The branch seems to have buildings that just grew out of the branch itself. A branch almost as thick as this one is off to the left. It goes up at a steep incline

before curving back over them and shading them from the sun.

Another branch goes off to the right and down slowly. It looks like it leads to an area with more buildings that just grew out of the branch they're on. They have glowing letters that make up signs she can't read from here. "Either we're tiny or this forest is actually made of one fucking gigantic tree."

"I don't think we're small because the leaves and the--holy crap! Turn around. There are people in amazing fursuits behind you," Trish says as the crystalline walls of the sphere start disappearing facet by facet.

By the time Angie turns around, the sphere is gone and she's standing about ten feet away from the best fursuits she's ever seen... Wait, the lizard has a movable forked tongue and the wolf has ears and a tail that move like the real thing. The wolf yawns--the inside of his mouth looks wet and his tongue moves way too realistically. "I don't think those are

suits.” A shiver runs down her spine. Real anthros? Where the hell are they? An alien planet? An alternate dimension? A furry version of the Matrix?

More huge branches and buildings are behind these furs. The scale of the tree she is on causes Angie to feel a bit dizzy. There’s no way something like this could exist. Is it even possible for branches to be this big? This tree-city-thing goes on as far as the eye can see. The buildings are on many different levels and the myriad of glowing signs on them takes Angie’s breath away. It doesn’t look like Vegas, it looks like something out of a crazy sci-fi movie.

The female lizard’s tail curls slightly as she walks up toward them. She has dark black scales on the front of her neck and glistening purple scales that seem to cover most everywhere else that isn’t being covered by her white clothing. The short and very fit wolf with yellowish-orange eyes follows close behind as she approaches.

Each of these individuals is wearing a diagonally-buttoned white shirt with a vertical collar and loose white pants. A stripe of silvery material runs along the diagonal and the sides of the pant legs. As they walk, Angie can see almost every color of the rainbow play across the silver. On the left wrist of these two real-live furs is a band that looks like it's made out of the same silvery material as on their clothing.

Trish grabs Angie's arm. "Definitely not suits. Are they aliens?"

"We're not aliens, demons, angels, or figments of your imagination. We all started off as human and were brought here by the spire." The lizard's breasts sway as she turns and points at the tallest object Angie has ever seen.

It's growing out of the tree, but it is definitely not a branch. It is more uniform in shape and has no branches coming off of it.

It narrows as it goes up, like the seven lesser spires that slowly spiral their way up it. The lesser spires stop somewhere after the scattered white puffy clouds that dot the otherwise blue sky, but the central one keeps going until it's out of sight.

The area around the base of the spiral shimmers as if some sort of membrane or glass is above it. There are branches and buildings there, but they look insignificant sitting at the base of something so huge.

Trish suddenly looks at the lizard and says, "Started out human?"

Angie grins at the thought while shivering at the fact that she's in some alien world. If she does transform, will it hurt? Will she still be herself afterwards? Where are they? How did that spire grow so big? She looks at the purple lizard when she replies, her face trying to decide whether to smile or to frown.

“Yes, I was human just like you. Both of you are going to transform into whatever form you most desire, and everyone the spire has brought here desires scales, fur, feathers, etc.” The lizard walks up next to Angie as she speaks. “Your smile is beautiful.”

She’s smiling? Of course she is! There’s a talking anthro lizard right in front of her. Please don’t let this be some sort of trick. Please don’t let this place be some sort of evil experiment. Angie reaches out carefully and touches the scales on this lizard’s arm. “So is yours.”

The lizard presses her arm against Angie’s hand. “I’m a warm blooded lizard, but I still like to be touched.” She glances at the wolf. “Ferrorc, stop giving them the silent treatment.”

“Sorry, I like to let others do the talking.” He walks up next to Trish.

Trish looks at his paw pads. “Can I feel your hands--paws?”

“Sure.” Ferrorc holds his hand out for Trish.

Angie almost doesn't hear Trish speak. She is lost in the wondrous feeling of this lizard's scales. They're like the ones on the boa constrictor she felt at the zoo. Slightly soft and pliable, but harder and more slippery than skin. She watches the lizard's tongue dart out with awe. “What's your name?”

“Calista. Some people use their furry online alias while others, like me, just use our names. My alias left me little choice, though, it was Purple underscore Lizardous.” She chuckles softly.

“You have to feel his hand, Angie, they have long fingers and dexterity like human ones but they have paw pads.” Trish lets go of his paw. “Mind if I scratch behind your ears?”

“Why would any canine mind that.” He smiles.

The moment Trish finds the right spot, he seems to melt into her hands. “Oh, wow, such soft fur.”

Angie laughs at the wolf’s comically relaxed face and lets go of Calista. She feels the wolf’s paw-like hand. The paw pads are a bit softer than a dog’s, but that’s probably because he doesn’t walk on them. She feels his fur and delights in the softness. Then itching on her legs distracts her. “Can we go sit down or something, I’m itch--wait, am I starting to transform already?”

Calista touches her wristband and round blinking red blue and green circles form on its surface. She stares off into the distance as if she’s reading something that they can’t see. “Yes you are. Ferrorc--” She looks at Trish. ”Stop petting him for a moment, please.”

Trish giggles and takes her hands off of Ferrorc's head. The wolf regains his composure and pulls his tongue back in his mouth before saying, "Right, let's get you girls to your room."

"Ahh, my tail bone is aching a bit. I can't believe this. You're serious, we're going to transform? Is it permanent?" Trish looks at each of the furs in front of her.

"Yes on both counts, we don't have time to waste and the truth will become clear without having to say another word." Calista grabs Angie's arm gently and starts walking toward a building that's about a block from them.

Ferrorc walks with Trish in the same direction until he has to grab Trish's arm to steady her. Angie's glad Calista is holding her steady because her feet feel very strange and her equilibrium is a bit off. Is this normal, should she feel dizzy? She'd ask, but

there are so many other unfamiliar things going on that she has no idea where to begin.

The building they're approaching looks like it's part of the tree, but it has glowing green letters on it that say, "New Arrivals Housing." This building is much like all the others in that it looks like it grew out of the branch they're standing on. There are no sharp corners on the building and the windows all have membranes in them that are much clearer than glass. The only way that Angie can see a glint of light off of them is from a steep angle.

Some small branches extend from the building and the leaves on the branches glow orange periodically in a random pattern. It's almost hypnotizing. How can ordinary-looking green leaves glow? How can the bark on the building glow to make a sign that seems to float in mid-air?

When the door to the building opens by retracting into the doorframe from all sides, Trish points and says, “That’s freaky.”

Ferrorc nods. “I used to feel the same way.”

Angie looks up at the ceiling once they’re inside and gapes. The light is provided by what look like glowing roots on the ceiling and sometimes on the walls. “Those lights are so pretty.”

“And cool,” Trish adds.

They are led up the stairs to a room a few doors down. Whenever they’re in front of a door, its number glows until they pass it. The glowing green number on the door to their room reads “NAH 204.”

The itchiness has spread to Angie’s back and she can see that Trish is itching her legs. When Ferrorc stops at the door, Trish takes off her shoes and socks and rubs her feet a

bit. Angie feels her shoulders relax now that they're finally at their room.

Calista looks at each of them. "We assumed that you two would want to be in the same room. I advise that you take off your clothes to avoid extreme discomfort when you transform. One of us could stay with you if you wish, but a cry or quiet request for help will cause someone to be up here immediately."

"Take off our clothes?" Trish looks at Angie.

Waving a dismissive hand, Angie says, "I bet you're just as curious about my naked body as I am about yours. Plus, this way we can watch each other transform."

"Good points." Trish looks at each of the furs that guided them here. "We'll be fine."

Ferrorc steps closer to the door and it retracts into the doorframe. "The door will open from the inside for anyone, but only for

you two or a member of the staff from the outside.” He looks at each of them. “Please don’t go exploring until you’re steady on your feet.”

The girls are guided to sit on the bed and then Calista gives a small bow. “May you enjoy your transformative experience. Don’t worry, you will be in no danger.”

“Thanks.” Angie pulls off her shoes, socks, and then her sweater.

“You’re welcome,” Ferrorc and Calista say as they leave the room.

After the door closes, Trish removes her sweater.

Angie looks at Trish’s arm in disbelief.

“Holy fuck! They weren’t lying, look at your arm. That’s, that’s freaking fur!”

When Trish gazes upon the short fur on her arm, she straightens. “No way, there’s no

way this is actually happening.” Trish looks at the fur as it gets longer and then she looks at her other arm which has started sprouting fur as well. “I--I’m scared.” She itches at the fur on her left arm.

Angie takes off her pants and sees short pinkish-grey fur on her legs. “I’m scared too, but I really want this to happen.”

“Yeah, but I wish I knew it was going to happen ahead of time so I wouldn’t be so nervous.” Trish shivers as she pulls off her pants--the fur on her legs is even longer than Angie’s.

Angie runs her hand over Trish’s thigh. “Your giraffe pattern looks beautiful on you.” No response comes from Trish as her eyes widen and she starts shivering. Angie hugs her friend. She breathes in and out slowly, trying to get a handle on the icy hand of fear that is threatening to make her act just like Trish. A tingling sensation starts on Angie’s skin and then moves deeper and

deeper. The more dramatic changes must be coming soon.

As Angie hugs Trish, she feels her neck muscles and Trish's back muscles relax. A smile grows on Angie's face as she watches the fur spread on both of them. If she could just calm down Trish, they could enjoy this experience together. "It's okay, we'll be fine. The lizard and the wolf would have insisted on staying if we were in any danger."

Trish's face twists with worry. "But, we don't know whether to ask for help because we don't know what's normal."

Holding Trish tighter, Angie gives her a kiss on the cheek. "We can keep an eye on each other and call for help if one of us needs it. I'm not in much pain even though the bones in my feet are shifting around."

"Bones are shifting?" Trish's eyes go wild.

Angie kisses Trish on the lips and cradles her head in her hands. Within seconds, Trish starts to relax and kiss back harder. Trish's hands rub Angie's back. Angie slowly starts using her tongue and eventually Trish lets it into her mouth. Arousal rockets through Angie, but she doesn't turn the kiss into an overly sexual one.

Moments later, Trish's tongue enters Angie's mouth. Angie's nipples tingle when Trish starts making it clear that this isn't her first french kiss. Soon after that, Trish breaks the kiss. "Thanks for being gentle. Men usually try to bulldoze my mouth with their tongue the first time we french."

"I've met women that do that." Angie blushes when she notices what position they're in. Somewhere during the kiss, she ended up in Trish's lap. She sits next to Trish, not wanting to overstay her welcome.

Trish lies on her side and takes off her panties. “That feels so weird, is there a tail growing back there?”

“Yes!” Angie watches as Trish takes off her shirt and bra before rolling onto her front. Leaning down, Angie gets a good look at Trish’s velvety folds.

Should she say what’s on her mind? Staring at Trish’s folds has her hypnotized and blushing bright red. She has to say something. Her sexual curiosity will not be denied. “Umm, Trish, would it be okay if I got a better look at your snatch? Based on what that lizard said, this is the last time I’ll see you as a human.”

“Are you serious? Isn’t that like ten bases from where we are in our romance?” Trish asks she reaches back and rubs the base of her tail. “Ooh, my tail growing feels so weird.”

Angie giggles. “There are only four bases.” She moves her eyes off of Trish’s sex. “You don’t have to. I wouldn’t normally ask you to do something like that out of the blue. It’s just...” The fact that she rhymed distracts her a bit from her worry about whether she’s made Trish uncomfortable again.

“It’s okay. Have a look.” Trish reaches under herself and parts her pussy lips with two fingers.

A deep blush spreads across her cheeks while she looks at the beauty before her. The pink of Trish’s inner folds looks gorgeous against her dark skin. Angie pulls off her panties and traces a finger over her clit as she feels her tail bone push out from her back. “Oooh, Trish.”

Taking her hand off of her pussy, Trish says, “It’s only fair if I get to see yours. Get over here.”

With her heart beating fast and fur sprouting on her body, Angie crawls in front of Trish and lies on her tummy. She waits a couple seconds before slowly spreading her pussy--this may be the first time Trish has ever seen a vagina this close. She smirks at the fact that her display is a bit over a foot from Trish's face. Heat rushes to her crotch as she shows Trish her assets. It's getting damp down there.

“The flaps of skin, the inner lips? They look puffy. Is that normal?” Trish lifts her head so she can look Angie in the eye.

“That's what happens when you get aroused. Haven't you seen your own pussy when you're turned on, or someone else's?” Angie feels her ears tingle.

Trish blushes and looks back at Angie's spread sex. “No, I--I never really looked at myself or anyone that closely.” Her blush deepens. “I had no idea I'd find it so attractive.”

Angie giggles. Trish really hasn't explored her bisexuality at all. It's so hot! A squeak comes from Angie when she feels Trish touch her lengthening mouse tail.

Pulling her hand away, Trish says, "Oh, sorry, did I hurt you?"

"No, just surprised me." Angie spreads herself a bit more, moaning softly. "I want you to touch me somewhere else right now."

"I'm not sure I--ow!" Trish rubs her face as soft popping sounds come from it. Fur sprouts from her emerging muzzle. "I'm not shhure I'm readsy for thast."

Taking her hand away from her needy nethers, Angie feels her ears get larger and move up a bit. It feels like fur is growing on them as they change. She moves her tail experimentally and smiles widely at the way it feels. Trish's nose is getting wider as her nostrils get bigger. Her upper and lower jaws

are pushing out at the same time. It is like something out of a furry transformation comic and it's awesome. A few more pops occur as Trish's muzzle finishes forming.

"Okay, I think I can talk now," Trish says.

Angie's heart skips a beat. As fur fills in on Trish's face, she can see the giraffe horns forming and her ears getting longer. Her friend now looks more furry than human.

"Your fur is so pretty and that muzzle looks perfect on you."

As Trish starts to reply, Angie feels her own face start to move. The bones push out as her nose becomes moist and changes shape. When her whiskers come out, it feels like little pin pricks on her skin. Her face burns slightly as fur sprouts from it. Trish watches her intently, seemingly hypnotized by what she's seeing.

Angie doesn't even try to say anything as her jaw and her teeth start to move. When she

tries to feel the changes with her narrowing and lengthening tongue, she can't tell what's going on. She feels her ears again and finds that they are now just like mouse ears sticking out from amongst her hair. She can hear Trish's heartbeat, and hers, and their breathing, wow.

When the movement of her snout stops, she feels her face. It feels the way she'd imagine an anthro mouse face feels. She feels like jumping up and down, making high-pitched happy noises, or eating lots of cake. She can feel other changes happening to her hands and feet. Her hips are slightly sore from getting a bit wider and her breasts are gaining a bit of size as well. She sits up and faces Trish.

The changes to Trish are happening fast. She can see the fur on her friend filling in and reaching its full length. Trish puts her feet in front of her and watches as her ankles crack and her legs take on a more digitigrade

shape. She says, “Wow that feels strange,” as her toes start merging and turning black.

Angie feels Trish’s new feet. “These are cool. I wonder how long it will take you to get used to them.”

“I hope it’s not too long. I never thought about whether it was practical to have cloven hooves.” Trish feels her neck. “Is it getting longer?”

Angie smiles. “Yep, you’re looking more and more beautiful as you change.”

Trish’s ears perk up. “You too. You’re even cuter than you were before.”

Angie makes a happy squeak and feels her body with her hands as they become a bit more mouse-like. She curls her tail around a finger. It works! “Look at this!” She points with her other hand.

Trish's ears tilt down a bit. "I didn't know mice had prehensile tails."

"Harvest mice do, and my sona is part harvest mouse just so I could have an awesome tail like this." Angie giggles when Trish reaches out to touch her tail and ends up with it wrapped around her finger.

With a nod, Trish says. "Awesome, check. Sexy, double check."

"Sexy?" Angie tilts her head a bit.

"Don't tell me you didn't think of ALL the things you could do with a tail like that." Trish smirks knowingly.

Angie feels her ears blush for the first time. Another wonderful attribute she added to her sona. "Oh, yes I did. I just was surprised that you thought about the sexy part so quickly."

Trish sticks out her long black prehensile giraffe tongue and curls the end before pulling it back into her mouth. “This tongue is one of the main reasons I wanted to be a giraffe.”

With a playful roll of her eyes, Angie says, “And you were wondering if you were bisexual.”

Trish chuckles. “I actually thought about using it for blowjobs at first, but I quickly realized that it would be a big hit with women too.”

A twitch in Angie’s clit causes her to blush more. That tongue would feel so good deep inside her... She tries to calm herself as she feels her arousal ramp up.

She feels the skin on her feet stretch as the bones under it shift a bit more, and her ears get just a little bit bigger. She never thought about it much before, but her sona does have bigger feet. She cups her breasts as a spurt of

growth hits them. Her back arches as she feels them fill out a bit in her paws. They stop well into the B cup range. “Oooh, these feel really good now. It was harder to fondle them when they were almost completely flat. I love this size, fondleable yet petite.”

“They look really good on you and you still have those nice big nipples.” Trish’s eyes widen as she looks at Angie’s chest and tummy. “What’s happening to your chest?”

Angie was so preoccupied with her breasts that she didn’t notice the slight static sensation lower down on her chest. She moans and then smiles as she feels the top left nub of flesh that’s forming below her breasts. The fur around it is retracting. “A couple weeks ago I added four flat breasts to my sona. It makes me a bit more like a real mouse. They were on my latest commission.” She moves her hands over all four of them and arches her back. “Eeee, these are great!”

“I was behind on my FA submissions and journals, so I had no idea. They look very sexy.” Trish reaches out and touches one with her hand.

“Aaah, keep doing that.” The wetness in Angie’s crotch is growing exponentially as Trish touches her. When Trish moves her hands to Angie’s breasts, Angie squeaks happily.

“Your breasts feel really good. I’ve never touched your nipples before.” Trish takes one between her fingers.

“OH GOD!” Angie puts a paw between her legs and starts rubbing her clit.

Suddenly, Trish takes her hands away and blushes. “You’re getting pretty excited.”

With a nod, Angie says, “Yeah, I think I’m going to have to masturbate.”

“Now?” Trish’s long ears lower in surprise.

Seeing Trish's surprise brings Angie back to reality. She takes her hand off of her sex and sits up straighter. Making Trish uncomfortable will only make things harder. "Sorry. Seeing both of us transform and being in this new body has me going pretty hard."

Trish's giraffe mane is starting to form. Angie looks at her body and doesn't think there's anything left to change. All four of her small extra nipples are there now, evenly spaced and wonderfully sensitive. Angie watches as Trish feels her mane with her hand before getting distracted by her own hair. Something's different about it. "Umm, Trish, my hair isn't dyed blue, I think it is blue."

Examining Angie's hair, Trish says, "That's really cool. It looks like the pink highlights are natural too."

Angie giggles and bounces on the bed. “I don’t have to dye my hair anymore. This is great!”

Trish presses a finger at the side of Angie’s nose to feel her whiskers and Angie automatically leans against it. Trish giggles. “You’re so cute.”

Angie yawns. “Hooh, I didn’t get much sleep last night. It must be almost midnight back on earth, but it looks like it’s only around dinner time here.”

“Sorry if worrying about me kept you up.” Trish pets Angie’s cheek.

“It’s okay. The coffee was also responsible.” Staring into Trish’s eyes, Angie feels a sleepy calmness wash over her as the world fades away. Trish is the only thing on her mind and her lips are approaching Angie’s.

When their lips meet, they take each other into their arms. Angie lets the kiss be tender

and doesn't try to use her tongue. When they break the kiss, Trish lets go of Angie and scoots to the edge of the bed. "Feel like going on a walk?" Trish stands on her new hooved feet and nearly falls over. Her tail flails comically as she tries to stay upright.

"You sure you can walk?" Angie gets off the bed and grabs Trish's arm to steady her.

"Thanks." Trish takes a step and leans on Angie a bit before finding her balance again.

It takes a few minutes before Trish is steady enough that she only needs slight guidance from Angie. There's no issue with Angie's balance. Her sona didn't even have digitigrade feet and her wider feet feel even more steady than her original ones, now that she's walked around the room with Trish.

During this whole time, Angie tries to focus on Trish's face and neck instead of her breasts and crotch. She does a pretty good job--she's only slightly horny. "You ready

to go outside the room? I don't think our old clothes will fit.”

An arrow appears on the wall, pointing at what looks like a drawer that's part of the wall.

“Is someone watching us? How else would they know we wanted clothes.” Trish looks around the room as if she's trying to spot a camera.

A message appears on the wall. “I am Gedjren, the intelligence of this building. I am the only one watching.”

Trish jumps and gasps before pointing at the wall and looking at Angie.

The hell? A computer in the wall? Angie tilts her head. “How intelligent are you?”

A voice comes from all around them. It is deep and calm like seasoned female's voice, but it has masculine undertones that make it

very hard to place. “My intelligence cannot be measured the same way yours is, so I can’t answer your question.”

“That sounds intelligent to me.” Trish walks over to the wall and the drawer opens before she’s able to touch it.

“It would be creepy if its voice was more like HAL’s.” Angie stares at the panties and bra that are sitting on top of the clothing. They’re made out of the silver-rainbowy fabric that the accents on the rest of the clothing are made out of.

Gedjren chuckles. “I’ve had the plot of the movie you referenced described to me many times. I’m glad I’ve never met an intelligence like HAL.”

Now Gedjren’s voice sounds more masculine. Maybe it was the way--he?--chuckled?
“You and me both,” Angie says as she puts on the smaller silver bra and panties.

“Make that all three of us. It’s awesome to have such a nice computer to watch over us. I would have been freaked out if you had a monotone voice or something.” Trish puts on her bra and then her shirt.

“I’m glad you don’t mind my presence,” Gedjren says warmly.

Pointing at the wall, Trish says, “It’s a bit creepy and intrusive to have something watching us always, though.”

Gedjren says, “I passively watch over you and recognize when you may need assistance. Think of it as my subconscious notifying me when my consciousness needs to attend to something. I am not actively watching you; the programs that monitor you do not show me your private lives unless it is absolutely necessary due to the safety and health of yourself and/or others.”

“So you only pay attention to us when we’re in trouble or we are interacting with you?” Angie asks.

“Precisely.”

“That sounds good to me.” Angie looks at Trish. “What about you, Trish?”

“I think I can deal with it better now. Thanks for explaining, Gedj--”

“ren. Gedjren is my name, don’t worry about pronouncing it perfectly. And you’re welcome.”

Angie looks at Trish as she starts trying to put on more clothing.

Trish nearly falls over when she tries to put on her panties and Angie has to steady her. Angie keeps holding her while she puts on her pants. The clothing is almost identical to the clothing that the two furs they met were wearing when they arrived, except for tiny

brown flecks in the fabric. They make the white look a bit less pure, but in a good way. The diagonal button-down area and the silver-rainbowy bands on the diagonal, the ends of the pant legs and sleeves, and the belt line look even better up close.

Angie finishes getting dressed and guides Trish to the door. “I’d say goodbye to you, Gedjren, but I think you’ll be with us the whole time.”

“This is true. I won’t bother you further unless you address me.” Gedjren says.

Stepping through the door with Trish in tow, Angie walks down the hallway. Trish pays very close attention to the floor as they walk. When they reach the stairs, Angie helps Trish go down step by step. When they’re at the bottom, Angie looks around. “Gedjren, where should we go?”

“Do you want to meet other people that live in this building or something else?”

Trish shakes her head. “Let’s not meet people right now. I’m a bit overwhelmed already.”

Gedjren says, “There’s a quiet garden that doesn’t have many people in it at the moment. Does that sound acceptable?”

“Sure,” Trish says.

An arrow appears on the wall of the hallway pointing to the right. They follow the arrows until they reach a door that says, “East Garden.”

“You’re walking much better, Trish. Should I let you go?” Angie says.

Clinging to Angie, Trish shakes her head. “No, I don’t want us to take off the training wheels just yet. I’m taller now and I still feel a bit weird.”

“I like holding you, so I don’t mind.” Angie kisses Trish’s neck.

“Mmm, I like the way your whiskers feel.” Trish swishes her tail.

Nuzzling Trish’s neck, Angie guides her through the door and into the garden. The moment they’re in the garden, Angie stops dead in her tracks. There’s only two other furs there that she can see. One male wolf and a female Siberian tiger. They are sitting on a bench off to the side cuddling, but, it’s not them that has her breathless.

Tree-like light posts have luminescent leaves that are softly glowing light pink to light yellow. They are in the shadow of a giant branch that goes up into the canopy above them. There are greenish-white glowing tendrils amongst little purple flowers. Bushes that have complex orchid-like flowers run along the path.

A wall of light reddish-brown grass with large white feather-like tips is off to their right. Her eyes wander from one astonishing plant to another as she gapes. When her eyes make it back to Trish, she says, “So beautiful.”

“Astounding.” Trish starts walking toward the bed of glowing tendrils.

Angie stays by Trish’s side while she charts her own course through the garden. Trish stops when they see a naked griffin lying on his back amongst some glowing pink tendrils. The color of the tendrils is a darker purplish color near his body.

Trish points at the tendrils. “Is it okay to lay on those?”

“Yes, and they are softer than any bed I’ve ever slept in other than the ones in our rooms.” The griffin chirps and rolls onto his back and entwines his talons on top of his

belly. “I’ve been here three days, how about you two?”

Angie stares at the feathers on this griffin— they look so pristine. “Only a few hours.” This griffin is good-looking for a guy. He’s got white tips to his feathers and an orange beak. His lion fur looks really cuddly.

“We’re allowed to walk around nude?”
Trish’s eyes are fixed on the griffin’s balls and sheath.

The griffin gives Trish a slow once-over as he responds. “Yeah, this whole city is clothing optional. The authorities don’t care if you have sex out in the open as long as you’re not blocking traffic or caught doing it in one of the no sex areas. There are no fines for it, they just ask you to leave. At least that’s what one of the Spire Guards told me.”

Angie feels like someone just told her she won a million dollars. “Wow, that’s not like

earth at all.” She bounces at the thought of her and Trish strolling around nude.

“It’s great. I haven’t worn clothes since I was told it was okay not to.” The griffin holds up a finger. “There’s one other thing that I should tell you, because it weirded me out the first time I saw it. If you spill something or make a mess the tree will clean it up when you leave the area. It even cleans plates. I found this out when I was eating at a buffet and left a dirty plate at my table. My friend called my name and was pointing at my plate. When I turned around, I saw thousands of little root things cleaning off my plate. I asked someone who’s been here for a while and he said that things the tree cleans are safe to eat off of afterwards.”

“Little root things?” Trish tenses up.

“It’s not that gross when you get used to it, and they will go out of your way to avoid touching you unless you ask to be touched by them.” The griffin stands up and holds out a

talon. “I’m Kane, what’s each of your names?”

“I’m Angie.” Angie shakes his talon-like hand.

“I’m Trisha, but I like being called Trish.” She shakes his hand.

“So, Trish, what are you doing this evening?” Kane looks up at her with eager eyes.

Trish points at Angie and then herself.

“We’re in a closed relationship right now, but thanks for the interest.”

Angie smiles and hugs Trish’s arm – she just said that they were in a relationship.

Kane’s ears droop slightly. “Oh, well, you’re both beautiful. Maybe I can show you around later.”

“Sure, see you around.” Trish smiles.

Kane waves and walks toward a naked vixen that just entered the garden. Angie smirks and whispers, “Watch out ladies, that griffin’s on the prowl,” in Trish’s ear.

Nodding and giggling Trish watches him try to smooth talk the vixen. “Looks like he might catch her.”

“Maybe he’ll take her back here for a quick yiff.”

Trish’s ears perk up as her eyes widen. “You’re not joking, are you?”

“Nope...” A big grin forms on Angie’s face. “I think I’m going to like living here.”

“I’m sure I will too once I get used to it.” Trish yawns. “I’m tired, but I don’t want to leave this garden.”

Angie walks past some sort of grass that has glowing tips of almost every color. “Yeah, so much glowy stuff.”

“It’s breathtaking.” Trish reaches out to touch a blade of the tall grass and almost loses her balance. When she touches it, it glows brighter for a second.

Running her hand through the grass, Angie gapes at the way the colors change in intensity and hue. They both play with the grass for a while before hearing some moaning. It looks like the vixen is taking it doggy style from the griffin on a bench near the entrance.

Trish stares at them for a moment and then turns away with a hand on her jaw. “That’s hot. First time I’ve seen real live furies doing that.”

“Why aren’t you watching them then?”
Angie kisses Trish on the nose.

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen anyone have sex out in the open like that. It’s embarrassing.” Trish looks at them again. “That vixen looks like she’s really enjoying it.”

“I bet she just transformed and was itching to try out her new body.” The vixen is attractive enough to cause Angie’s ears to blush. She has beautiful breasts that are shaking very seductively as the griffin pounds her. “I think we should go before I get horny again.”

Surprise is clear on Trish’s face and her ears are perked up in interest. “You get horny from seeing straight sex?” Trish tilts her head.

“Yeah, I just watch the woman. I often imagine that I’m using a strap-on on her.” Angie’s ears blush even more.

“You’ve thought of doing that to me, haven’t you?” Trish’s ears fold down, but she looks

like she might actually be turned on. It's something about her eyes that gives Angie the idea she would be blushing if she had visible cheeks and her scent is a bit stronger than before.

The tingling in Angie's nipples gets stronger. "Many many times." She can smell Trish's scent becoming a bit more tangy.

"I'm really that hot to you? As hot as that vixen? She has a near perfect body as far as the earth media is concerned." Trish glances back at the vixen.

"You're hotter." Angie kisses Trish on the lips and is surprised when Trish uses her upper lip to play with Angie's lower one.

After Angie lets out a soft squeak, Trish stops. "That was fun."

"Mmmhmm." Angie bounces.

Walking down a split in the path, Trish avoids the two yiffing furs and makes it back to the door. She holds onto Angie for support even though she probably doesn't really need it anymore.

When they're inside, they make their way back into their room and take off their clothes. Angie tries not to ogle Trish too much and she doesn't mention that Trish climbed into bed naked. No need to make Trish self-conscious.

Trish pulls back the covers and then lies on the bed. "Think you can cuddle with a sexy giraffe without getting too horny to sleep?"

Diving onto the bed, Angie says, "There's only one way to find out."

A giggle comes from Trish as she hugs Angie from behind. "Such a cute, cuddly mouse."

"Such a sexy and squishy giraffe." Angie presses her back against Trish's breasts.

After separating the sheet from the other blankets, Trish pulls it over them and snuggles up to Angie again. “This is nice.”

“Mmm, yes.” Angie finds it hard to keep her eyes open even though Trish’s bare fur is against hers. The windows of the room get covered by a membrane that blocks out the light from the setting sun. Then the decorative room lights dim until they’re off. That’s cool... is the last thing that goes through Angie’s mind before she falls asleep.

In the middle of the night, Angie wakes up and gets out of bed to go to the bathroom. When she sets her feet on the floor, two lines of little red dots appear on the floor showing her a path to the restroom. She silently thanks Gedjren for being so thoughtful. Once she’s back in bed, she sees that Trish has turned onto her other side. She pulls the covers over them and hugs Trish from behind before falling asleep.

Angie yelps and sits up immediately when she feels someone shake her shoulder. Feeling wide awake, she says, “Oh, sorry... Call my name to wake me up. I freak out when people do that for some reason.”

Looking at the floor, Trish’s ears droop. “I’m so sorry.”

“No, don’t worry about it, you had no way of knowing.” Angie hugs Trish.

Trish hugs back. “I’ve got breakfast for you.” She points at a plate of french toast made from baguette bread with a bit of syrup on top, some ham, and breakfast potatoes.

“They have ham?” Angie tilts her head in confusion.

“They told me that the tree can provide things from earth if it’s asked to do so. I had buttermilk pancakes and bacon. It was unquestionably delicious. I think I

remembered your favorite breakfast foods. I even found you some strawberry milk.”

“Thank you so much, this is exactly what I wanted.”

With a big smile, Trish says, “You’re very welcome.”

Playing with Trish’s tail, Angie says, “Is this bedside table attached to the floor?”

With an exuberant nod, Trish traces a finger on the edge of the table. “Yeah, it grew from the floor when I asked for a place to set it down so I could give you breakfast in bed.”

“This is an amazing tree.” Angie picks up the fork and knife that are beside the plate.

Trish nods. “Yes it is. We have to go back to that garden again.”

Angie’s so hungry that she goes into an eating trance. Trish sits next to her, lightly

rubbing her back while she stares off into space. The french toast has a hint of cinnamon and nutmeg and has real maple syrup on it. The ham is moist and has a pineapple glaze. It's practically melting in her mouth.

Her new mouth feels weird as she eats and she has to concentrate to avoid biting her tongue. Her front teeth are a bit sharper now. Probably because they just transformed yesterday. She hasn't worn them down at all. Near the end of her meal, she bites her fork accidentally, but not hard enough to do any damage. A bit of syrup gets on her chin while she's eating the last bit of french toast. She wipes most of it off with a napkin when she's finished.

Trish's eyes are still fixed on some point way off in the distance. The corners of her mouth are frowning and her long ears are drooping. Angie dashes off to the bathroom to use the odd copper-colored not-quite-metal

automatic sink to get a bit of syrup off of her hands and chin.

It takes her a few tries to carry water to her face using her new paw-like hands. She misses her chin completely the first time she brings water up to her face because her paws automatically go to the spot her chin used to be in. She looks in the mirror and gets it the second time. A couple more pawfuls of water get all the syrup off.

She wipes off her chin with a towel and heads back into the bedroom where Trish is staring at the floor with an even deeper frown on her face than she had before.

Angie walks up to her and licks her cheek. “You okay?”

“We’re never going to see our families again, are we?” Trish looks into Angie’s eyes.

“I don’t think so. I’ve never seen a real live furry back on earth and no one mentioned

the possibility of going back.” Angie looks at the wall. “Gedjren, am I right?”

“Yes. It is possible for you to send a message to your loved ones, but the spire has never sent anyone back to where they came from.”

“Send a message?” Trish sits up straighter and her ears stand up.

“Yes. I can assist you with that.” Gedjren’s voice sounds reassuring.

“I don’t want to send a message.” Trish’s voice cracks. “I want to see my family again.”

“I’m really going to miss my mom.” Angie looks out the window at the giant branches and never ending forest before looking back at Trish.

“I’m going to miss so many people.” Tears start welling up in Trish’s eyes.

Angie hugs Trish. “If you weren’t here I wouldn’t know what to do.” A tear forms on the corner of Angie’s eye--this is it? Trish is the only person from back on earth she’ll ever see?

A tear falls down Trish’s cheek as she sniffles.

“If you cry, I’m going to cry.” Angie says as her eyes get wet. So many people she hung out with, so many loved ones, and all the people she was just getting to know. They’re all gone. Is what she lost worth more than what she gained, worth the wondrous transformation she experienced? No answer comes to her.

More tears come from Trish. “I love this body, but...” She starts crying in Angie’s arms.

Angie holds Trish tighter and lets her own tears flow. After they’ve been crying for a

long time, Trish says, “Fucking spire--I didn’t even get a choice.”

The sudden anger causes Angie to loosen her grip on Trish. “Would you have said no?”

“I--I don’t know. It’s a terrible choice to have to make.” Trish sobs. “I feel so alone and scared knowing that I can’t ever go back.”

“You’re not alone.” That’s right, neither of them are alone. She feels a bit better already, she has Trish. Angie kisses her on the cheek. A good relationship would be worth all this pain.

Trish kisses Angie’s whiskers. “You’re so sweet.”

Angie feels the bubbly side of herself coming out again. “And you’re sexy.” She gropes one of Trish’s breasts.

Trish makes a small squeak of surprise.

“Hey, no fair. You stopped me from crying.”

“All’s fair in love and war.” Angie licks one of Trish’s nipples.

“Ahh! You are an evil lesbian!” Trish makes a cross with her fingers. “Evil be gone!”

“I’ve already corrupted you, so that won’t work.” A wicked idea pops into Angie’s head, what would happen if she... As Trish tries to reply, Angie takes Trish’s nipple into her mouth and suckles.

Throwing her head back, Trish yells, “OoooAAHHH!” Moments later after a couple moans, she says, “I’d ask you to stop, but that feels reeee-AH-aally good.”

As Angie suckles the bountiful breasts in front of her, her ears blush bright red and all six of her own nipples tingle. Eventually, she smells Trish’s arousal and decides to up the ante. Smirking to herself, she runs her hand

down Trish's tummy to her clit. Trish moans louder as if she knows what's about to happen.

Then, with her heart pounding in her ears and butterflies in her stomach, Angie starts to lightly make little circles around Trish's clit with her middle finger. Trish pants and moans as Angie avoids her clit. She even moves her hips to try and get Angie's finger to finally touch it. "Angie, do it, please!"

The moment Trish asks for it, Angie gives it to her. Trish grabs hold of Angie and grinds her hips lewdly against Angie's fingers. Angie feels herself getting wet and ready. Her clit is throbbing, begging to be touched.

Then, right when it seems that Trish is about to reach her peak, she slows her movements and pulls away from Angie. "I can't do this yet."

Angie takes her head away from Trish's breast and looks at her with her brows furrowed in confusion. "Why?"

"I-I... just give me a moment." Trish looks at the floor while Angie puts an arm around her. "I feel like such a loser. You were making me feel so good and then... And then I got overwhelmed."

"You got overwhelmed?" Angie looks at the side of Trish's muzzle.

"I'm in a strange world and a new body, and I'm being intimate with a girl for the first time." She shakes her head. "Sometimes I think my mind can't keep up with what's going on and it freaks out."

"Maybe I should have gone a bit slower?"

Trish licks Angie's cheek. "No, you were wonderful. Part of me wishes I just let you get me off."

How is she supposed to know what to do when Trish seems so conflicted? “Why can’t you just listen to that part of yourself?”

“I don’t know.” Trish’s ears droop as she looks at the floor.

Angie lets out a puff of air. “I don’t know what to do with you, I was trying to relieve stress, but I just ended up causing it. It’s so frustrating.”

Trish glances at Angie and then looks at the floor again.

“No, I wanted it, I really did. It’s not your fault.”

“Why do I feel like I did something wrong, then? You were enjoying it and then you just pulled away.” Angie holds her palms up in a helpless gesture and raises her voice. “What am I supposed to think?”

“I don’t know!” Trish stomps on the floor with a hoof.

Just when Angie’s about to yell, she catches herself. Trish is being honest and she didn’t say she didn’t want to do sexy stuff. It’s only been a day since she let Trish know how she felt. Trish is actually letting her get farther than most people would at this stage in a serious relationship. Well, they have known each other for a long time, so maybe it isn’t that surprising. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have raised my voice.”

“It’s okay, you’re not the problem here. You stopped when I asked you to.” Trish sighs. “I just need time to adjust.”

Angie pats Trish’s thigh. “I understand. I’m just in a hurry to fuck you for some reason. Maybe it’s that we’re both furies now, maybe it’s that I waited so long before telling you how I felt.” She looks at the floor and frowns. Trish might not admit it, but her

being in a hurry to get some giraffe loving has to be making things harder.

Trish takes Angie's head into her hands and gently turns it so that they're looking into each other's eyes. "I don't blame you at all. I think you're sexy too." She kisses Angie on the nose. "Trust me when I say that it will all be worth the wait. All that sexual tension we have will make our first time that much sweeter."

Somehow Trish knew exactly what she needed. A smile makes its way across her face as she looks into her best friend's eyes. Trish likes her for who she is. If that wasn't the case, why would she have even agreed to be her girlfriend? Angie licks Trish's left wrist with her tongue. "You already taste pretty sweet to me."

Trish laughs. "You feel like starting on our messages now?" She lets go of Angie.

“Sure.” Angie smirks. “I need something to take my mind off the aching in my loins.”

Laughter bounces Trish on the bed. “You sounds like a romance novel.”

“I can’t wait to drink the nectar of your forbidden flower, to open your petals and bring you to a higher plane with my tongue,” Angie says seductively.

Trish’s eyes become lustful for a second before she seems to catch herself. “I was going to laugh, but that was actually pretty hot.”

“Well, I used to read my mom’s romance novels because they made me laugh. Every once in a while, I found some lines that were actually pretty good. There was one of her books that was hotter than all the rest. One of the guys in it was a werewolf.” Angie smiles. “Soon after reading that book, I found yiffy stories on the internet and I’ve never looked back.”

“Heh, I saw the art by accident when I was doing a report about giraffes for biology in high school.” Trish giggles. “My dad caught me looking at furry porn instead of working on my report and stared at the computer screen for almost half a minute before asking me where I found it.”

“Wait, he didn’t scold you?” Angie tilts her head.

“No, he asked me to bookmark the site I found it on. He claimed it would help him with his research.” Trish laughs. “Then he acted like nothing was out of the ordinary and left the room.”

“Asked you to bookmark it?” Laughter gets Angie by surprise.

“Yeah, he’s a research psychologist, so he often studies eccentric fetishes and stuff. He probably thought I would believe that he just had a professional interest in it, but I

wasn't buying it that time." Trish traces a finger along the edge of the bed. "I found out I was right a couple weeks later when I saw FA in our bookmarks. He found it before I did."

"So your dad is a furry? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because he didn't seem to want anyone else to know and I try not to think about it. I mean, imagine if he saw pictures of my sona up on FA and..." Trish shivers. "He doesn't know my username, so it's possible."

"That's a bit disturbing." Angie giggles. "But, it's kinda cool that your dad didn't have a problem with you being a furry."

"Yeah, he wouldn't talk about it, though. So, it wasn't that great." A grin forms on Trish's face. "But you're different, you don't try to hide who you are and I love that about you."

With a smile, Angie says, “And you’re a good friend.”

Trish hugs her. “I’m glad I’ve still got you.”

She hugs back. “Me too.” Angie stays in Trish’s arms for a while before letting go of her and looking at the wall. “What exactly can we say to our family?”

Gedjren replies. “A farewell that doesn’t mention the spire or specifics about this world. The spire refuses to send messages that would give people on earth more reasons to connect the disappearances it causes. The theory is that the spire does not wish to disrupt other realities more than necessary. Many people choose not to send a message at all because they either don’t have someone that they feel will be terribly affected by their disappearance or they feel that it won’t help their loved ones cope with them being gone.”

“I think the people back home would be better off if I said something,” Trish says.

Angie nods. “Me too.” She looks at the wall. “What are our options?”

Gedjren speaks. “You can do one of many things. Have your handwriting appear on a piece of paper, send a voice message to someone’s phone, update your Facebook status--”

Trish sits up straighter. “Wait, I was so distracted by transforming and being stuck here that I didn’t connect what’s happening on earth to what’s happening here. Those strange disappearances on earth over the past twenty or thirty years where people sometimes left notes and things, all those people were going here? There are so many furs here, I only remember hearing about a dozen or so incidents.”

That makes sense, Angie should have thought about the disappearances the

moment that point of light showed up. It's not like she has had much time to think in the last day, though.

“Yes, many of the disappearances were related to the spire. The number of furs here is explained by the fact that the spire can grab people from alternate universes. You will meet people that experienced histories very different from yours.”

A grin forms on Angie's face. “Wow, alternate universes. I wonder if there's one where I'm a vampire hunter or something equally cool.”

Laughing, Trish hits the bed with a hand. “You're so silly.”

Bouncing on the bed, Angie makes an excited squeak sound. “Or even better, a universe where I stop the zombie apocalypse single-handedly.” She giggles.

Trish laughs harder until Gedjren starts laughing and then she looks around the room with wide eyes. “I didn’t expect--”

“A computer to laugh? What’s the point of making an artificial intelligence that can’t laugh? Is that what makes the intelligence artificial? A joyless automaton? I’m quickly understanding why people from your culture are afraid of me at first. If I couldn’t appreciate humor, I’d be a lot less effective. Sarcasm would completely elude me.” A slight air of offense is in his voice.

With a frown, Trish says, “I’m sorry. I like the fact that you can laugh. It just caught me off guard.”

“No harm done, you’re still pleasant to interact with. I’ve had a bad day so far, so I’m a bit touchy.” He sounds much less annoyed this time.

A computer that can have a bad day... Angie tilts her head as she thinks. Can Gedjren

really be considered a computer? It seems to be as much a person as she is. It doesn't seem like an 'it.' Gedjren... "Your name sounds masculine to me, should I refer to you as 'he?'"

"Most people from earth find it to be a masculine name. I don't actually mind if people call me 'it.' I don't have a gender, after all. The pronoun you use is your prerogative."

"I think I'll call you 'he' too." Trish stretches. "I'm going to write a hand-written letter that the spire can send."

"The spire won't send it, it will copy the contents of your letter and then put your handwriting onto a piece of paper back on earth. You get to choose which piece of paper."

Trish nods. "That works for me... Could you show some kind of indication when you're talking? I don't have a face to look at or

anything, so I feel weird when I'm trying to respond to you.”

“Like this?” A green 3D waveform of Gedjren's speech is now on the wall.

“Yes.” Trish smiles.

“The color will indicate my mood. If you see red, run out of the building and hope I still open the doors for you.” Gedren laughs when both of the girls take on a look of complete surprise. The waveform turns turquoise as Gedjren laughs.

“Whew, I knew you weren't serious when I thought about it, but you had me going for a moment.” Trish's ears stop pointing straight up and her eyes are no longer wide.

“That was a good joke.” Angie thinks for a moment. “I'll make a voice message that the spire can put into a Youtube video and put up on my Facebook page.”

“It’s a lot of steps, but I think that can be done. Note that your voice will sound slightly different because your body has changed.”

“You’re powerful enough to change the voice file and make it sound like I did originally. Would you mind doing that for me?” Angie makes a cute face.

The waveform is turquoise, which must be the color for amusement. “No need to turn up your cuteness factor, I’ll help you with that.”

“Thanks.” Angie bounces. “I want the Youtube video to get linked to in FA and SoFurry journals too. One of my Facebook profile pictures can be in the background while I talk.”

“No problem, and you’re welcome.”

“Can I type mine up before I write the letter? I’m sure I’ll have way too many drafts before

I decide on what I'm going to say." Trish shakes her head. "This is going to be hard."

Hugging Trish, Angie says, "I'll help you."

"Did you want to start on it now?" Gedjren asks.

With a slight nod, Trish looks at the wall.

"Yeah, I want to get started at least."

Trish watches as a stem comes up from the floor a couple of feet away and forms a platform at the top. The back of the platform extends up and becomes a screen while the front forms into a keyboard surface. It looks like the rounded square keys are full of some sort of fluid. A simple text editor appears on the screen. Another stem comes up from the floor and forms into a seat that has a hole in the back.

"Would you like me to emulate a particular program?" Gedjren asks.

“Yeah, Libre Office.” Trish sits down in the chair and gets settled.

“That was awesome, and a bit creepy--I’d like one of those too and Libre Office is fine. I may as well write an outline of what I’m going to say.” Angie watches as she gets a workstation just like Trish’s. “How did you get it to look so much like Libre Office?”

“The spire is able to provide detailed information about everything on your world and the people that were brought here have helped to create programs and interfaces that are familiar using that information.”

“Wow, so much effort to make the transition less difficult.”

“It would be unnecessarily cruel otherwise.” Gedjren’s voiceform is a light green.

“True.” She sits in the chair and smiles at Trish, who’s only a foot off to the side, as she works. When Angie starts typing, she finds

that the keyboard is very comfortable. The keys are easy to press and give good feedback. They are very low impact, which distracts her until she has a few sentences written. This might be the best keyboard she's used.

They both work on their messages for over an hour before they get up and take another walk through that garden. They sit on the patch of tendrils that that griffin was occupying yesterday for a while and cuddle. Angie starts to wonder why they wore clothes after seeing more naked furs in the garden. Trish and Angie have a couple short conversations with a couple random furs they pass on the way out of the garden. It seems neither of the furs they talk to knows much more than they do.

Two more days pass where Trish and Angie keep mostly to themselves. They meet a few other furs when they pick up their meals, but neither of them are ready to make friends just yet. Trish seems to need more time to

adjust and Angie feels a need to connect with Trish before she tries to do so with other people. Angie doesn't push Trish to do anything overtly sexual because it seems like Trish is working through her grief. Both of them cry a bit, but they support each other through the sadness.

During this time, Angie starts to feel like she's been in her new body her whole life. She makes an effort to practice grabbing things with her tail and move in ways that test her balance. Trish seems to have adjusted to her hooves, but she keeps forgetting about her tail, which is extremely effective at knocking things over and is a source of endless humor for them.

Gedjren helps them pass the time by providing various games that can be played on a tabletop. On the second day they sleep in. Neither of them is used to the four extra hours of daytime on this planet.

On the third day just after lunch, Trish turns toward Angie. A small frown is on her face. “If I wait any longer, I’m just going to cause more pain for my family.”

Stretching, Angie nods. “Yeah, I think I was ready yesterday.”

Trish looks over at the wall. “Gedjren, may I have a sheet of paper and a pen?”

Gedjren’s voice graph appears. “Yes you may.” A piece of paper and a pen are ‘printed’ from the wall under Gedjren’s graph. It looks as though the items are just being pushed out of the wall, but they don’t seem to exist inside the wall before they come out. It’s as if the surface of the wall is just printing in three dimensions.

Angie watches in disbelief. It looks like this building can do anything. Is this what one of her professors was talking about when he said that the nano revolution would change

the entire world in ways that no one can fully imagine?

Trish walks up and picks it up after it forms. “Thanks.”

“No problem. Angie, speak your message sitting in front of the console.” A microphone and boom grows out of Angie’s console.

It takes Trish three pieces of paper to get a usable note. It takes Angie five tries before she is satisfied with her message. When she’s done, she stares at Trish, who’s naked and lying on her back. Trish’s breasts move up and down rhythmically as she breathes. No words come to Angie—she feels emotionally drained from getting her message out. For some reason, she just wants to watch Trish lie there.

A frown is on Angie’s face as she thinks about how sad her mom will be. Then there’s her brother and her step-dad. And

all her friends. Just as she feels her heart sink, she feels happiness well up in her. Everyone back on earth wants her to be happy. If they knew that she was living in such an awesome place as an anthro mouse, they would probably understand why she wouldn't go back even if she could.

She smiles wider when she sees Trish start tapping her tail on the bed rhythmically. "What song's in your head?"

"Some stupid hip-hop song that has a catchy beat." Scooting to the edge of the bed, Trish sits up.

"Too bad it's a song you don't like." Angie walks over to the bed and sits next to Trish.

Leaning her head on Angie's shoulder, Trish sighs. "I'm just calling it stupid because I can't get it out of my head. I don't usually notice the songs they play at work, but that one was too catchy to ignore."

Putting an arm around Trish, Angie says, “I’m going to miss my music collection.”

“Me too. You had a good one.” Trish’s tail moves next to Angie’s.

After she’s wrapped her tail around Trish’s, Angie kisses her. Just as Angie is resisting the urge to use her tongue, Trish’s long flexible giraffe tongue enters her mouth. Trish goes slow and Angie murrns at the feeling of their tongues playing. Her tongue can’t keep up with Trish’s, but she tries anyway.

Why is Trish letting this erotic kiss carry on so long? Could it be that she wants something more? Angie’s nipples tingle at the thought. Angie starts to slowly rub her hand up and down Trish’s neck. A small moan comes from Trish the moment Angie touches her. Several seconds later, Trish grabs Angie’s hand and guides it down to her right breast.

Feeling Trish's substantial breast in her hand, Angie starts rubbing her tongue lustily against Trish's. She makes the kiss as passionate as possible. The fact that Trish wants to be touched is so hot that Angie's ears are blushing bright red and she feels her own nipples getting hard. She can smell Trish's arousal building as Trish's nipples harden.

With a trembling hand, Trish starts rubbing one of Angie's lower nipples, causing Angie to moan so loud she has to break the kiss. Trish's hand explores her chest as she starts licking Trish's cheek and ear. Her heart is pounding, her pussy is feeling hot, the sensual way in which Trish is touching her is so satisfying.

When Angie takes Trish's nipple between her fingers, Trish moans into her ear and starts licking along Angie's jaw. Angie works her hand down Trish's chest to her pussy. Trish mirrors her movements. As Angie reaches for Trish's clit, Trish reaches for hers. Angie

moves her body even closer to Trish and looks into her eyes. Her heart beats faster and faster as their hands approach each other's sex.

The world around Angie fades when she feels Trish touch her clit at the same time her finger reaches Trish's. The moment she starts rubbing, Trish does the same. Soon Angie is bucking into Trish's hand and Trish is moaning as she looks deep into Angie's eyes. When she starts bucking, Angie moves the palm of her hand onto Trish's clit and slowly inserts her middle finger into her slick hot pussy. As her finger enters, she feels Trish clench around her.

Slowly, while pumping her finger in and out, Angie adds a second finger. Trish gasps and bucks harder. She finger fucks Trish harder and harder while making sure to slick up a third finger. As Angie pushes a third finger in, she pants in arousal, she can feel Trish's pussy moving around her hand. It's so warm and wet.

When Angie starts pumping with three fingers, Trish yells, “Ooooh, ANGIE!” and struggles to get a finger into Angie’s cunny while she moans and pants.

“Don’t worry about me.”

“Okay.” Trish starts to moan louder when she just focuses on cupping and rubbing Angie’s sex.

Suddenly, just after Angie starts making little circles with her fingers, she feels Trish’s strong slippery walls tighten dramatically.

Bucking her hips uncontrollably, Trish calls out and grabs the sides of her head. “OH OH OOOOH OOOOOH!”

Angie’s ears blush deeply as she feels some of Trish’s fluids rush over her fingers. Trish’s body rubs against hers as she writhes in pleasure. Angie smiles widely as she

watches Trish orgasm. Trish's heavy breasts are swaying beautifully as she moans. After Trish's body comes to rest, she leaves her fingers in enjoying the satisfied look on Trish's face.

A minute later, Trish catches her breath. "I didn't get you to..."

"Don't worry about it. I'm just glad you enjoyed your first time with a girl." Angie kisses Trish on the cheek.

"I didn't think I was going to go all the way, but I got really turned on hearing you squeak and moan because of my touch..." Trish looks into Angie's eyes. "Thank you."

An evil grin forms on Angie's face. "Just wait until I show you other ceremonies of the evil lesbian church."

Trish laughs. "Church?"

“Yeah, I may as well be the lesbian antichrist--the evilest of them all. I’ve corrupted you.”

Trish shakes her head in fake solemnness. “My, my, aren’t you sacrilegious.”

A giggle comes from Angie as she pulls her fingers out of Trish and sucks off Trish’s juices. The fur on her fingers is soaked in it. Trish tastes surprisingly tangy with an appealing sourness. Kinda like a green apple. “Mmm, I love the way you taste.”

Trish makes an embarrassed face. “I don’t know why I like seeing people enjoy my taste so much.”

“Oh?” Angie grins at Trish and takes a long lick of her fingers. “Have I found one of your kinks.”

A meek nod comes from Trish. “Umm, do you want me to try and get you off?” Her ears flop down a bit as her brows furrow.

Shaking her head, Angie kisses Trish on the cheek. “No, you look nervous.”

“Yeah, when I was horny, I didn’t think about it feeling weird. Now I’m ruminating about it again.” Trish frowns.

Angie giggles. “I got you so horny that you short circuited.” She kisses Trish.

Pulling Angie into her arms, Trish says, “Yep.”

The throbbing of Angie’s crotch slowly dissipates as she presses her body tenderly against Trish’s. It may be hard to wait, but Trish is worth it. Joy fills her as she feels, for the first time since she started this relationship with Trish, that things between them could really work.

A few minutes later, she lets go of Trish and rolls onto her back. “Let’s send our messages.”

Sitting up, Trish nods. “Okay. I know I should feel sad, but I can’t help smiling.”

“You feel loved, don’t you?” Angie smiles.

A furrow forms in Trish’s brow as she thinks.

“Yeah... I wasn’t going to describe it that way, but it fits. I’ve felt this way after sex before...”

Angie hugs Trish. “It’s afterglow. Lots of hormones are released in sex, including oxytocin, the love hormone.”

“Oh, right, I think I’ve heard about that before. Maybe you told me.”

“I think it was me. I can’t put down a good article about sex or the brain. If it’s about both, I have a mindgasm.” Angie squeaks excitedly.

A giggle comes from Trish. “Are you trying to be cute or were you just born that way?”

After another squeak, Angie bounces again.
“Both.”

“Touche.” Trish scoots to the edge of the bed.

Angie gets off the bed and looks at the wall.
“Gedjren, I don’t think there’s anything else I need to do, you can just send the information to the spire, right?”

Gedjren’s waveform appears dark green.
“Sending it now... The spire informed me that it will make a montage out of the pictures of your face on Facebook for your video.”

A thought causes Angie’s ears to perk up.
“Can we talk directly to the spire?”

“Not talk. The spire communicates in images and concepts; I sometimes have difficulty communicating with it.” Gedjren’s graph turns blue as he talks about the spire.

That's really odd, surely it's smart enough to understand language. "Why not in words?"

The waveform turns purple. "All we have are theories. The leading theory is that the tower thinks in concepts and that it doesn't translate because something might get lost in translation. Sometimes it talks about many things at the same time, and when multiple interpretations are possible, they often all appear to be aspects of what it's trying to say."

"That makes a lot of sense, but it sounds like it's still a very confusing way to communicate." Trish points at Gedjren's graph. "What does purple mean?"

"It indicates that I am worried, sad, unsure, etc. When you ask me about the spire, I am on shaky ground when I give an explanation. The only beings on this planet that understand the spire are the other spires." The purple in the graph fades to green.

“Other spires?” This is too much. How can there be more than one of these things? Now Angie has more questions than she had before.

“I’m curious about the answer, but please send my letter first.” Trish holds her letter up the wall.

The wall flashes where her page is. “It has been sent to the spire. Where would you like the spire to put it?”

“The journal my dad keeps on his desk. He writes in it every day, so he should see it.” Trish’s voice cracks as she talks about her dad’s journal.

Angie hugs Trish and Trish hugs back.

A few seconds pass before Gedjren says, “There are other spires. They have motives and ways about them that we do not understand. They also have cities around

them. Some of them are hostile toward this spire while others are not. Most people on this planet believe that this spire is the most powerful because it is the tallest and its city appears to be the most advanced. I would rather have the spire guard explain this because that is their role.”

Although Angie is curious, she doesn't want to deal with all of this now. She just got here. The politics of the planet is something she can worry about when she's gotten used to walls printing clothing and pens. “I'm fine with that.”

“Yeah, I'm already overwhelmed.” Trish gives Angie a squeeze.

“Let's play a couple board games and then go eat dinner in the main hall. I want to meet some of the people that are living here with us.” Angie walks over to the table they've been playing games on.

Trish's ears fall down. “Meet people?”

With a nod, Angie says, “I think you’ll feel a lot better if you start connecting with people that are in the same situation as us.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

Selecting a game at random, Angie says, “I won’t force you.” It looks like this game involves putting down shapes made out of triangles, and trying to have more triangles on the field than your opponent after you use up as much of the space as you can.

“It’s okay, I need to meet new people eventually, any...” Trish gets distracted by an icon on the table labeled “3D” and drags it in the direction it indicates. The game comes out of the table and into the air between them. Trish almost falls out of her chair. When she recovers, she gapes at what she’s seeing. “A hologram?”

Angie’s eyes widen as she looks at the green grid that’s between them and the 3D shapes

made out of triangular pyramids that are on her and Trish's side of the table. "Yeah, looks like it."

"I think I'll be good at this game. It's like 3D Blokus." Trish sees that she gets to go first and places one of the shapes in the grid.

"Oh, I remember playing that game." Angie places a piece as she remembers that Trish was unusually good at that game.

They play the game in almost complete silence as both of them think about every move carefully. The game goes on for over an hour. At the end of the game, Trish has racked up a third again as many points as Angie.

"You slaughtered me." Angie gapes at Trish's score.

"Yeah, I was going to school to be an architect after all." Trish beams.

Faking anger, Angie says, “You and your math. I think you’re the evil one here.”

“Math isn’t evil, but it can be cold and calculating.” Trish giggles.

Angie laughs. “That was a good one. Let’s try another round.”

At the end of the second round, Trish racks up even more points. Angie falls back in her chair and rolls her eyes. “Now you’re just showing off.”

“No, I just understand it better, now.” Trish makes a pulling motion after grabbing a down-pointing arrow at the top of the game and collapses it back into the table.

“I’ll forgive you this time.” Angie pretends to pout.

Walking over to Angie, Trish gives her a kiss. “Come on, miss pouty mousie, lets go meet some people.”

Getting out of her chair, Angie says, “Let’s go naked.”

“I’m not sure--” Trish backs away from Angie.

“We’ll be the cool ones if we go naked, I guarantee it.”

Trish waves a dismissive hand. “Oh, fine, I’m sure we won’t be the only naked ones there.”

“Nope. If you don’t enjoy it, we can go back for your clothes.” Angie walks up to the door.

The dining hall is a bit less crowded than either of them was expecting it to be. They must have come at a slow time of day or something. The furry cooking staff range from a tall minotaur to a lithe phoenix. The wood in this area is a bit redder than elsewhere in the building, giving it a warm

inviting atmosphere. The chairs and tables look as though they just grew out of the tree, but they are a greener hue than the wood around them. They are not stuck to the floor, but that probably doesn't mean that they couldn't get absorbed into the floor. This tree seems to be able to do anything.

The furs in the dining hall are mostly in little clusters chatting. They all seem rather calm except for a male dingo and a female ocelot that are crying at separate tables. They probably miss their families...

Angie pulls her gaze away from them and looks up at the high-arched ceiling that captivates her and Trish every time they enter this hall. Ribs of thicker wood run across it in basket-like weave and the spaces between them are covered by a clear membrane-like material. Trish is still staring at the ceiling when Angie turns her attention to the different foods available.

There's a salad bar with an overwhelming array of produce. Today the different hot food window options are pasta with pesto, baked fish and potatoes, lentil soup and fresh bread, pork curry, and chicken with wild rice.

Angie walks up to the phoenix who's at the chicken with wild rice window and Trish follows close behind. Once she's standing at the window, Angie says, "Hello, I'd like some chicken with wild rice please."

The phoenix fluffs her feathers and then smooths them out again, "What style do you want it?"

"Cajun, but not too hot." Angie smiles.

"I'll have the same." Trish says.

"You eating here or at your room?" the phoenix asks as she grabs a spice mix and dusts a couple chicken breasts.

“Here.” Angie and Trish say in unison before smirking at each other.

“Okay, we’ll bring it to your table when it’s done.” The phoenix flips the chicken breasts over and seasons the other side before tossing them on the grill.

Trish speaks just before Angie is about to ask the same question. “But how will you know where we’re sitting?”

“Gedjren keeps track of all the orders for us.”

“Oh, that makes sense.” Trish turns and covers her privates when she sees a tall anthro buck leering at her.

The buck turns away and says, “Pardon me.”

“No, it’s okay. I’m not used to being nude in public.”

The buck says, “Neither am I,” while looking over his shoulder at Trish. “I think I have to go back to my room now.” When the buck turns and starts walking toward the exit, Trish admires his proud pink erection while Angie stares at it with a furrowed brow.

The thought of having sex with a guy doesn't gross her out, but it doesn't feel right somehow. Dildos are much more appealing than the real thing to her for some reason. Probably because the real thing's attached to a guy. Angie squeaks when Trish puts her hand on her shoulder.

“Did seeing his equipment break you?” Trish giggles.

Angie shakes her head. “No, I just hadn't seen a penis in real life before.”

“I was going to mention that gryphon as being your first, but his equipment was already in use at the time... Did it gross you out?”

“Not really. I couldn’t help staring because it was coming out of a sheath. I’m not sure how I feel about it.” Angie walks over to the salad bar.

Following close behind, Trish says, “Well, you’re not attracted to guys, so I wouldn’t expect you to get much out of it.”

Angie nods. “Yeah, sometimes when I see porn of guys, I can see something attractive about them, but the moment I think of having sex with them, I get a bit turned off.”

“I don’t get turned off by much at all.” Trish grabs a plate and puts some spinach on it.

“So, you like everything? Herms, cuntboys, shemales?” Angie puts some romaine lettuce on her plate.

Trish licks her lips as she stares at a nude herm tiger in that just walked in. “After what we did, I’m pretty sure I like it all.”

“Wow, she is hot.” Angie gives her--hir?--a once over.

Trish nods. “I might have to try that someday.”

“I’m not sure I want to. I’ve masturbated to pictures of herms, but they give me a weird feeling.” Angie puts some cucumbers and shredded carrot on her plate.

Shaking her head, Trish says, “Sorry, I’m feeling kinda frisky all of a sudden. I should focus on you.”

“As long as it’s safe, you can bang whoever you want.” Angie puts some sprouts on top and adds a bit of ranch dressing.

“Seriously?” Trish gapes at Angie.

“We’re in a world full of furies. There are probably things both of us are curious about and want to try. If we were back on earth I

might care, but here? I don't think it's realistic. Too much temptation. I wondered what that phoenix's feathers would feel like if we..." Angie's ears blush.

"You make a very good point, but the thought of having sex with someone other than you is a bit overwhelming right now, though." Trish puts tomatoes and some snow peas on her salad and then some blue cheese before splashing it with a italian vinaigrette.

"We do have a lot more stuff to try with each other."

Trish's eyes get lustful. "I look forward to it."

A squeak comes from Angie as her ears blush even more.

They pick a table near the salad bar and set their plates down. Angie gets some chocolate milk while Trish gets some lemonade. When

they sit down, both of them start eating as if they've been starved. Angie had no idea she was this hungry. Just as they're finishing their salads, the Cajun chicken breasts arrive.

A little while after they finish their food, a lithe naked female otter with a green leather collar and a silver name tag saying "En ZERO" on it sits across from them and sets her meal on the table. "Hi, you can call me ZERO, what's your names?"

Angie sees that she this otter has an armband like the people that welcomed them to this world. "I'm Angie, and this is Trish, nice to meet you," Angie says as Trish takes a sip of water.

"How long have you two been here? I've been here five years." The otter takes a bite of the baked fish on her plate.

"Five years as a new arrival?" Trish asks.

Zero laughs. "No, I'm part of the staff."

“Oh, what do you do?” Trish asks.

“I do events. Two nights from now, there’s a dance starting nineteen hundred.” She takes another bite of her fish.

“Oh! I’ll be there!” Angie bounces.

Trish looks at the table. “I’m not sure I want to go.”

Now that Angie thinks of it, she’s never seen Trish dance. “Well, it’s up to you. I’ll show you some moves if you want.”

“I’ll think about it...” Trish looks at Zero.

“I’ve always liked otters.”

“Well, I’ve always liked giraffes and mice,” Zero replies before taking a drink of something that looks like iced tea.

Something about the way she said that has Angie's lesbian radar making a blip. "So, are you a lesbian?"

Trish and Zero look at Angie as if she's lost her mind. After recovering from the surprise, Zero says, "That was sudden, you must see something you like..." She smirks. "I'm bisexual, female preference and I'm in a relationship. A mostly closed one."

Angie decides not to ask what mostly closed means. She's already made a gaffe in this conversation. "Sorry, sometimes my curiosity gets the best of me." Pointing at Trish, Angie's mind draws a blank and all she manages to say is, "We're in a..."

"Mostly closed relationship," Trish says with a smirk.

Zero laughs. "You two are cute together."

A big smile forms on Angie's face. Not only did Trish affirm their relationship once

again, but this otter thinks they're a cute couple. "Thanks."

Trish kisses Angie and then whispers, "Back to the room?"

Smiling at Zero, Angie says, "I'll see you at the dance."

"Sure thing. If you have questions or anything, just ask for me and I'll be there if I'm able." Zero eats a sprig of asparagus.

"I might just do that," Angie says as she gets up.

After they walk out of the dining hall, Trish stops and says, "I really liked her, but I started feeling shy. Can we go to the garden before we go back to the room?"

"We can meet her again later and yes." Angie puts an arm around Trish and walks to the garden with her.

They walk silently through the garden. Only a male hyena is there right now and he appears to be asleep on the bed of tendrils. His lightly muscled form is covered up by the clothing that everyone seems to wear in this building. Every time Angie thinks of something to say, she feels like she's about to disturb the enchanting silence of the garden and stops herself. Trish holds on to Angie's arm and lets her take the lead.

By the time they get back to the room, Angie feels giddy. She's only going to wear clothes when it's absolutely necessary from now on. The feeling of the air drifting over her nipples and fur is exquisite. Angie feels happy enough to-- "Trish, let me show you some dance moves."

"I haven't danced in a really long time..."
Trish looks at the floor, her ears drooping.

Something about Trish's face isn't right. "Is something wrong?"

“No... Yes, I had a bad experience. It’s silly that it still bothers me.” Trish sits at the table where they play games.

Angie sits across from her. “I promise I won’t think it’s silly.”

A sigh comes from Trish. “Remember how I told you that I can see someone do something and then do it myself?”

Not sure how this is relevant, Angie tilts her head. “Yeah, you said it’s why you got so good at softball. You could watch a good hitter or pitcher and copy what they did to become a better player.”

“I can see video of what they did in my head and compare what I’m doing to what they did.” Trish rubs one of her eyes. “When I was fourteen, I went to a dance at a young leaders convention I somehow got sent to. I spent about a half hour watching other people dance and then started dancing. I ended up having a crowd watching me by the

end of the dance. I felt like I was one with the music or something.”

This is something Angie would have never expected. She thought Trish was going to explain how her skill at copying what she sees didn't work on dancing or made her a bad dancer somehow. “Sounds like a religious experience.”

“For me, it was. I've always been scared of meeting new people and had trouble fitting in, but that night I was the cool kid.” Trish frowns. “My fear of crowds was terrible back then, but I was in the moment, enveloped in the music. When the music stopped, I just stood there panting as the fact that I was being watched by ten or more people sunk in. My chest started to feel tight and I thought I was going to have a panic attack, but my roommates for the conference found me just in time and took me back to the room.”

After scratching her arm nervously, Trish starts speaking again. “The next night, I was

pressured to go to the dance again. At first, it went okay because I got enveloped in the music again, but then they played a disco song that I had no idea how to dance to. There were even more people watching me that time. I think some of the people who saw me in the last dance told their friends. I tried my best, but the people that were watching me gave me disapproving looks.”

Trish’s eyebrows furrow as she shakes her head. “My fear came back after that and even though songs I could dance to played, I just couldn’t feel the music again. I soon got really frustrated and left.”

Angie plays with the end of her tail. “I know what you mean. I’ve had to sit out a few songs so I could get over my frustration before. I’ve only had lots of people watch me when I dance to Michael Jackson. I have a good moon walk and spin.”

“It gets worse. When I got back to my room, something smelled wrong, like burning

leaves. I opened the window to let it out, but the smell was in everything. I got a terrible headache while I laid on the bed and felt sorry for myself. I even cried for a while because I missed my parents and wanted to go home.” She shifts in the seat. “When my roommates got back to the room, they accused me of smoking pot. My eyes were red from crying and I had been there before them. I was scared because I had no way of proving my innocence.”

“Oh, no.” Angie reaches across the table and grabs Trish’s hand.

“It took me a half hour to convince them that I wasn’t the one that smoked pot. I was crying and yelling at them the whole time.” Trish sighs. “I didn’t sleep well that night and refused to go to the dance the next day. I was pretty alienated at that point because they were looking for the person that smoked in our room and I was suspect because the adults couldn’t ignore the fact

that I was in the room before my roommates.”

“Did they ever find out who smoked the pot?” Angie looks into Trish’s sad eyes.

“The two people that smoked in our room got caught smoking in a different room the next night during the dance that I didn’t go to. They were students attending summer school at the college where the convention was. A couple people apologized for suspecting me, but it was the last night and we were all leaving the next morning, so the damage was done.” Trish shakes her head. “Ever since then, I’ve gotten a sense of dread whenever anyone asked me to dance.”

“It’s okay if you don’t want to. I won’t force you, but I think it would be sad for you not to have another dance-induced religious experience.” Angie smiles.

Trish giggles. “Dance-induced religious experience... sounds like it could be the subject of someone’s thesis.”

“It does, kinda.” Is Trish avoiding her question or something?

After scratching one of her giraffe horns, Trish looks off into the distance. Just as she’s starting to look really nervous, her ears perk up and she turns her frown into a serious look. “Fuck it, I’m a sexy giraffe now and I have a girlfriend. I don’t have anything to prove, so who cares if I can’t perform on the dance floor.”

She just used the word “girlfriend.” Angie’s heart is soaring so high that she can’t think of anything to say. This might be the best day of her life and she didn’t even get off today.

All her other relationships required much more work than this one does. She just acts like herself and it just works. Trish doesn’t

even seem to mind... Why should she? They've been together for years already. Maybe a long friendship is the best precursor to a relationship for both of them. "Trish, why are you so willing to be drug out of your shell? I keep asking you to do things that you're not comfortable with, but you do them anyway."

"I'm sick of my shell and I feel like you're bringing a flashlight into my cave or something." Trish smirks. "Heh, that sounded really vapid."

"Vapid?" Angie tilts her head. She's heard the word before, but she doesn't know what it means for sure.

"It means dull. Insignificant. People use it in place of 'air-head' sometimes, I think." Trish gets up and stretches. "Now teach me how to shake my booty."

Angie watches Trish stretch and mурrs to herself when she sees Trish's breasts move.

“Okay, first you lay on the bed and then you let me lick you out. You’ll shake everything a lot.” She gets out of her chair.

Trish giggles before lying on the bed and spreading her legs. “Like this?”

After Angie’s clit twitches, she shakes her head. Trish’s huge grin is giving her little joke away. “Not falling for it.”

“You saw right through me. I may as well be transparent.” Trish gets off the bed.

“Yeah, where did you go.” Angie gently walks into Trish as if she can’t see her and starts feeling Trish’s body as if she’s trying to figure out what sort of invisible object is blocking her path.

Trish laughs. “Stop it, you silly mouse. Show me dance moves before I change my mind.”

“Gedjren, we need music!” Angie keeps groping Trish’s breasts, enjoying their supple texture.

“Fine, you want breasts, you get breasts.” Trish grabs Angie’s head and puts it in her cleavage.

Angie giggles and then gets lost in Trish’s lovely scent. She actually feels calmness enwrap her as she enjoys the soft warmth of Trish’s chest against her face. Something about having her head in a small space that pushes back on her whiskers is causing her to feel very relaxed. Trish eventually fishes her back out and kisses her on the lips.

When the kiss ends Angie takes a few steps back and looks around the room. “Gedjren, could you put away all the tables and chairs?”

“Certainly.” The tables and chairs go back into the floor.

After they're done being distracted by the surreal way in which things come out of and go back into the floor, Angie feels the floor with her feet. The texture is very good for traction and terrible for dancing. She needs socks or... "Is it possible to make the floor smoother?"

Gedjren's green waveform appears. "Yes. The floor for the dance will be a texture like this."

The floor shifts underneath Angie's feet and she is surprised to find that her feet slide even though she has paw pads on them. She was expecting to need dance shoes or socks. There must be some property the floor has that makes it slide even for bare feet. She does the best moonwalk she can muster and finds that it works perfectly. "This is an awesome dance floor."

"You--that was really good!" Trish smiles brightly. "Keep doing that."

While moonwalking around the room, Angie says, “The dance moves that amaze me the most are the ones that look impossible. The ones that make fantasy a reality. What I mean is, if the people watching you are thinking “People can’t float, what the hell is going on?” you’re on the right track.”

Trish tilts her head. “Isn’t that how break dancing works?”

“Yeah, and lots of other dances.”

“Okay, I’m actually confused by the moonwalk.” Trish tries her best, but she can’t seem to slide her feet in the right way.

“The trick is that the weight is on the bent leg.” Angie does the moonwalk without moving backwards for a moment.

“Oh, that makes sense.” Trish giggles as she almost gets it.

Gaping at Trish, Angie says, “Wow, that was close... Make sure to never have both legs bent at the same time.”

“Like this?” A flawless moonwalk starts carrying Trish across the floor.

The backward bend of Trish’s lower legs make her moonwalk look strange and not quite right, but it isn’t her fault. Angie smiles at the fact that she’s watching someone with hooves dance. It’s something she never even imagined seeing in real life.

Trish bumps into the wall and then laughs. “That’s fun. Thanks, I couldn’t figure that out when I was young. It looked like magic.”

“It looked like magic to me too, that’s why I just had to learn it. Speaking of impossible-looking moves, I’m going to show you how to ‘pop’ next... Or would you rather just watch me dance instead?”

Shaking her head, Trish says, “No, I think going over some basics will help. No one’s ever taken the time to show them to me.”

“Oh, okay. A ‘pop’ is a contraction and then relaxation of muscles. It’s part of how the robot dance works.” It takes Angie a couple tries to get into robot mode. She bends over and pretends to pick something up in small increments. “You tense up your muscles to stop your motion and then you relax them. You repeat it over and over.” She pretends to put the thing she picked up between her breasts. “I imagine someone taking snapshots of me in different positions. You can even do it in a way where you shake slightly when you make stops.”

Trish starts laughing hysterically and pointing at Angie’s chest. “Your boobs aren’t playing along.”

Watching her own breasts, Angie starts to laugh along with Trish. “I’d say that I should wear a bra, but I have a feeling that

people will enjoy the show more if I don't. Plus my new goal is to wear clothing as little as possible." Angie smirks. "I might make an exception for sexy clothing, though. Sometimes a bikini or a thong can be a lot of fun."

Trish's eyes widen as Angie speaks. "You're planning on going to the dance naked?"

"Why not? It would be like dancing in a fursuit without having to wear a bunch of hot fabric." Angie struts in a little circle and then does a spin. "I'll be the sexiest mouse there."

With an approving nod, Trish touches one of her nipples. "I'll have to see how I do before I decide whether to wear clothes. If my breasts distract me, I'd want to wear a bra at least."

"That makes sense. Yours are much bigger than mine." Angie presses her breasts together and smirks at Trish.

In the most robotic way possible, Trish squeezes her breasts together. Angie gapes at how Trish's body moves in little stops as if it was made to do that. Seeing that she's got Angie's attention, Trish bends over in little increments just like Angie did and then she pretends to pick up some sort of small animal and pet it. Angie can't find words. Her mouth won't close. It's like seeing a great work of art for the first time.

Trish then does the moonwalk in short little stops and Angie bounces as she exclaims, "THAT was AWESOME!"

"Really? I don't feel like my stops are precise enough." Shyness is clear on Trish's face. Her ears are half-way down and she has a tiny downward curve to the corners of her lips.

"If you get more precise, you might stop everyone that sees you in their tracks.

You're doing great!" Angie runs over and hugs Trish.

Trish hugs back. "I'm not sure I'm ready to have everyone watching me."

"Don't worry, if you feel like sitting a song out, I'll stop people from pestering you."

Kissing Angie on the cheek, Trish says, "I'd really appreciate that."

"I'm here for you, girl." Angie gives her a pat on the back before letting go and walking back to the middle of the room. "Now, let me show you how to lock. Try to roll your wrist toward you like this. I'm a bit better at doing these than I am at popping." Angie rolls her wrist up to the side of her head and then back down. "For this one, make sure your wrist fist is pointing at your head at the end." She performs that lock again.

Trish tries it but can't seem to figure out how to move her hand half-way up. "Can you go a bit slower?"

Going slower actually takes Angie a couple tries. "There. I second guessed myself when I slowed it down."

On the third try, Trish gets her hand to move smoothly all the way up. "Like this?"

Angie bounces. "Yep! Teaching you is almost too easy."

Locking both wrists up to the sides of her head, Trish smiles. Her ears perk up when she sees Angie nod enthusiastically. "Trish, let's just turn on some music and dance for a while. Do whatever you feel like. First, I'm going to start with something that you can pop to."

"Okay." Trish smiles widely.

She looks at the wall and says, “Please play something techno with a medium beat and a good melody behind it.”

Gedjren’s wave form is light green. “Sure, let me see if you like a song I made for the dance.”

“You made a song?” Trish tilts her head.

“Yes, I have lots of hobbies.” Gedjren sounds rather pleased.

“I’m sorry, I’m trying not to think of you as a traditional computer.” Trish frowns slightly.

“Don’t worry, the fact that you are aware of your own stereotypes puts you ahead of most individuals.”

The fact that Gedjren’s waveform is still green is reassuring to Angie. He’s a really good sport. “Let’s see how good of a songwriter you are.”

The song that starts playing has a cool beat that reminds Angie of Basshunter, but then the beat starts getting deconstructed and she's not sure how to dance to it. "Stop for a moment. I like that song, but I need something where the beat stays more steady right now."

The music stops. "That was a challenging song to dance to, I should have played this first. I wrote this one too."

Some string instrument Angie can't quite identify starts playing a catchy melody and then a steady but interesting beat starts. The stringed instrument's melody starts to devolve into bleeps and bloops until it sounds like Gedjren's sound card or whatever broke. Then the melody slowly puts itself back together as a different stringed instrument seems to help somehow.

Other electronic elements start giving the song a haunting feel as the melody struggles.

Angie starts dancing about two minutes into the song when she has a feel for it. She pops and locks to the beat.

Soon after Angie starts dancing, Trish does her best to follow the beat. She struggles, but by the end of the song, Angie is less focused on dancing and more focused on watching Trish who is swaying and locking very closely to the beat. When the song ends, Angie smiles. “That was great. If you’re willing to practice more, I think you’ll feel pretty comfortable.”

“Yeah, that was really fun.” Trish looks at the wall. “I loved that song, Gedjren. How did you get into music?”

“I’m glad you liked it. I witnessed enough dances to gain an appreciation for dance music. I eventually had ideas that I wanted to try out, so I started to make my own music and experiment with them. I was surprised when people started to request my music.”

The waveform on the wall becomes lighter green as Gedjren speaks. Angie smirks as she thinks about the fact that Gedjren seems to enjoy a bit of flattery. “I’m not surprised. That was an extremely complex song, but it’s very danceable. It kept things interesting even though it was long.”

“Would you like me to just play a selection of my music? I actually have a library of songs that the spire copied from your world, if you’d prefer.”

Trish shakes her head. “I can hear earth stuff later, I’m trying to let go of earthly things right now.”

With a nod, Angie does a disco point at the ceiling. “Play us some of your tunes, Gedjren. This diva’s gonna dance till she can’t dance no more.”

After chuckling at Angie’s antics, Trish copies her disco point and says, “Yeah, make

some noise. This diva's gonna shake her booty till she can't shake it no more.”

Gedjren laughs with them before playing some music. They dance to two songs that share a complex fuzzy noise that makes a strange melody. The beat structure of the first song is kinda funky while the second one is a break beat. Toward the end of the second song, the music reverses and then slows before going even faster. Trish actually manages to follow it and Angie does some funny reverse movements once she realizes what's happening.

At the end of the second song, Gedjren says, “This next song is for you, Trish.” The song that plays catches them both off guard. Instead of playing one of his songs, Gedjren plays ‘Baby's got back.’

Both girls are laughing too hard to dance at first, but they soon recover and start grooving. Trish watches Angie for a moment before doing something completely

different. She moves her hips and ass to the beat in the most sexy way possible; she even leans down and moves her butt in a tight figure eight pattern at one point.

Angie blushes at Trish's display. She has to get Trish to do this at the dance. At first people will probably wonder why she's not following the dance that's supposed to go with this song, but after that, they'll probably just stand there blushing and unable to look away.

After the song's over, Gedjren plays another one of his creations. It has a humming sound that evolves into a melody with a beat that starts off with all the fast elements first and then adds slower lower beats that tie it all together. There are some points over the next hour where Trish loses the beat, but she works through her frustration. Each time Angie does a new move, Trish gets it right on the first couple tries a nearly unbelievable percentage of the time.

When there's a slow moment in a song or enough space between songs, Trish asks Angie to show her moves that she didn't quite get in slow motion. This actually causes Angie to review some of her technique. She'll probably get a lot better just from teaching Trish. The hardest moves for Trish to do are locks, very fast ones, and ones that match complex beats.

Gedjren does a good job of mixing in slow songs when the girls seem to get tired, and his songs have much more variety than Angie was expecting. He seems to have made music that is unlike any artists she knows and music that seems to pay homage to artists she's familiar with. After both of them are exhausted, and the music stops. Trish has her go over a few things before they collapse onto the bed and fall asleep.

The next morning Angie wakes to Trish saying, "Angie, my back is kinda sore."

For a moment, Angie can't believe she's hugging an anthro giraffe from behind, but then reality asserts itself and she smiles. Trish's ass feels really good against her thighs. "My neck and calves are sore. We'll have to take it easy today if we want to practice more."

"Okay, let's eat breakfast and go on a walk first." Trish stretches and giggles when Angie rubs her tummy.

Angie licks Trish's back and shoulder before letting her go. They get out of bed and take a shower together. Both of them are a bit too groggy to notice each other's assets as they wash. The shampoo provided by a tube coming out of the wall is really good stuff. Angie feels clean, but her fur is still soft after using it. When Angie steps out of the shower, air comes out of little holes in the walls and creates a cyclone of heated air that dries her very quickly. Trish likes the feeling so much that she closes her eyes while she's blown dry.

They make their way to the dining hall and go up to the front to get some food. Trish gets a blueberry scone and some oatmeal that she puts some nuts and fruit into. Angie gets a bagel sandwich with ham, eggs, cheese and some fried onions on it. She also gets a cinnamon scone. They sit at a table with a clothed male tiger who eyes them carefully before smiling shyly.

The tiger eats his last piece of bacon before trying to say something a couple of times. It seems his shyness is getting the best of him. Eventually, Angie says, “So, how long have you been here?”

“Oh, ah, about a week.” The tiger looks at Angie’s face for a moment before looking away again.

“We’ve only been here a couple of days and we’re loving it so far.” Angie smiles.

“Well, uh, I like it, but I really miss my family. The tiger frowns. “I finally worked some stuff out with them the day before I ended up here.”

Trish nods. “I know how that is. I wish I could have talked to my father again before I left.”

As Angie bites into the cinnamon scone, a powerful spike of emotion causes her eyes to become wet. These are almost as good as her mother’s. She’s never going to see her mother again. Never going to eat her scones, talk to her about her work at the hospital, or watch Bruce Campbell movie marathons with her...

The tiger pets the end of his tail and looks away when he sees a tear trail down Angie’s cheek. “My name’s Tygyron. Maybe we can talk later.” He gets up and walks away quietly.

“You okay, Angie?” Trish puts an arm around Angie and kisses her cheek. Angie can’t find words, her whole being wants to cry. Hugging Angie and rocking slightly, Trish says, “It’s the scone, isn’t it?”

Angie nods.

“I felt like crying when I ate mine. It’s the one thing I will always associate with your mom.” Trish nuzzles her.

She just presses against Trish and sobs. Memories of her mom go through her mind. The time her mom dressed up as zombie Elvira for Halloween, the time their car broke down in Chicago and they went on an epic shopping trip, the time Angie broke her toe when they were staying at a friend’s cabin and her mom pampered her for the rest of the vacation. Out of all the people in her life, she was closest to her mom and right now, she wishes that she was back home.

It takes a few minutes for her tears to stop, and Trish holds her close the entire time. When they end, she moves so she can look into Trish's eyes. "Thank you."

Trish snuffles, showing signs of her own crying, and then kisses Angie tenderly on the lips before saying, "You're welcome."

A smile makes its way across Angie's face before she kisses Trish six times all over her face. "You're the best."

"No, you are." Trish smiles.

"No, you are times a thousand." Angie smirks.

Poking Angie's side, Trish says, "No, you are times a billion trillion."

Angie giggles. "No you are times a billion trillion trillion."

"No you are times infinity." Trish grins.

“No fair.” Angie pretends to pout.

Rubbing one of Angie’s nipples, Trish says, “All’s fair in love and war.”

A squeak comes from Angie before she says, “You stole my line.”

Trish chuckles. “But, you stole it from someone else.”

“You got me there.” Angie lets go of Trish and then tickles her tummy.

“Stop.” Trish laughs hard as Angie keeps tickling her. “Okay, I give, you win.”

Angie stops tickling. “And don’t you forget it.”

“Yes ma’am.” Trish salutes her.

Angie giggles as she gets up from the table and grabs both of their trays before setting

them back down. “I forgot that we’re just supposed to leave them at the tables.”

“Yeah, they get cleaned by the tendrils and then someone picks them up and puts them back with the clean ones. It’s really weird.” Trish gets up and starts walking toward the exit.

“Some things are going to take me a while to get used to,” Angie says as she follows Trish back to their room.

Trish nods.

Once they’re in their room again, Angie goes over the dances to a few popular songs and Trish is her usual amazing self, getting them almost perfect on the first try. She does have trouble matching the beat to a couple of them, but she’s close enough that Angie’s not too worried.

When their soreness seems to get worse, they play games for a few hours. They dance

a bit more before dinner. After dinner they go on a walk and play more games. Angie gives Trish a brief review before bed and they both sleep very soundly in each other's arms.

The next morning, Angie wakes up to a wonderful feeling in her loins as the remnants of a dream where Trish is licking her out play through her mind. Her hips are moving of their own accord against something warm and furry.

“Angie, you're humping my hand,” Trish says, half-awake.

Angie can't stop moving her hips -- she feels like she's about to blow. Her body is trembling and she's grabbing the sheets trying to get more leverage to hump the wonderful fuzzy warmth that's making her feel so good.

Trish looks at Angie and yawns before her eyes go wide and she starts to move her hand away. Realizing that she's not in a dream

and that Trish isn't necessarily a willing participant in her ecstasy, Angie's eyes plead with her. "Please, put your fingers-aaAAH-in!"

"Ahh, umm, okay." Nervously, Trish moves her hand to a better position.

Trish's middle finger shakes as Angie's hand guides it inside. The moment all of Trish's middle finger is in, Angie arches her back and almost cums. She's been waiting for this for so long. After months of not having anyone touch her in this way, it feels like her whole body is burning with need. She guides another of Trish's fingers in and then starts humping hard against Trish's hand.

Seconds later, Trish's face becomes more sultry. Her wide eyes turn into bedroom eyes and a wonderful smile spreads across her muzzle. This smile turns Angie on even more and she starts groping Trish's ass. It's firm, but not too firm.

Trish starts moving her fingers trying to find positions that cause Angie to moan more. “You like that don’t you?”

Squeaking and moaning, Angie starts grinding lewdly against Trish. Trish’s warm attentive fingers are moving in and out of her wet cunny while Trish’s palm rubs her clit. The friction is sending shivers down Angie’s legs. It feels so good! As if it’s her cue, Trish starts kissing, licking, and nuzzling Angie’s breasts. This drives Angie right over the edge. She clenches down on Trish’s fingers as she screeches in orgasm.

Her body tenses up as she makes tiny thrusts and grinds. It feels like Trish’s fingers and palm are filling her whole body with tingly pleasure. Each of her six nipples tingle as the tops of her ears and her cheeks feel hot.

After what seems like ages, her body comes to rest. As she pants, Trish kisses along her muzzle and leaves her fingers in. It takes a

while for Angie to feel like she can speak. This is the best morning she's had in ages.

Trish grins. "That was hot."

"You're hot." Angie gives Trish a wet French kiss and enjoys Trish's wonderful tongue. Even after the amazing orgasm she just had, she wants more. She wants to feel Trish's tongue inside her, she wants to feel their pussies rub against each other, she wants to cum with Trish. Her arousal is powerful.

Eventually, the kiss ends and Trish pulls her fingers out of Angie. When Trish tastes them, she grins. "I'm not sure what you taste like, but I think I want to..." Trish looks away as if her dirty train of thought is embarrassing her.

"Say you want to lick my girl parts." Angie giggles.

Trish looks in Angie's eyes with a furrowed brow and a bit of nervousness. "I want to lick your... pussy."

Hugging Trish, Angie says, "Close enough."

In a soft voice, Trish says, "Did you want it now?"

Knowing that Trish is feeling a bit apprehensive, Angie shakes her head gently. "I could go again, but can wait until you're in the mood."

"Thanks. I do want to, I just want to wait until--"

"You don't need to explain. It'll give me something to look forward to." Angie nuzzles Trish's neck.

"Me too." Trish gives Angie a squeeze.

They cuddle for a half hour before getting out of bed and starting their day. It's the day

of the dance and after they've taken a walk and eaten breakfast, they both practice dancing. When Trish works on her dance to 'Baby's got back,' Angie has a hard time doing anything but watch her and blush. There's one other song that's by Gedjren that Trish made up a particularly sexy dance for. Angie's going to request both of them tonight.

They have a picnic lunch in the garden and dinner in their room. After dinner they just lie on the bed and rest their bodies.

Angie wakes up to Trish calling her name softly. "Wha?"

"It's about twenty-five minutes until the dance." Trish has a stunning orange dress on that fits her like a glove. It has two diagonal ruffles of shiny orange fabric and it has a low-cut neck that shows off Trish's cleavage beautifully. The dress doesn't go much further down than a miniskirt would and it loosens up nicely around the legs.

Staring at Trish's cleavage, Angie sits up. "Where'd you get that dress?"

"Gedjren printed it after I picked it out. I tried a couple others before I found this one." Trish gets up and does a twirl.

With a big smirk, Angie plays with the end of her tail. She has naughty plans. "I'm going to wear a black bra and black miniskirt."

"You're wearing clothes?" Trish tilts her head.

Grinning, Angie says, "I'm gonna take them off while I dance."

Trish rolls her eyes comically. "I should've known."

Angie giggles and then bounces hops out of bed. "Gedjren, please show me some of my options for bras, skirts, and panties. All black and let me pick out the details."

“Here you are.” Textures appear on the walls and shapes appear as holograms scattered throughout the room.

A texture with a subtle wavy pattern catches Angie’s eye. She points at it and a green check mark appears on it. This is the easiest way to pick out clothes she’s ever experienced. A system like this will probably be available on earth someday, if humanity doesn’t manage to blow the whole planet up first. She walks through the various bra shapes and finds one that would probably look good with a dress. It has a nice slant that will show her cleavage. She pokes it and a green check mark appears on it.

Then it starts coming out of the wall just above the dresser and she watches in awe. This printing technology is amazing. No delivery, no going to the store, no waiting... It’s absolutely fabulous!

Trish smirks. “Pretty cool, huh?”

Angie bounces. “Pretty cool? No, this is very cool.”

A chuckle comes from Trish.

Next she looks at miniskirts and picks out a simple one that looks like it will be comfortable to dance in. It starts printing from the wall as well. Last, she picks out a flat black texture and a thong that has a split back strap so that it has a space for her tail.

The holograms and textures vanish as she grabs her new bra and tries it on. When she turns toward Trish, Trish nods. “That looks great on you.”

“It feels weird to wear a bra again.” Angie fiddles with her bra a bit until it’s in the right position.

Trish nods. “Yeah, I felt a little weird putting on clothes again.”

Picking up the thong, Angie smiles. “These are fun.”

Shaking her head, Trish says, “Maybe for you. I had a boyfriend that I wore them for. I never got used to having a string of fabric between my cheeks.”

“I like the way it feels for some reason. I wore them a lot.” Angie puts on her thong and smirks at the fact that Trish is eyeing her body. It seems as though Trish is becoming less shy about her sexuality. Angie puts on her skirt and then notices that the wall near her becomes a mirror-like surface.

“Thanks.”

“No problem,” Gedjren says.

Angie does playful flirty moves to her mirrored self. When she turns to look back at Trish, Trish walks toward her. When Trish hugs her she says, “By our powers combined, we are Halloween.”

Then it hits Angie, they're wearing orange and black. She laughs hard and then kisses Trish, who immediately gives her some tongue. The arousal Angie felt earlier in the day returns and she starts making out with Trish. Her hands grope Trish's butt as her nipples tingle. Her ears flush as she feels Trish's mouth with her tongue.

When they break the kiss, both of them are panting. Trish looks in her eyes and strokes her whiskers a few times before saying, "Let's go light up the dance floor."

Feeling really relaxed from Trish's caress and horny from the kiss, Angie grabs Trish's hand and walks toward the door. She gives Trish a big smile as the door opens. Angie wonders why Gedjren's arrows are guiding them to the dining hall, until she sees that the dining hall has been converted into a dance hall.

Over eighty furs are in here and it looks like there's space for many more. Not all of them

look like new arrivals; there are plenty of them that aren't gawking at all the different furs, and some of them have arm bands. The tables and chairs must have gone back into the floor. Bartenders are where the chefs used to be.

As Angie looks at the ceiling and the walls, she sees that glowing circles are just about everywhere in triangular patterns. They are glowing in intricate sequences of hue and brightness. Trish seems like she's getting a bit overwhelmed and Angie leads her to where some furs are making drinks. She doesn't want to get Trish drunk, but she does want to see if alcohol will help loosen her up a bit. This is many more people than she was expecting.

Something very odd occurs to Angie as she walks across the room: people's talking sounds much less loud than she would expect. The music hasn't started yet. The acoustics look very good in this hall. Why isn't it loud in here? Probably some marvel

of alien technology... When she gets to the bartending window, she kisses Trish on the cheek to get her attention.

“I saw an okapi. There’s a bunch of foxes, wolves, dragons and felines here, but there’s still a lot of variety.” The moment Trish stops talking, she sees that she’s standing in front of a bartender. “A tequila sunrise, please.”

“And a mojito.” Angie watches the male lemur mix the drinks with great agility. He has almost the same coloration as the lemur in “Madagascar.” Angie kisses and hugs Trish until she hears Trish’s drink get set on the counter.

“Thanks.” Trish grabs her drink and sips it. Then she makes a happy sound and takes a bigger sip.

Angie says, “Thanks,” after grabbing her drink and taking a sip. This mojito is a bit stronger than she’d prefer, but it still tastes

delicious. Before she can thank the lemur, she feels Trish grab her hand and guide her over to one of the little tables that are against the wall.

After they're seated, Trish smiles. "I'm feeling a bit better. I realized all these people are furies, so I don't feel like they're complete strangers."

When Angie sees that Trish has already finished a third of her drink, she smiles. It must taste really good. "That makes a lot of sense. I find them more attractive and approachable than humans." Angie takes a couple more sips.

Trish leans in and speaks quietly. "I think I saw a herm or transgendered horse on the way here."

"Why are we talking quietly?"

“Because there are so many people here and because I want to tell you that she had really big balls.” Trish’s brow furrows.

“What’s that face for?” Angie giggles.

After taking another sip, Trish says, “I can’t decide whether it’s hot to have balls that big.” Trish trails off tilting her head. “I’ll need some time to know how I feel about it.”

“I’d need time to think about that and the whole herm thing. I’m not attracted to cocks or masculine features for the most part, so I’d probably have to focus on the feminine parts if I was ever intimate with a herm.” The slight tingling of the alcohol is spreading through Angie’s body as the music starts to play.

Squirring in her seat, Trish looks at Angie. “Do you think we’d ever have a threesome with someone?”

“Only if we both end up wanting it someday. Who knows, maybe someone will turn us both on enough that we’ll have a fling with them. Right now, I’m happy just to have you and I’m trying not to think too far ahead. There are so many things we don’t know about this world or each other.” Angie takes Trish’s hand into hers.

Trish squeezes her hand. “Yes, let’s take things one day at a time.” She drinks a bit more. Her glass is only one third full now. “That’s it for me, I don’t want to risk losing my balance. I’m still not completely used to these hooves.”

Angie drinks the last bit of her mojito. “Okay, let’s go dance.”

The first couple songs are familiar ones from back home. One of them is a disco song and Trish just calmly does her best. Angie’s not sure whether Trish doesn’t like dancing to disco or whether there’s something about disco that causes her problems. The sound

system and acoustics are amazing. Angie hears the music clearly no matter what direction she points. She was thinking that the great sound quality in their room would not be replicated in such a big space. The bass has wonderful clarity and she swears she hears nuances in the music she never heard before. It could be her mouse ears, but there's more to it than that.

The third song is a remix of one of Gedjren's songs. Angie's heard a lot of his music the past few days. Both she and Trish get the same idea of to how to dance to it and a couple furs start watching them.

Angie watches Trish closely to match her movements even better. At one point they stand back to back and slowly shake their hips down to the floor and then back up. Four people are watching them by the end of the song. As the next song starts, Angie kisses Trish and gropes her breasts. Trish moans when Angie surprises her by pressing her knee into her crotch. After the kiss is

over, Trish puts a hand in front of her face and adorably tries to hide from the onlookers.

She recovers a couple seconds later and giggles at her own antics. Angie smiles when she sees that the naked fox near her is half-hard and watching Trish. This dance is heating up. The song that just started has a really fast beat. Trish tries to twitch to the beat, but she settles for just swaying to one of the underlying melodies.

Angie vaguely remembers this song. It's an old techno song by some band she can't remember the name of. She sees what other people are doing with this song and then does something similar. Another couple songs go by. Trish nails the second one with something she just made up with pops and locks in it. At one point, she does freeze frames of a lock and the four people that are watching them clap at the end.

Looking at the floor, Trish puts her hands behind her back while her tail swings back and forth--it's adorable.

As the next song starts, Angie walks over to Trish and says, "That was awesome."

"Thanks." She kisses Angie on the cheek.

The next five songs are all difficult for Trish for one reason or another. Angie can see her getting more and more frustrated. The people watching them don't seem to mind, but Trish gets self conscious and eventually starts walking toward the door. Angie quickly catches up to her. "Something wrong?"

"It's happening again. I can't feel the music." Trish makes a fist.

Patting her on the back Angie says, "Maybe you need another drink to loosen up."

Taking a step away from Angie, Trish shakes her head. “If I can’t do this without being drunk, what’s the point?”

No words come to Angie. She just walks closer to Trish and takes her voluptuous furry body into her arms. She hugs Trish through half of an entire song until she feels a tear hit the top of her head. When she looks up, she sees Trish crying. She kisses Trish tenderly before saying. “If you want to go, I won’t stop you, but I was having a lot of fun.”

“So was I,” Trish says.

“Then just enjoy yourself, don’t worry about putting on a show. It’s not a competition and making a fool of yourself is part of the fun.” She wipes away Trish’s tears with the back of her paw.

Trish leans into her and nods. “You’re right. Let me sit down for a bit and then I’ll come back.”

“I’ll sit with you.” Angie leads Trish over to a table.

“I don’t want to spoil your fun.” Trish says, wiping her tears.

Angie smiles brightly. “You are my fun, you can’t spoil it.”

A small smile forms on Trish’s face. “You’re so sweet.”

They stare into each other’s eyes and hold hands for what seems like ages before Trish gets up. “Let’s go dance.”

“Okay.” Angie lets Trish guide her back to their old spot. The people that were watching them are still in the area and eyeing them.

The next few songs are various old and popular ones ranging from hip-hop to eighties music. Both of them just start

making stuff up and end up laughing at each other a few times. Most of these songs flow surprisingly well one into another, but there is one transition that Angie finds grating. She sees Zero, the otter DJ, on the stage. Should she tell her about that not-so-good transition? Nah, she's doing a great job otherwise. She does have a few songs to request, though.

At the quiet ending of one song, Angie walks up to Trish and says, "I'll be right back."

Trish's ears fold down. "Oh, okay."

"You'll be fine." Angie gropes and then slaps Trish's butt.

A giggle comes from Trish as Angie walks over to the otter, dodging dancing people and getting her ass groped once along the way. She playfully whips the male dragon who groped her with her tail and he laughs. When she makes it up on to the stage, she says, "Hey, Zero, you take requests?"

Zero holds up a finger and then interacts with a couple touch controls before giving Angie her full attention. “Of course.”

Angie ticks them off on her fingers.

“Something by Michael Jackson, ‘Baby’s got back,’ and ‘The Handshake’ by Gedjren.”

“Michael Jackson’s coming up soon, and I’ll work in the other two.” Zero enters some stuff on her panel and then interacts with a cool holographic control that looks like it’s for song transitions before looking at Angie again. “Now, get off my stage.” She makes a playful mean face.

Angie sticks out her tongue and starts dancing up on the stage. Zero shakes her head and chuckles. After hopping down from the stage, Angie makes her way back to Trish who is doing some crazy dance with little twirls to a light and fluffy track that has a pretty nice beat. There are five people watching her while dancing.

At the end of the song, Angie kisses Trish again and Trish gets way more excited than she was expecting. Trish's long tongue plays with Angie's as Trish gropes her ass. Angie squeaks into the kiss and a couple people laugh at her. After Trish breaks the kiss, she looks into Angie's eyes. "This is so much fun!"

"Just wait until we're naked." A hard hitting song gets Angie moving in short quick bursts. She takes off her bra to the music and gains another watcher. She throws her bra at a female tabby that just started watching her. The tabby catches it and then drops it before taking off her own top.

Trish does a sexy walk up to Angie to the music and then rubs her hand over Angie's breasts before whispering, "Help me out of my dress."

When Trish feels her up, Angie murrms. When Trish asks for her to undress her, Angie asks, “You sure?”

“That alcohol and these people watching me like this went straight to my head.” Trish puts her arms up to the beat.

Angie dances while unzipping Trish’s dress. She licks Trish’s back all the way down to her panty-covered butt as she slides the dress down. Trish steps out of her dress and then kicks it off to the side. Onlookers pass it off to others who pass the dress over to one of the tables along a wall of the dance hall. It seems that these furs are used to dealing with discarded clothing.

Showing more fur energizes Trish. She moves even more suggestively. Angie starts to feel hot all over as she watches Trish. She takes off her skirt and dances through the next couple songs. When “Billie Jean” starts playing, Angie makes a show of pulling her thong down her legs, making sure to bend

down for longer than necessary. She steps out of it just as the singing starts. It's her time to shine. After seeing that Angie's fully naked, Trish pulls off her bra, doing her best to make a show of it and keep a beat.

It takes Angie a moment to stop staring at Trish's wonderful bouncy orbs of flesh and get back to dancing. Several more furs take notice of Angie as she moonwalks and robots her way to victory. The way her audience is watching her is so awesome. She feels more sexy than she's ever felt in her life. Her amazing mouse nose picks up on their arousal, helping to fuel her own.

Trish seems content to take a back seat to Angie throughout the song. During the next song, which is a very hyper hip-hop song, Trish finds ways to bounce her breasts and Angie feels a bit wet by the end.

The next song is "Baby's got back." Angie looks around and sees that twelve people are watching them now while several more are

glancing their way every so often. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Trish beckon her with a finger and walks over. Trish smiles and does her own sexy, butt shaking dance while pointing at Angie and then her panties. The moment Angie gets what Trish means, her heart starts to race. She kisses her way down Trish's chest and then unbuttons the button above Trish's tail before she starts pulling Trish's panties down.

A couple hoots come from their onlookers, drawing the attention of even more people. The surge from the crowd and the heat in Angie's loins excites her so much that she licks Trish's clit after pulling her panties all the way down. The smell of Trish's arousal floods Angie's senses, causing her to murr deeply.

When she takes another lick, Trish moans and pulls Angie's head toward her so that Angie's nose and mouth are mashing up against her cunny as she dances. Angie can't believe she's eating out her best friend in the

middle of a crowd or that Trish is humping against her to the music. She can feel Trish's sex twitching as she licks across it with her tongue. Eventually, Trish lets go and helps Angie to her feet. That's when Trish rewards Angie with a big kiss.

Trish pushes Angie away playfully as Gedjren's "The Handshake" starts playing. Angie tries to dance, but she feels so wet and horny that she's not sure what to do with herself. She moves slightly to the beat and lets Trish take center stage. Seconds later, she's gaping at Trish, who is packing in sexy movements that accentuate her deadly curves. She even throws in a robot and freeze frame sequence into the slow part of the song that happens about two-thirds of the way through. A few of the fifteen people that are now watching Trish are openly making out by the end of the song.

For the finale, Trish does a spin and bends over and spreads her pussy for Angie. Angie's clit throbs painfully as she buries her

face in Trish's folds. The crowd watching them cheers almost loud enough to stifle Trish's loud moans. A short while later, after Angie has her tongue as deep in Trish as it will go and Trish's sex is clenching with her movements, Trish's legs get weak and she pulls away. When Angie stands up, Trish licks her own juices off of Angie's face and whiskers before leading her out of the dance hall.

Trish on the way to their room and says, "Let's do it in the garden."

"Yes!" Angie bounces and then lets Trish lead her to the garden. As they enter the garden, Angie sees couple bunnies making out in a corner near some glowing purple flowers. Her heart pounds faster and her ears blush bright red when they get to the patch of soft glowing tendrils.

Sitting on the tendrils, Trish looks at Angie. "I don't know if I've ever been this horny before. I don't know how, but I started

getting turned on by being watched instead of feeling overwhelmed.”

Anige sits next to Trish and then hugs her. “You stopped worrying about getting the dances right and just had fun. I think deep down you’re a bit of an exhibitionist, just like me.”

“Yeah, I think you’re right. I stopped feeling embarrassed about being naked and started enjoying it when I saw that everyone was enjoying the show. It’s a completely different crowd than back on earth...” Trish looks at Angie for a moment before she grins. “I want to lick your girl parts and make you moan so loud that those bunnies hear you.”

Angie lies back and spreads her legs, murring and curling the end of her tail. “I want you so bad.” She spreads her pussy for Trish and bucks her hips while growling lustily.

Trish leans over her and gives her a lust-filled French kiss. Then she shows off

her tongue by licking each of Angie's six nipples as she makes her way down. The throbbing of Angie's pussy is driving her mad. She feels like she's going to burst into flames down there. She's so wet that she may as well be in heat.

The moment Trish's tongue takes a lick across Angie's fully aroused slit, Angie cries out in pleasure--giraffe tongues are out of this world. She arches her back and bucks her hips against Trish's muzzle. For a few long minutes, Angie feels Trish's tongue on her clit, around her slit and diving a bit inside. She feels like she's being tortured because she desperately wants to feel it go deep inside her. Each time it starts to penetrate her, she squeaks or gasps.

"AAAAAH!" Angie throws her head back as Trish suddenly starts pushing inches of her tongue inside. She has to breathe out to stave off an orgasm from the unusual but tremendous sensation of having something so slippery, mobile, and strong inside her.

She can feel Trish searching her depths, exploring her most intimate place.

Angie screams, “Oh my GOD! TRISH!” when she feels Trish’s tongue go even deeper. She’s never had anything that far inside her. The rest of her body feels numb in comparison to what’s going on in her clenching passage. She can’t help but grind, moan, and pant constantly. There’s something wonderfully sexy about feeling Trish’s hot breath blow through her fur as Trish tongue fucks her.

A couple minutes later, her orgasm threatens to take her once again, but she grits her teeth and hangs on just a bit longer. Trish’s tongue is making little circular waves as she pulls it out and pushes it back in over and over again. She gasps when Trish starts using her upper lip to rub Angie’s clit. Angie’s pussy clenches, her hips rock, and her body trembles. She forgot that Trish’s lips are almost as dexterous as her tongue. A

tingling sensation spreads to every part of Angie's body that pulses with her clit.

“I'M gonna--FUUUUUUUUCCCCCK!” A wave of pure ecstasy carries Angie to a place full of intense warmth and joy. As her back arches and her cunny clenches around Trish's tongue, she screeches at the top of her lungs. Her tail wraps around Trish's arm as another wave hits her. Trish makes it all the more sweet by continuing to wiggle her lip and tongue. In this beautiful ecstatic moment, Angie can only think of one thing, Trish and how much she loves her.

Yes, she loves Trish. They've spent so much time together and now in the most intimate moment they've shared, she is sure that this relationship can work. She comes down slowly from her peak. Eventually, she's just staring into Trish's eyes, smiling.

Trish pulls out slowly getting a moan from Angie. She licks all around Angie's slit to

clean her up and then licks her lips and smiles. “Best thing I’ve tasted since, ever.”

“You are like the Johnny Depp of oral sex...”

Angie mурrs and licks her lips. “You ready for your turn?”

“I was really that good?” Trish tilts her head.

Angie nods matter-of-factly “Mmmhmm!” She holds out her arms, beckoning Trish.

Diving into Angie’s arms, Trish says, “I’m so glad!”

When Angie kisses Trish, she uses her tongue in suggestive ways, giving Trish a good idea of what’s in store for her. As the kiss continues, Angie fondles Trish’s heavy breasts and hard nipples. Once she has Trish moaning, she moves her leg so that her knee is pressing against Trish’s pussy. Trish is so wet that Angie immediately feels some

moisture through her fur as Trish starts to hump her knee. When Trish has to break the kiss to moan louder, Angie pushes Trish up and says, “Sit on my face.”

“Yes ma’am!” Trish scoots forward and looks down at Angie as she carefully lowers her plump pussy to Angie’s face. Angie looks at the wonderfully aroused cooch with desire burning in her eyes. Trish has very puffy inner lips and very defined outer ones—her vagina fits the voluptuousness of the rest her body very well. Trish’s sweet scent fills Angie’s new nose as she takes her first lick.

Trish’s green apple taste is intoxicating and Angie finds herself wanting more. She has to stop from just shoving her long tongue right in and takes slow licks of Trish’s furry muff instead.

“Oh wow!” Trish trembles and moans.

When Trish starts bucking her hips trying to get Angie to enter her, Angie rewards her by

shoving an inch of her tongue inside. Feeling Trish clench around her, Angie moans. Trish's walls are so powerful and so inviting. As Angie enters Trish, she does so by pulling her tongue out and then shoving it farther in. This drives Trish wild and she starts to fondle her breasts.

Arousal builds within Angie as she works her way into Trish. She can feel and hear how much Trish is enjoying this and she wants to show Trish at least one more thing that two women can do together. When Angie gets her tongue in as far as it will reach, Trish grabs the sides of her head and screeches. Angie starts making long hard thrusts with her tongue and Trish bucks her wide hips to Angie's rhythm.

Working her way to a harder and faster pace, Angie slides her hands under Trish's so that she can fondle the glorious orbs herself. Trish moves her hands to her thighs and starts bucking harder. Angie rubs Trish's breasts, thumbs her nipples and worships

the soft flesh as she feels Trish's clit rub against her bottom lip. Her own clit is starting to throb and she doesn't think Trish is going to last much longer.

While humming, Angie makes her tongue go in little circles. Trish's body goes wild. Her passage milks Angie's tongue as she throws her head back and makes a sound Angie's never heard before. It's a loud trill of some sort. Maybe it's a giraffe sound? The feeling of Trish's orgasmic grinding causes Angie to feel hot all over. Trish in orgasm is the sexiest and most beautiful thing she's ever seen. She moves her tongue and head to stimulate Trish all the way through her release.

When Trish finally comes to rest, she looks down at Angie. "That was... So good!" She murr as she lifts herself off of Angie.

"We're not done yet." Angie grins.

Trish's ears perk up in interest. "Not done yet?"

Nodding, Angie says, "We're women, we can have more than one orgasm and that's just what we're going to do."

"We can?" Trish tilts her head.

Angie furrows her brow. "Yeah, hasn't a guy ever licked you out until you came again?"

"No, I've never..." Trish grins. "But I want to."

"Put one leg over mine and the other one under my other leg and touch your vagina to mine." Angie motions with her hands trying to give Trish an idea of how the position works.

Trish's voice becomes sultry. "Oooh, I've seen pictures of that position, this is going to be so hot!"

Getting into position isn't even a challenge for Trish. As their sexes near each other, time slows for Angie. She can feel the heat of Trish's pussy as it nears hers. The moment their sexed up slits touch, they moan loudly. Angie can feel Trish's large clit rubbing against hers. She can feel just how full figured Trish's cunny is as she starts to grind.

“Oh, this feels... AAH... So good!” Trish says as she gyrates her hips.

“YES!” Angie starts bouncing and rubbing faster. She feels heat building in her crotch as her ears tingle. She starts fondling her own breasts and squeaks as Trish starts grinding faster. The pace picks up and they fall into sync so well that Angie is bombarded by constant pleasure. She feels her whole body tensing up for a big release.

Trish reaches down and puts her hand on top of their crotches making their clits rub even harder against each other. Angie arches her

back and gasps. She tries to tell Trish how good it feels, but her mouth can't do anything but moan. What seems like ages later, Trish starts making circles with her palm. Angie feels a flash of pleasure and squeaks.

Then Trish starts to move her hips in short quick movements as if she's trying to start a fire with the friction of their lovemaking. Angie makes little quick circles and the combination of their movements causes her to have a cascade of louder and louder moans until she's yelling at the top of her lungs. Then, when both of their voices are making high pitched screams, it happens.

Angie's orgasm hits so hard that she nearly goes airborne. Her body writhes, her hands clench, her pussy tightens, her nipples tingle and her clit feels like it's hooked up to a pleasure generator. Trish can't stop moving as she cums with Angie. She grabs her head in her hands and she screams.

“ANGIEEEEEEE!”

Angie can't scream anything, her breath keeps catching in her throat. Another wave of orgasm takes them before they finally calm down and lie there panting. Eventually, Angie crawls so that she can lie on top of Trish. They hold each other for over twenty minutes too exhausted to speak. Angie feels warmth throughout her entire being. She has reached her most happy place.

In a magical moment of joyous stillness, Angie looks into Trish's eyes and they both say, "I love you."

A few seconds later, Angie starts to tear up -- Trish just said the same words. Tears stream down her face. This is the best day of her life, the best moment of her entire existence. She is loved by the person she loves more than anyone who's ever been her partner.

Trish starts tearing up too and she hugs Angie tight. They cry in each other's arms

sharing the only perfect moment they've ever had. After they cry together, they just lie there nuzzling each other. This is what Angie wanted. This is what they both needed. As they get closer, things will only get better.

She's no longer feels lost in an alien world. She's home.

THE END